

STORIES BY LEV GLEASON

CAPTAIN BATTLE JUNIOR

10¢ PDC

WINTER
ISSUE



3 CAPTAIN BATTLE JR LEAD STORIES !!!

- 1 - The Man Who Didn't Believe
In Ghosts
 - 2 - Behind Enemy Lines
 - 3 - Code In Blood
- also

SCOOP SCUTTLE

BILL WAYNE - The Texas Terror

The Great Green CLAW

A Thrill or a Laugh
on Every Page



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IN THIS ISSUE
LEV GLEASON
Presents

1. CAPTAIN BATTLE, JR.



STARRING IN

3 THRILL PACKED STORIES

1. THE MAN WHO DIDN'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS
2. BEHIND ENEMY LINES
3. CODE IN BLOOD

2.

THE GREEN CLAW
THE WORLD'S WORST VILLAIN



3.

BILL WAYNE
THE "TEXAS TERROR"



4. THE "COUNTRY'S CRAZIEST CUTUP"

SCOOP SCUTTLE

5.

SLOW DRAWIN' FOOL

A GRIPPING YARN OF THE BOLD AND BLOODY WEST AS IT REALLY WAS

the **COMIC** *that's* **PACKED WITH**
A THRILL ON EVERY PAGE!

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Captain

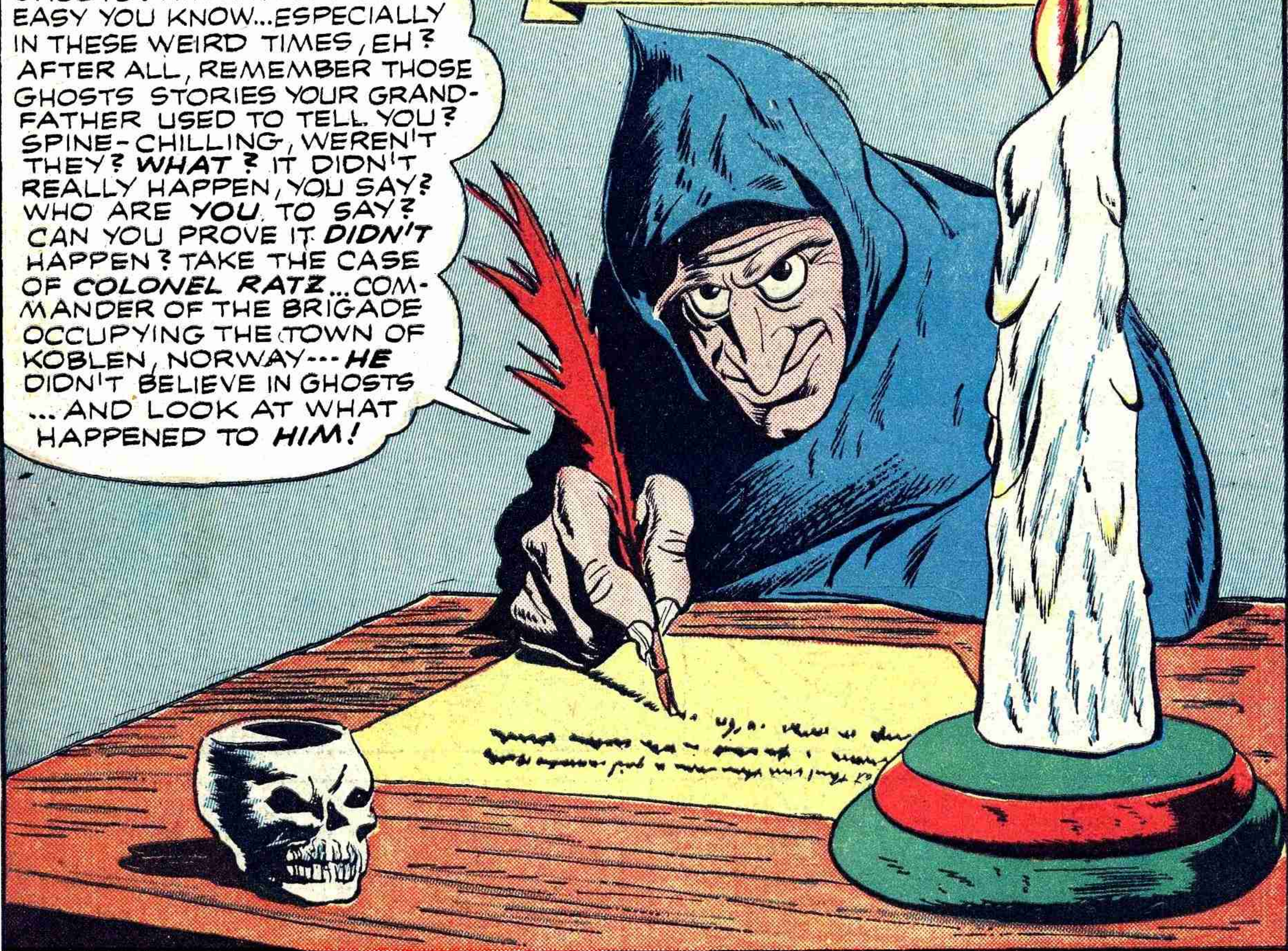
BATTLE

JR.

and

The MAN WHO DIDN'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS!

DO YOU BELIEVE IN GHOSTS? HMMM? IT'S SO EASY YOU KNOW... ESPECIALLY IN THESE WEIRD TIMES, EH? AFTER ALL, REMEMBER THOSE GHOSTS STORIES YOUR GRAND-FATHER USED TO TELL YOU? SPINE-CHILLING, WEREN'T THEY? WHAT? IT DIDN'T REALLY HAPPEN, YOU SAY? WHO ARE YOU TO SAY? CAN YOU PROVE IT DIDN'T HAPPEN? TAKE THE CASE OF COLONEL RATZ... COMMANDER OF THE BRIGADE OCCUPYING THE TOWN OF KOBLEN, NORWAY... HE DIDN'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS ... AND LOOK AT WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM!



COLONEL RATZ



- THE MAN WHO DIDN'T BELIEVE ...

THE OLD ONE



HE DID!

CAPT. BATTLE JR.



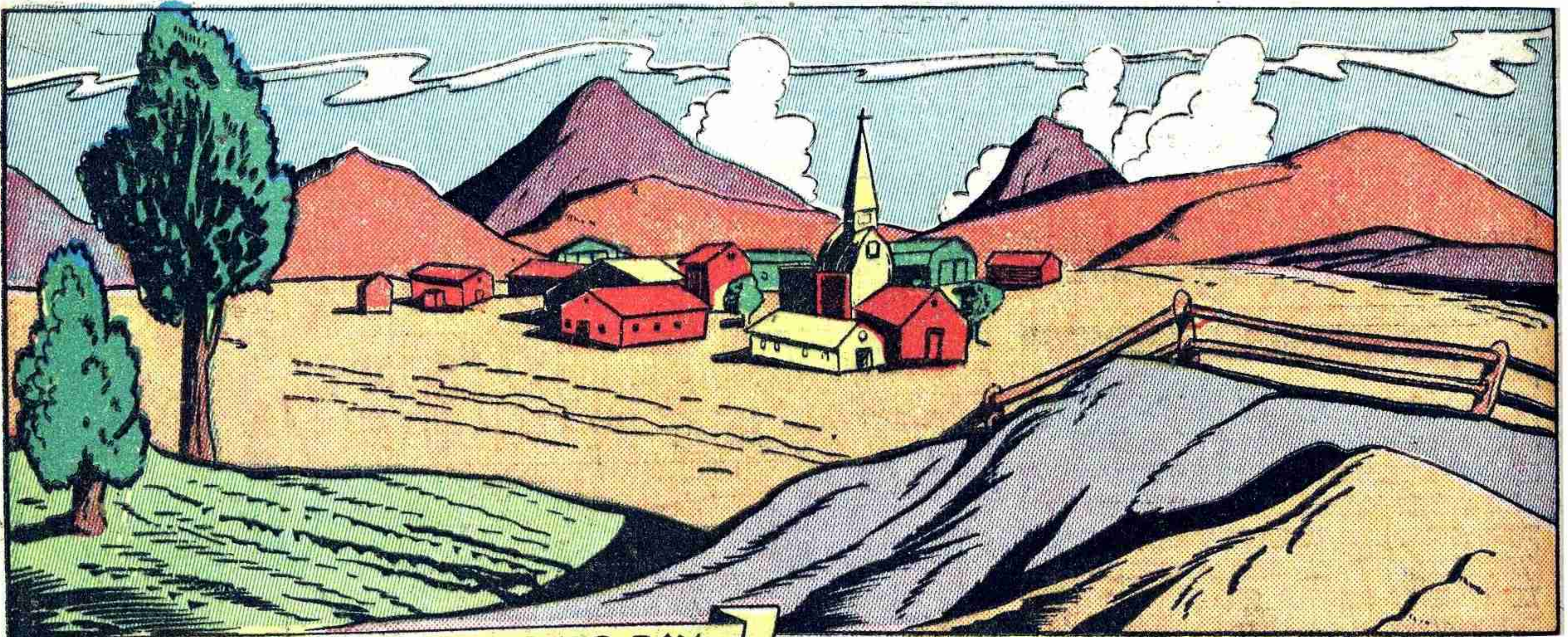
HE COULDN'T MAKE UP HIS MIND...

A GHOST



?

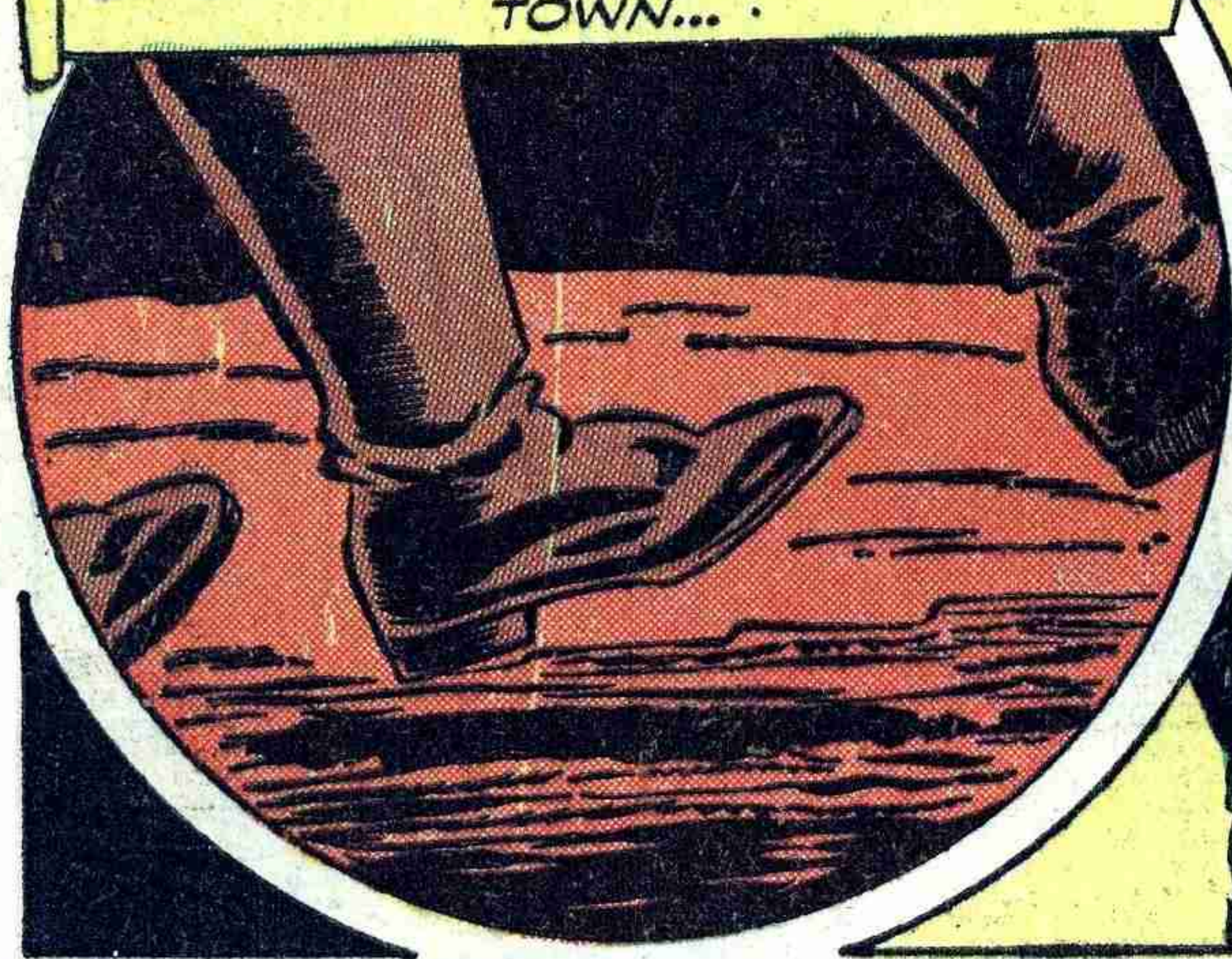
IF YOU LOOKED DOWN UPON THE VILLAGE OF KOBLEN FROM ONE OF ITS SURROUNDING HILLS...IT WOULD PRESENT A SERENE, PEACEFUL PICTURE ON THIS BEAUTIFUL SUMMER MORNING...



BUT NORWAY IS TO SUFFER ITS DAY OF DISGRACE AND HUMILITY... THE LOCAL QUISLINGS HAVE DONE THEIR WORK WELL AND THE NAZI ARMY OF OCCUPATION TAKES OVER THE TOWN...

WELCOME, COLONEL! THE PEOPLE OF KOBLEN ARE HAPPY TO SEE YOU!

I HOPE SO... FOR THEIR SAKE! THEY SHOULD WELCOME THE NEW ORDER WITH OPEN ARMS!



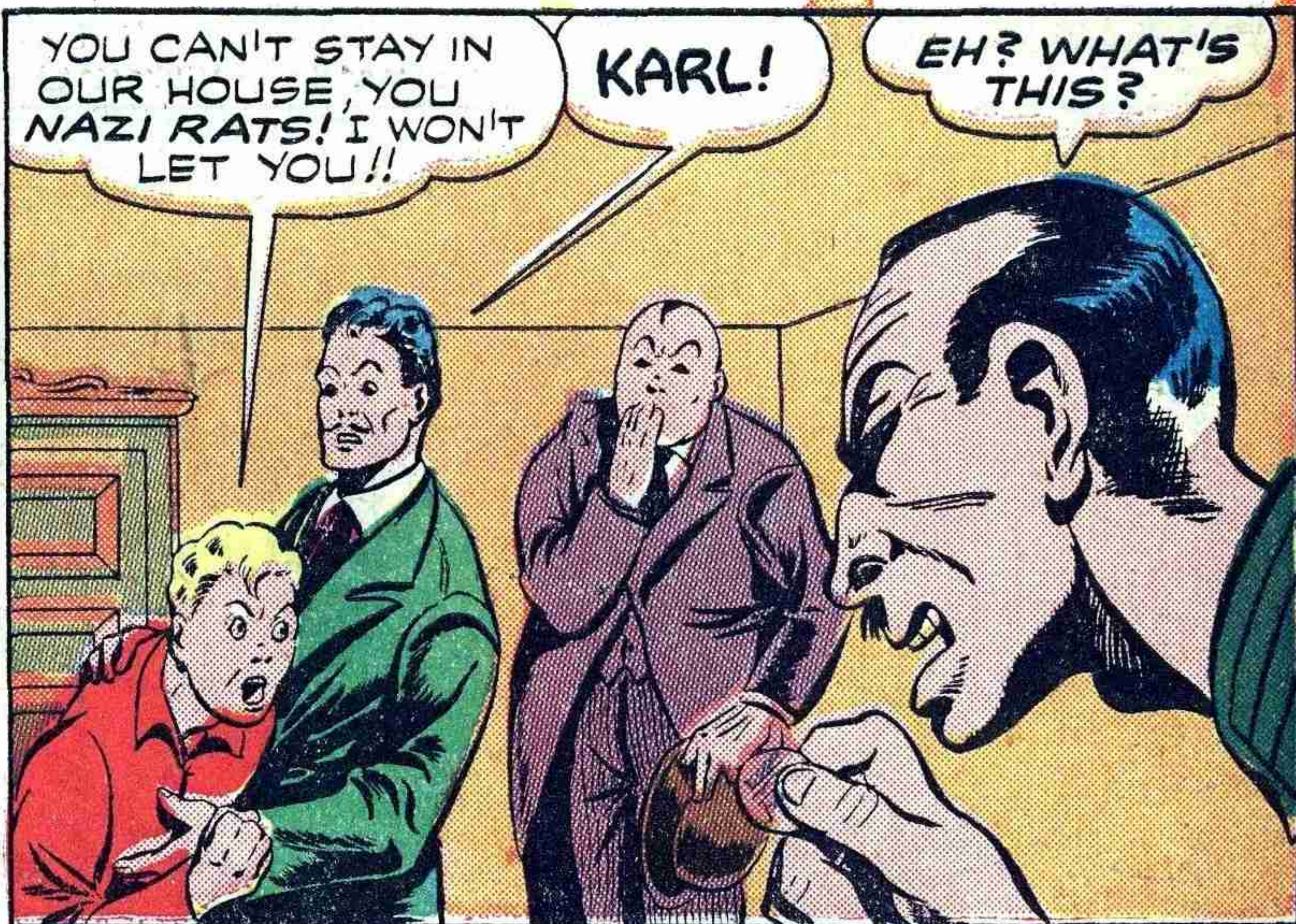
DON'T WORRY...WE ARE A PEACEFUL PEOPLE! BUT YOU HAVE A VERY SMALL FORCE WITH YOU!

ER...AH...THE HIGH COMMAND NEEDED TROOPS...ER... ELSEWHERE! WHERE ARE MY QUARTERS, HERR PEDER?

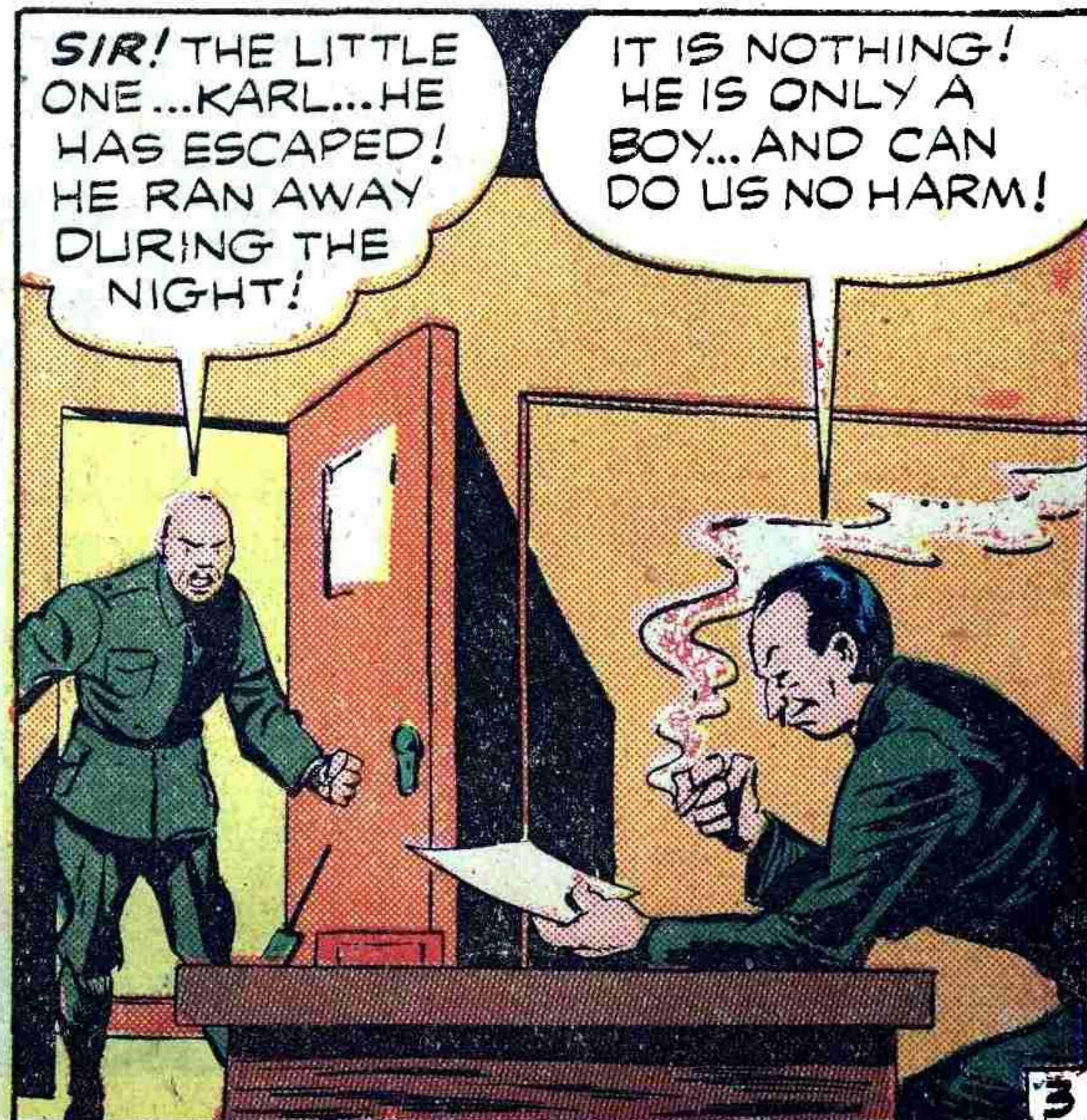
I HAVE MADE ARRANGEMENTS FOR YOU AND YOUR STAFF TO BE QUARTERED IN THE OLDEST AND RICHEST HOUSE IN TOWN! YOU WILL FIND THE PRESENT OCCUPANTS ONLY TOO HAPPY TO ACCOMMODATE YOU!

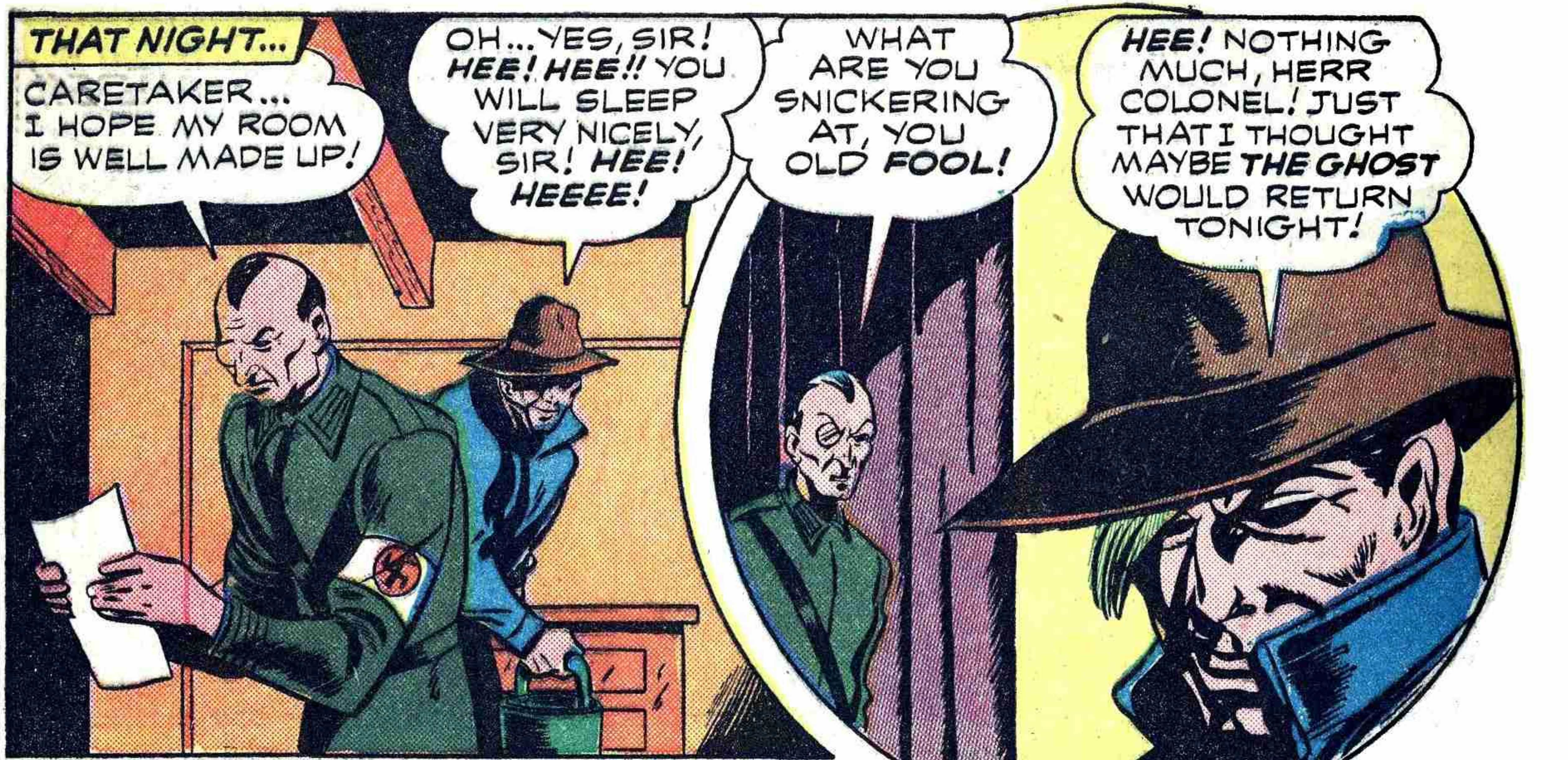
THAT IS GOOT! I DO NOT LIKE VIOLENCE... IT UPSETS ME!





AND SO, AT DAWN THE NEXT DAY, THEODORE AND ROSA OLDERS DIE FOR THE CRIME OF LOVING THEIR COUNTRY MORE THAN THEY LOVE THE NEW ORDER!





THAT NIGHT...

CARETAKER... I HOPE MY ROOM IS WELL MADE UP!

OH... YES, SIR! HEE! HEE!! YOU WILL SLEEP VERY NICELY, SIR! HEE! HEEEEE!

WHAT ARE YOU SNICKERING AT, YOU OLD FOOL!

HEE! NOTHING MUCH, HERR COLONEL! JUST THAT I THOUGHT MAYBE THE GHOST WOULD RETURN TONIGHT!



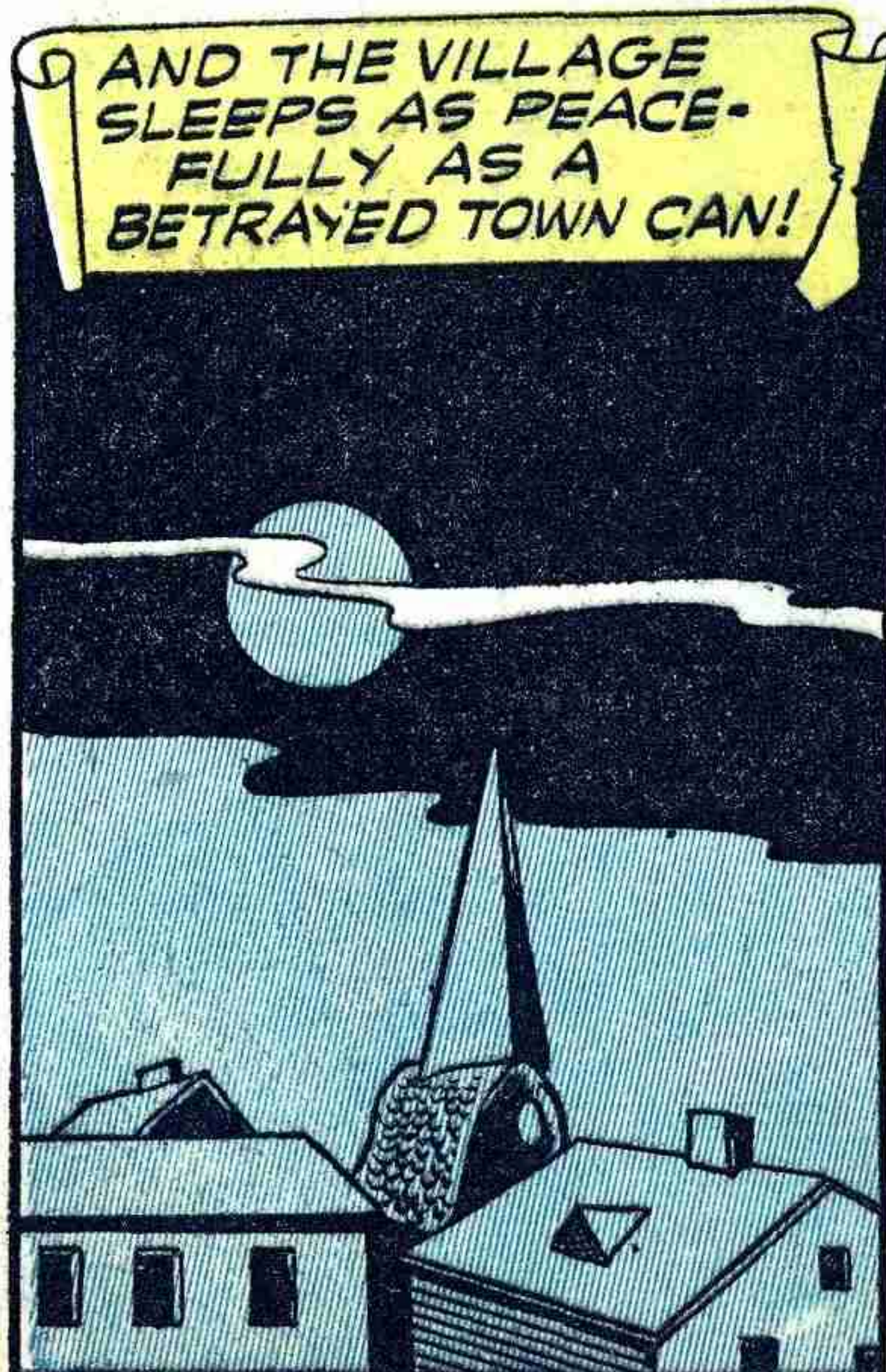
HO! HO! GHOSTS! THAT'S GOOD!! I DO NOT BELIEVE IN SUCH RUBBISH! GOOD NIGHT, FOOL!!

YES, SIR! GOOD NIGHT, SIR!! HEE! HEE!!



HA! HOW RIDICULOUS!! THESE NORWEGIANS ARE VERY SIMPLE PEOPLE INDEED! GHOSTS...

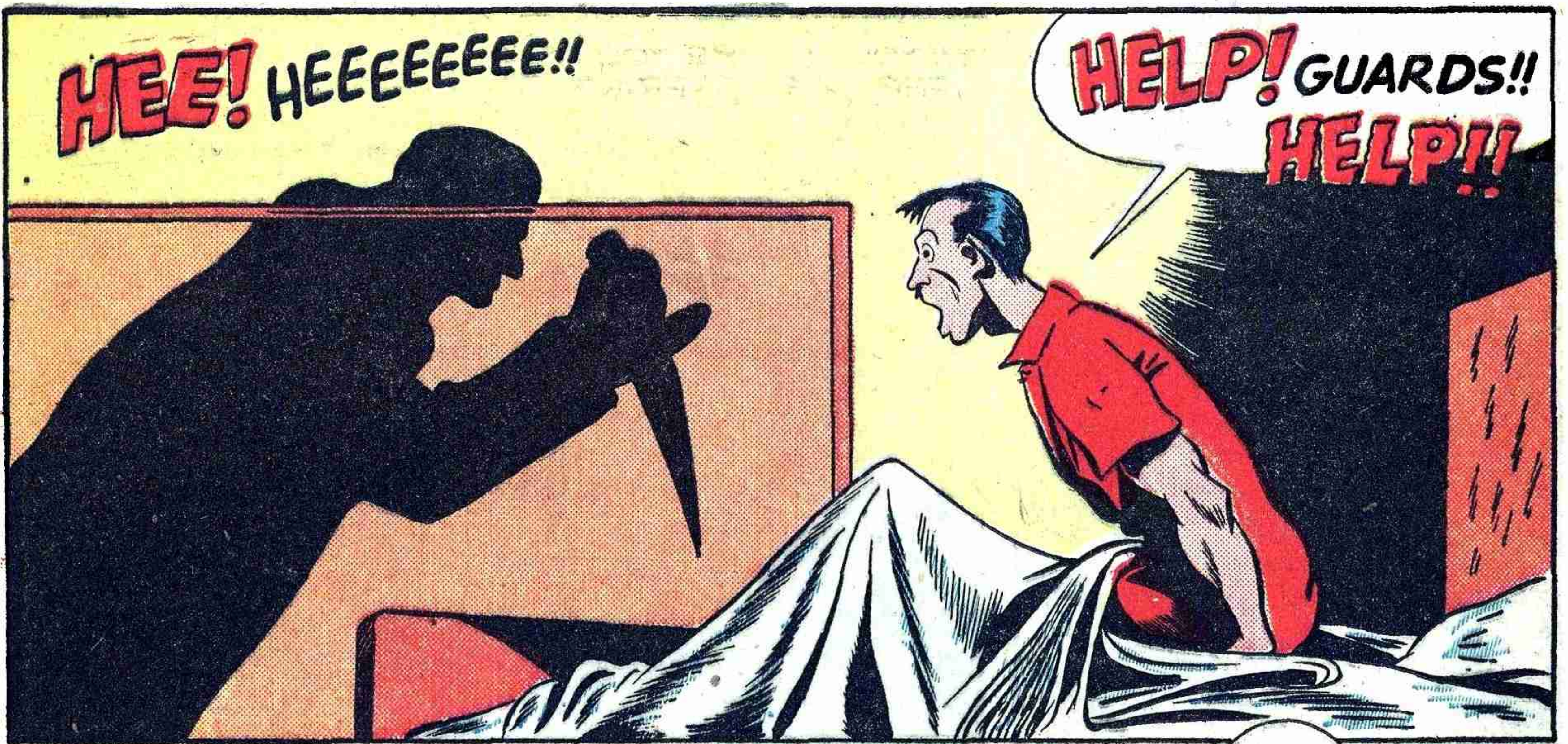
BAH!



AND THE VILLAGE SLEEPS AS PEACEFULLY AS A BETRAYED TOWN CAN!



AAAAAAH!



HEE! HEEEEEEEEEE!!

**HELP! GUARDS!!
HELP!!**



**HERR COLONEL...
VOT ISS?**



SOMEONE'S IN THIS ROOM... HE TRIED TO STAB ME! FIND HIM... QUICK!!

JA!



BUT A SEARCH OF THE ROOM REVEALS NOTHING... NOBODY---

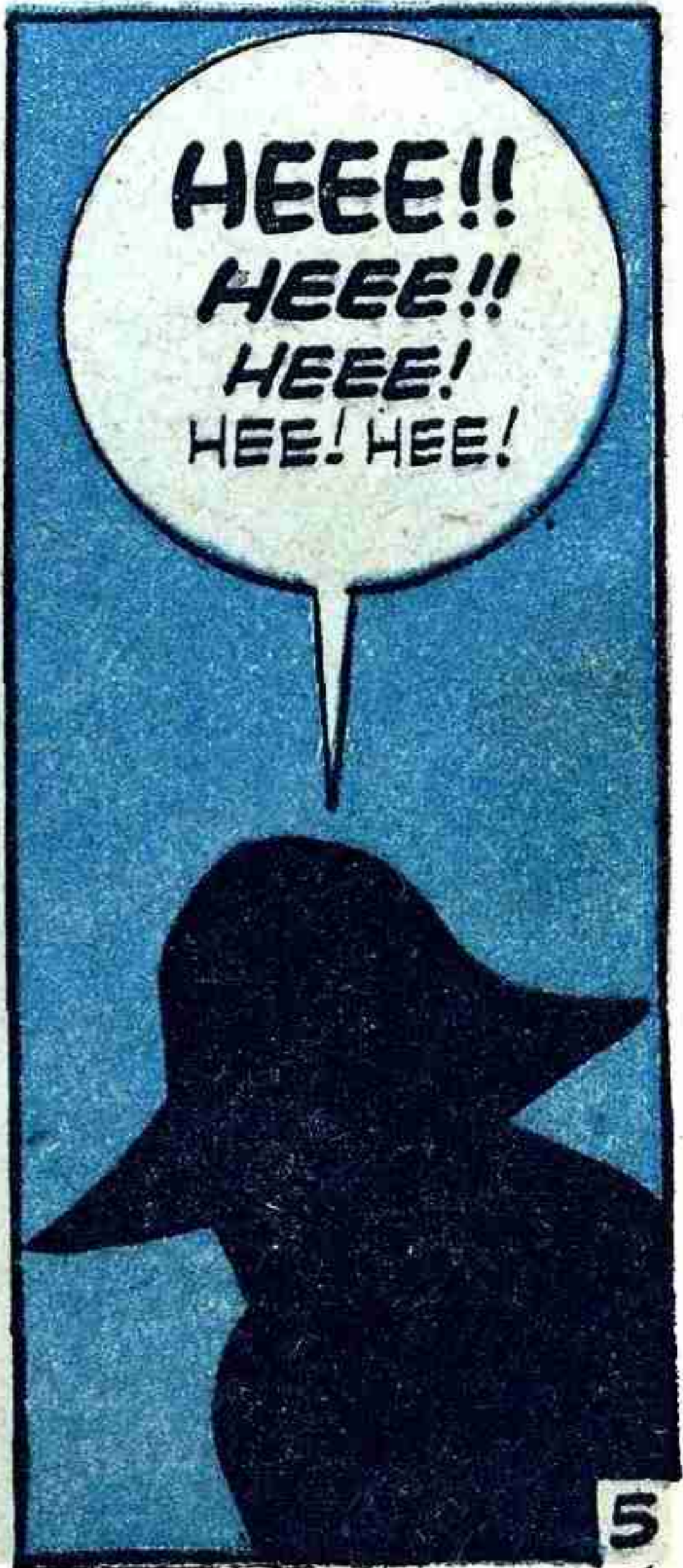
THE WINDOWS ARE ALL LOCKED, SIR! IS IT POSSIBLE YOU WERE DREAMING?

JA! THAT MUST BE IT! THAT OLD FOOL TOLD ME STORIES... MADE ME DREAM! BUT POST A GUARD IN MY ROOM!



NOW MAYBE I CAN SLEEP! BUT DON'T YOU SLEEP!!

NO, SIR!



**HEEE!!
HEEE!!
HEEE!
HEE! HEE!**

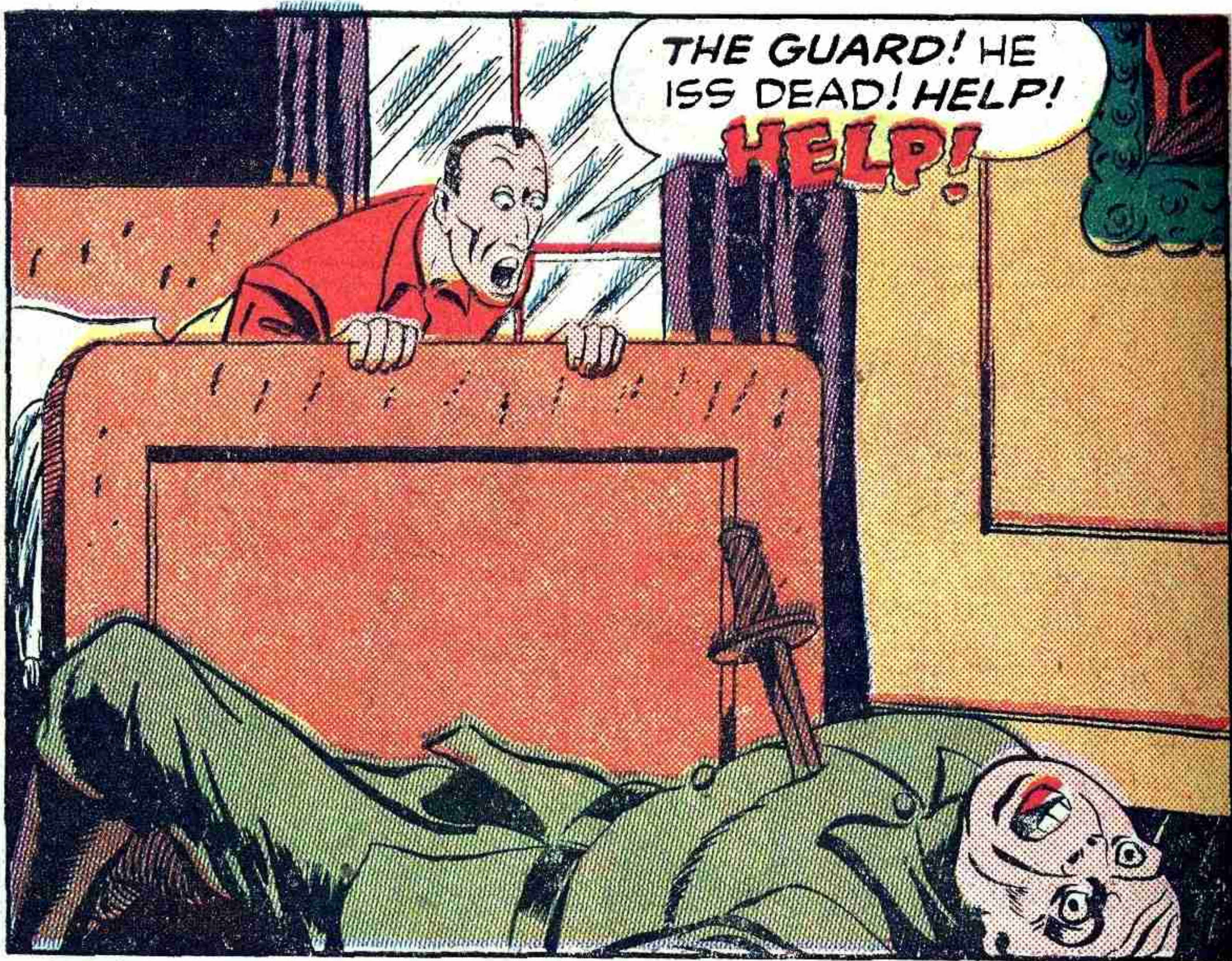
LATER...

VERDAMT!
WHAT NOW?



THE GUARD! HE
ISS DEAD! HELP!

HELP!



THE OLD ONE! BRING
HIM TO ME! HE KNOWS
TOO MUCH ABOUT GHOSTS!
I SHALL FIND WHAT THIS
IS ALL ABOUT!



TALK, YOU FOOL!
TELL ME ABOUT THE
GHOST IN THIS
PLACE!

BUT, SIR---I-I
THOUGHT YOU
DIDN'T BELIEVE
IN THEM!
HOWEVER...



LONG AGO...MANY YEARS AGO...THIS TOWN
WAS CONQUERED BY AN INVADER! ALL
THE INHABITANTS WERE KILLED...ALL
SAVE ONE! THIS ONE RETURNED WITH AN
ARMY...CRUSHED THE INVADER---AND
DROVE HIM FROM OUR LAND!



THEY SAY HIS GHOST STILL
HAUNTS THE TOWN TO PRO-
TECT IT FROM WOULD-BE
CONQUERORS! OF COURSE,
SIR, YOU REMEMBER---
YOU KILLED SOME
PEOPLE, BUT ONE
BOY GOT AWAY!



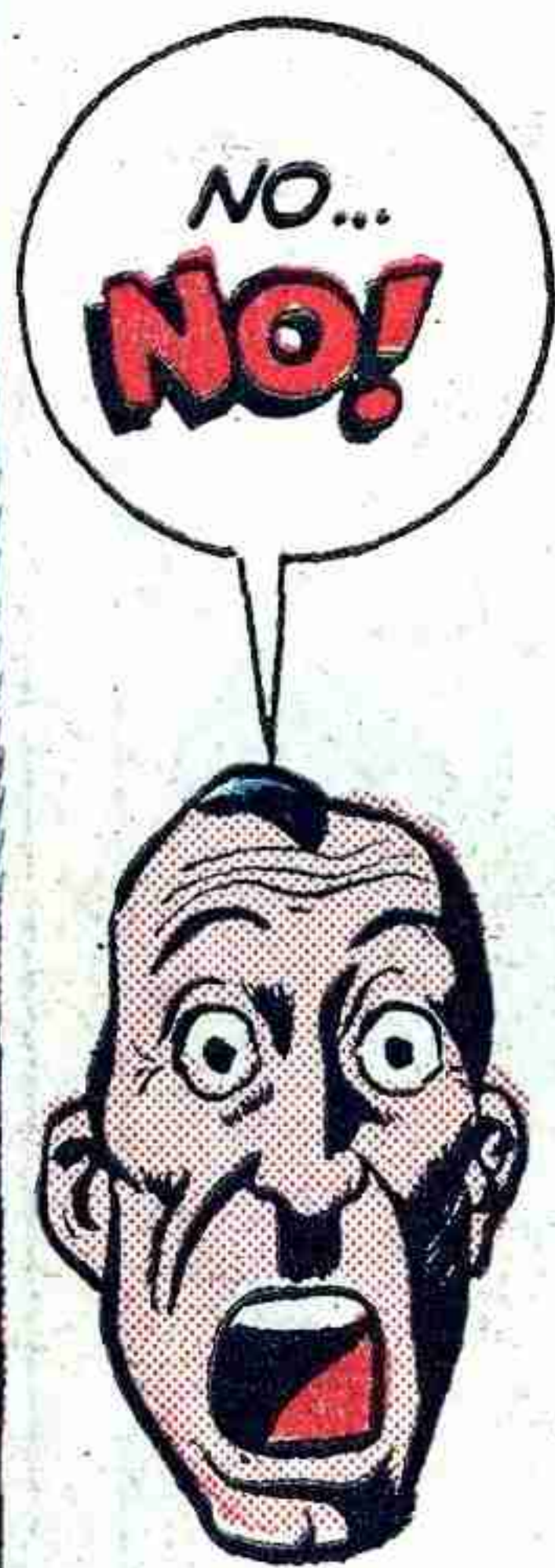
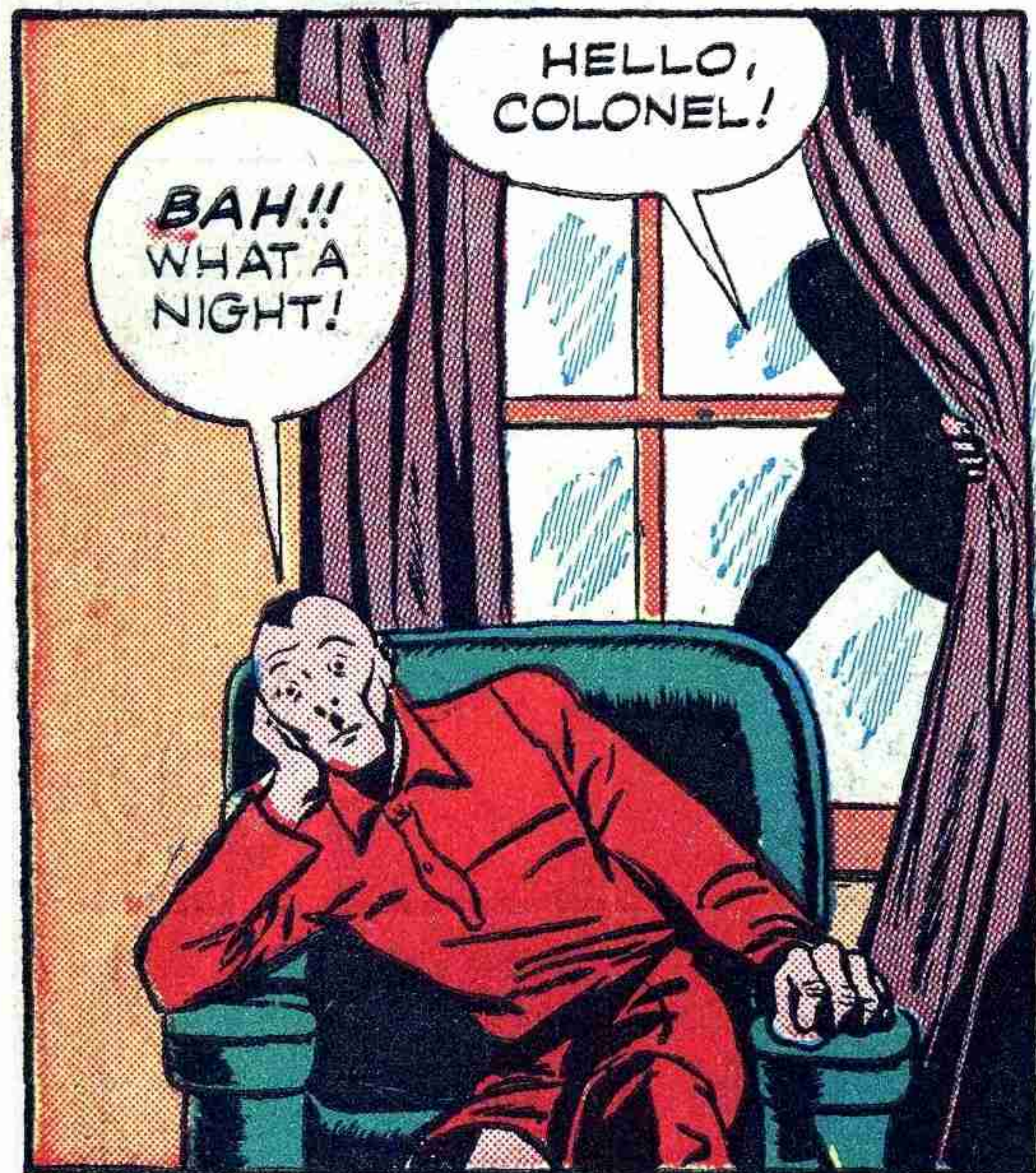
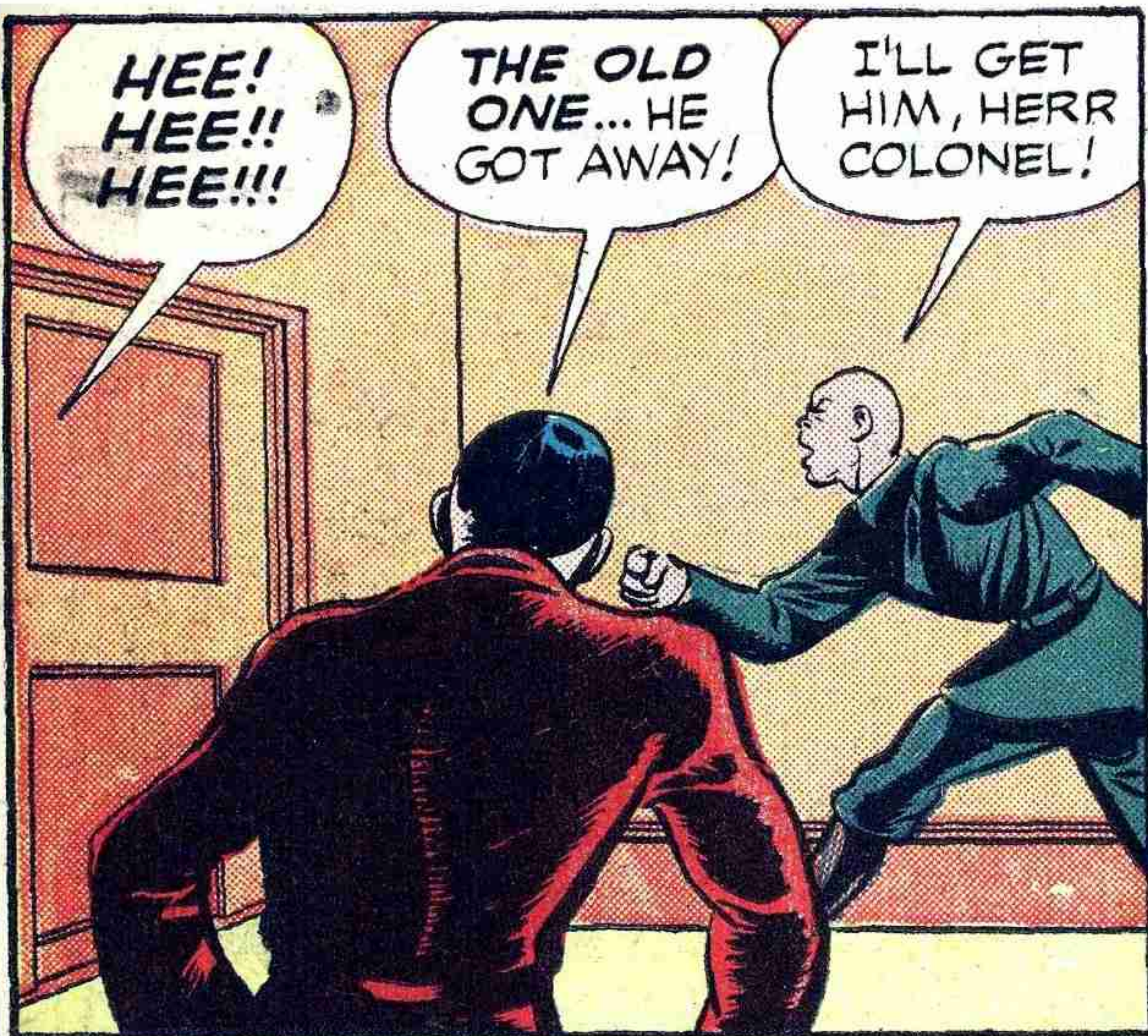


BUT AS THE OLD MAN IS LED ACROSS THE DARKENED COURTYARD, HE DOES AN AMAZING THING FOR ONE SO OLD!



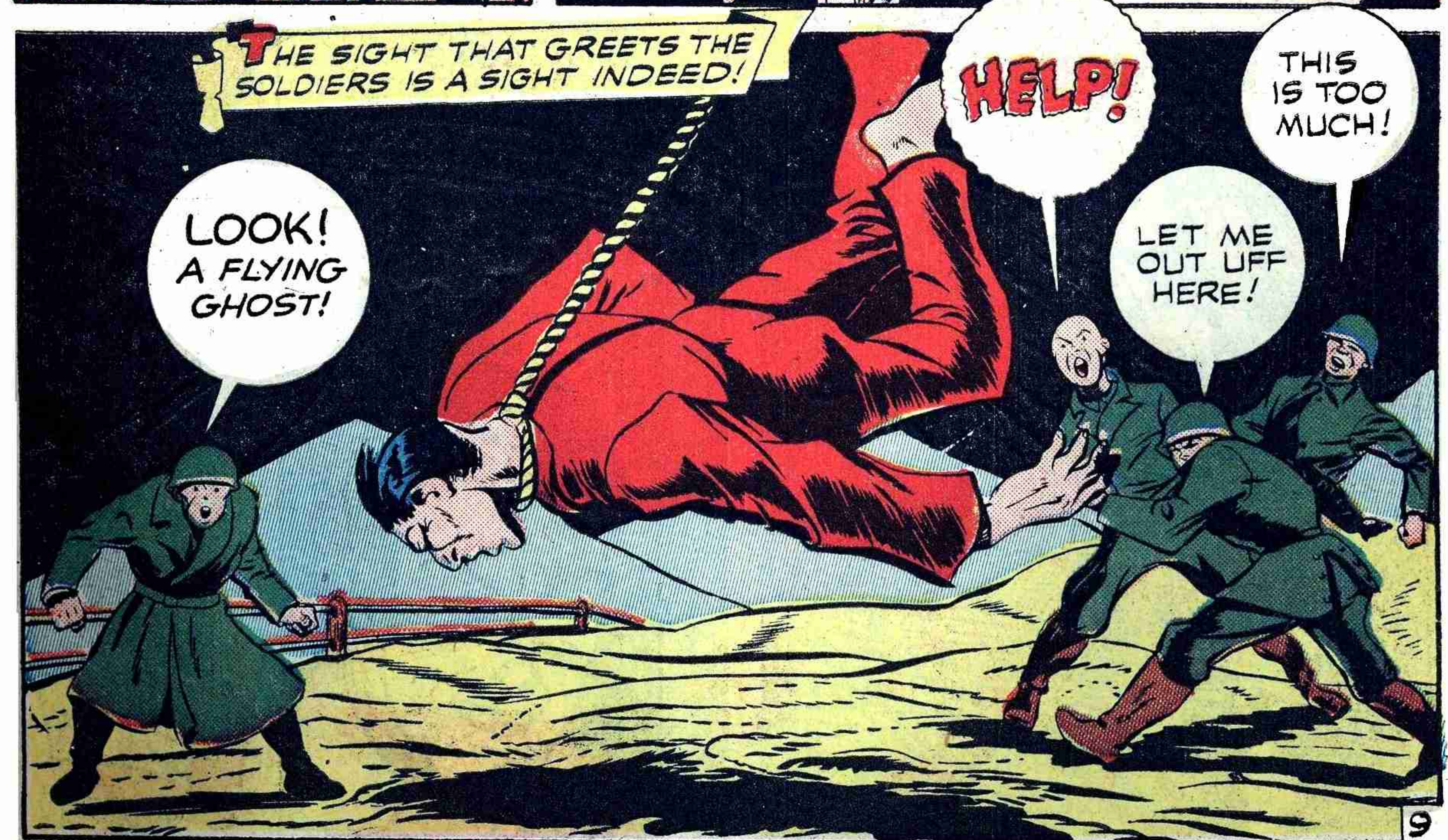
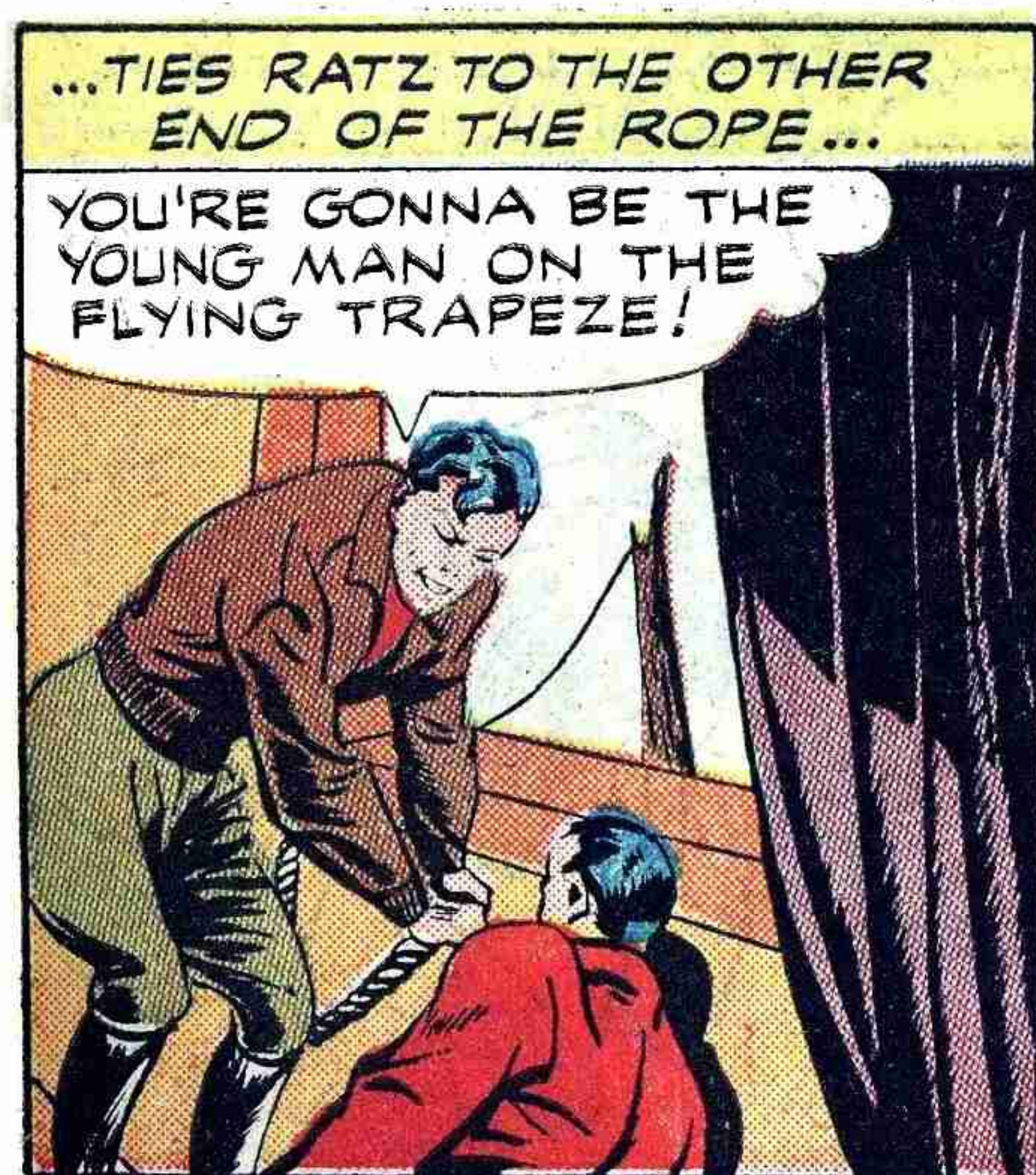
CAPTAIN BATTLE, JR.!







IN THE MEANTIME, CAP TOSSES A LASSO AT A TREE OUTSIDE THE WINDOW...



HORROR-STRICKEN, THE NAZIS RUSH IN A BODY TO THE BRIDGE LEADING OUT OF THE VILLAGE!

I'VE HAD ENOUGH!

EVEN THE RUSSIAN FRONT IS BETTER THAN THIS!

HANS! THAT'S GOING TOO FAR!



BUT CAP'S FRIENDS ARE BUSY, TOO!

HERE THEY COME!

AND THERE THEY GO!



LATER...

WE'VE DONE IT, CAPTAIN BATTLE! WE'VE AVENGED MY PARENTS!

YES, KARL... IT'S A GOOD THING YOU WERE ABLE TO FIND US SO WE COULD HELP YOU!



THINGS ARE GOING TO BE A LOT DIFFERENT AROUND HERE NOW! OF COURSE, THERE'LL BE MORE GHOSTS TO CONTEND WITH-- THE GHOSTS OF DEAD NAZIS, THIS TIME!

WELL?

DO YOU STILL DOUBT THE FACT THERE ARE GHOSTS... HMMM? GOSH... YOU'RE AWFULLY HARD TO CONVINC!



The END.

CAPTAIN BATTLE, JR.

IN

BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES!

FOLLOW AMERICA'S INVASION ACE AS HE TOSSES FISTS AND SKILL AT THE JAP INVADERS OF THE PHILLIPINES... AND MEET HIS TWO NEW PALS... MINDO AND OLA... AS THEY HELP CAP IN HIS STRUGGLE TO FIND A MISSING GENERAL!



A LONE AMERICAN PLANE VENTURES DEEP INTO JAP-HELD TERRITORY...

WOW! TRYING TO FIND A GENERAL IS TOUGHER THAN LOOKING FOR A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK!

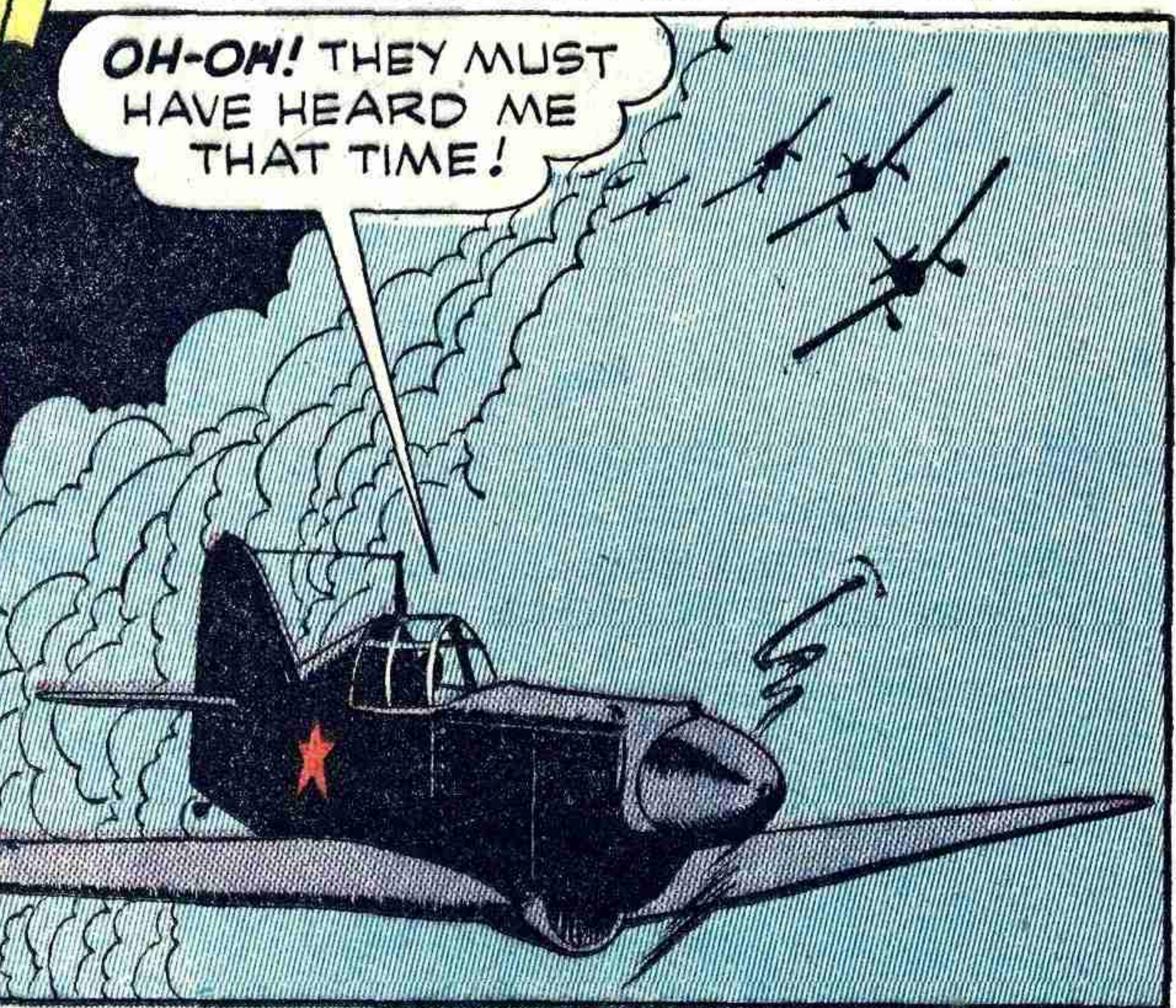
SEATED IN THE COCKPIT IS THAT FAMOUS AIRMAN, CAPT. BATTLE, JR.!

ALL THEY TOLD ME AT HEAD-QUARTERS WAS... FIND THE GENERAL... AND HERE I AM!



SUDDENLY... FROM ABOVE!!

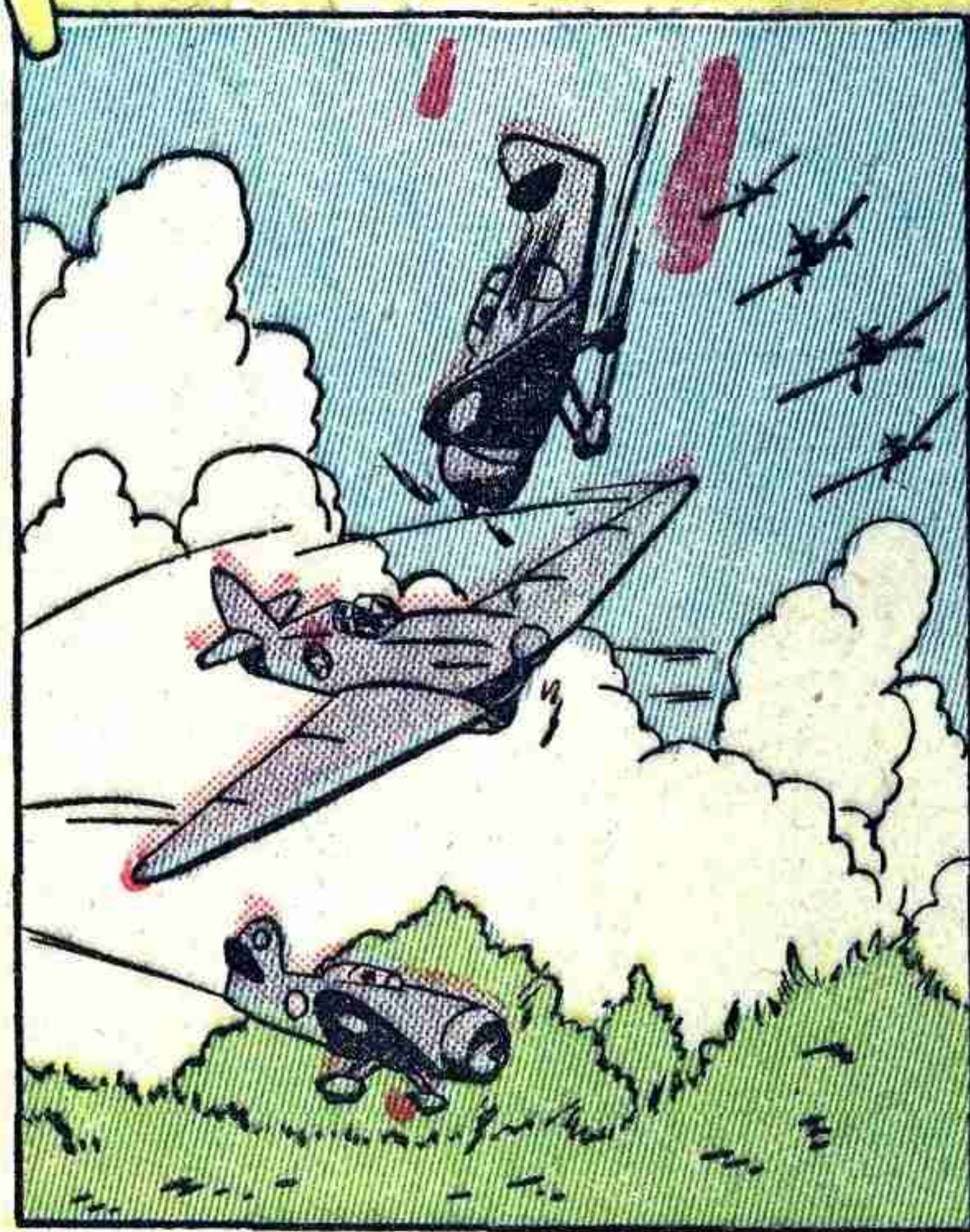
OH-OH! THEY MUST HAVE HEARD ME THAT TIME!



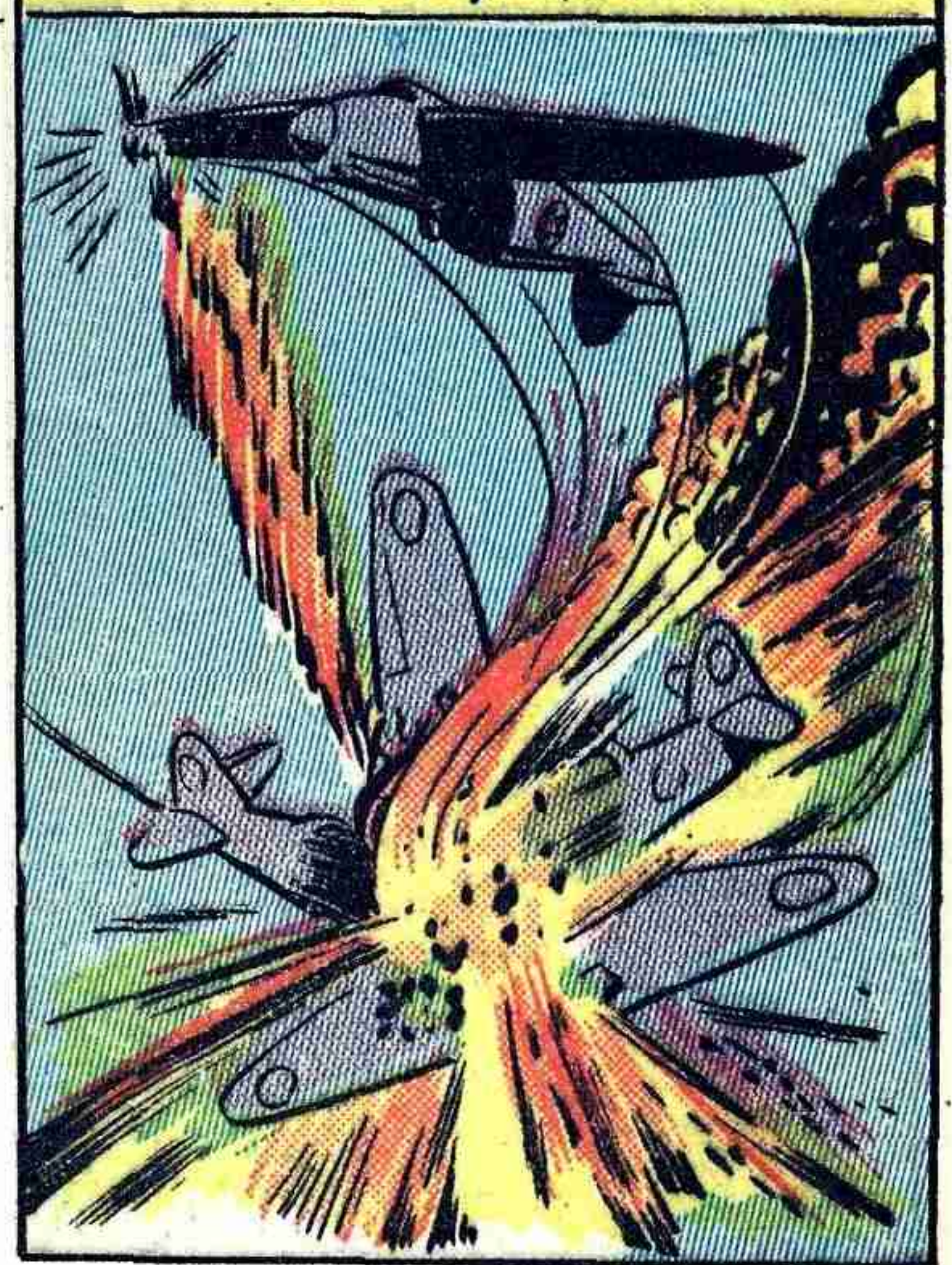
OKAY, SLANT-EYES... I'LL FRY YOUR HASH!



A JAP PLANE DIVES HEAD ON IN AN ATTEMPT TO CRASH CAP'S PLANE...

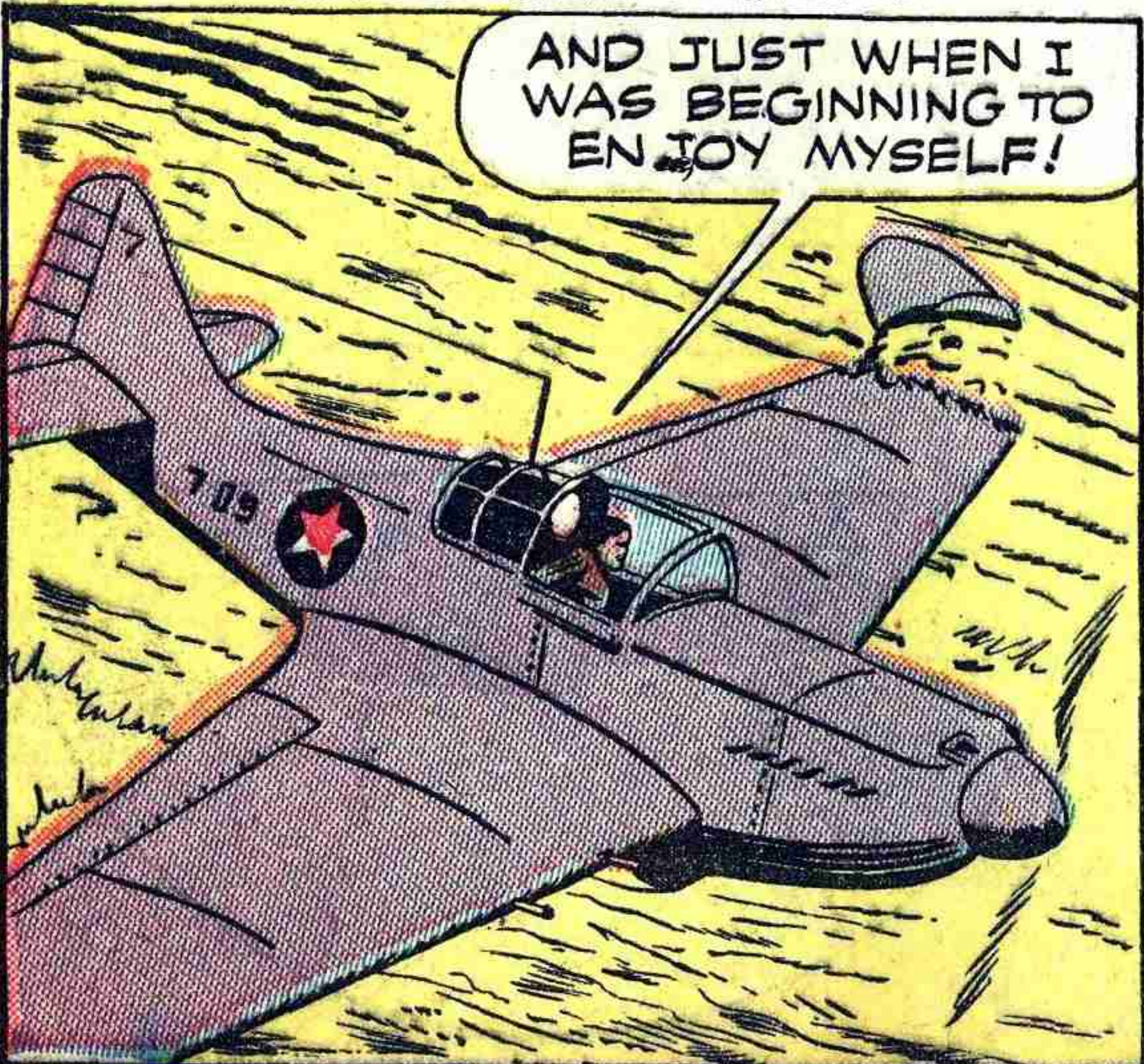


CAP SWERVES TO ONE SIDE, AND...

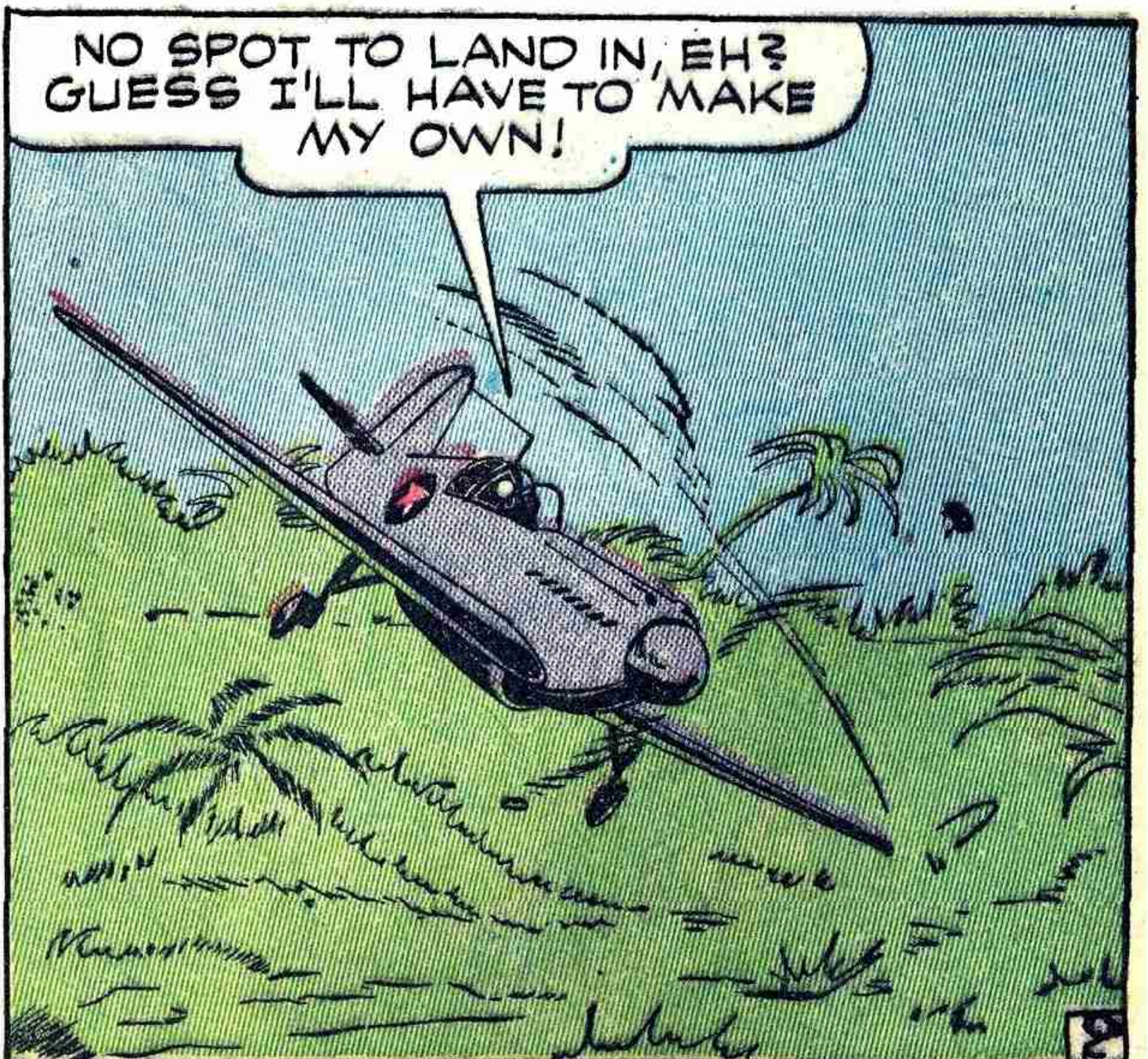


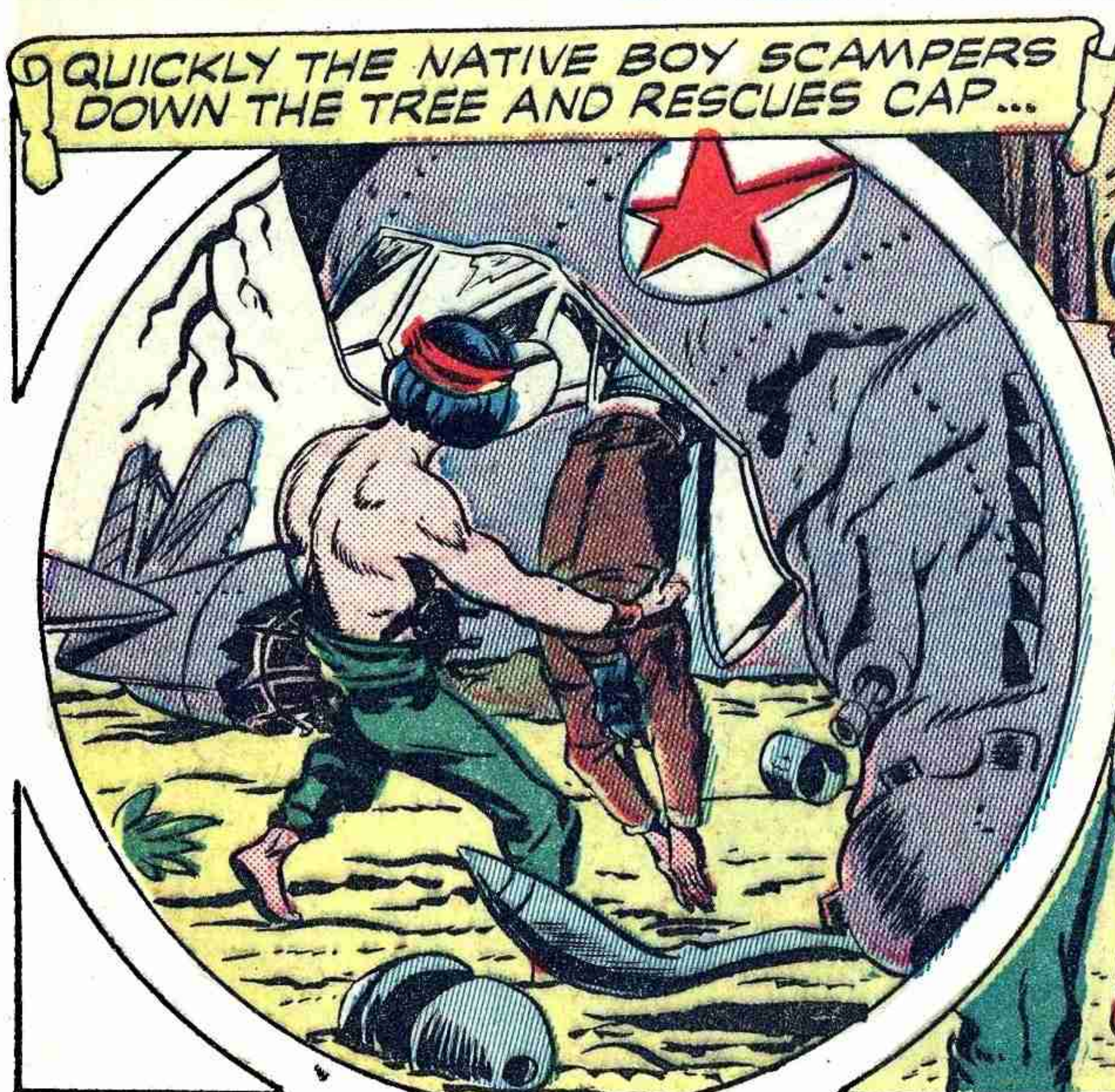
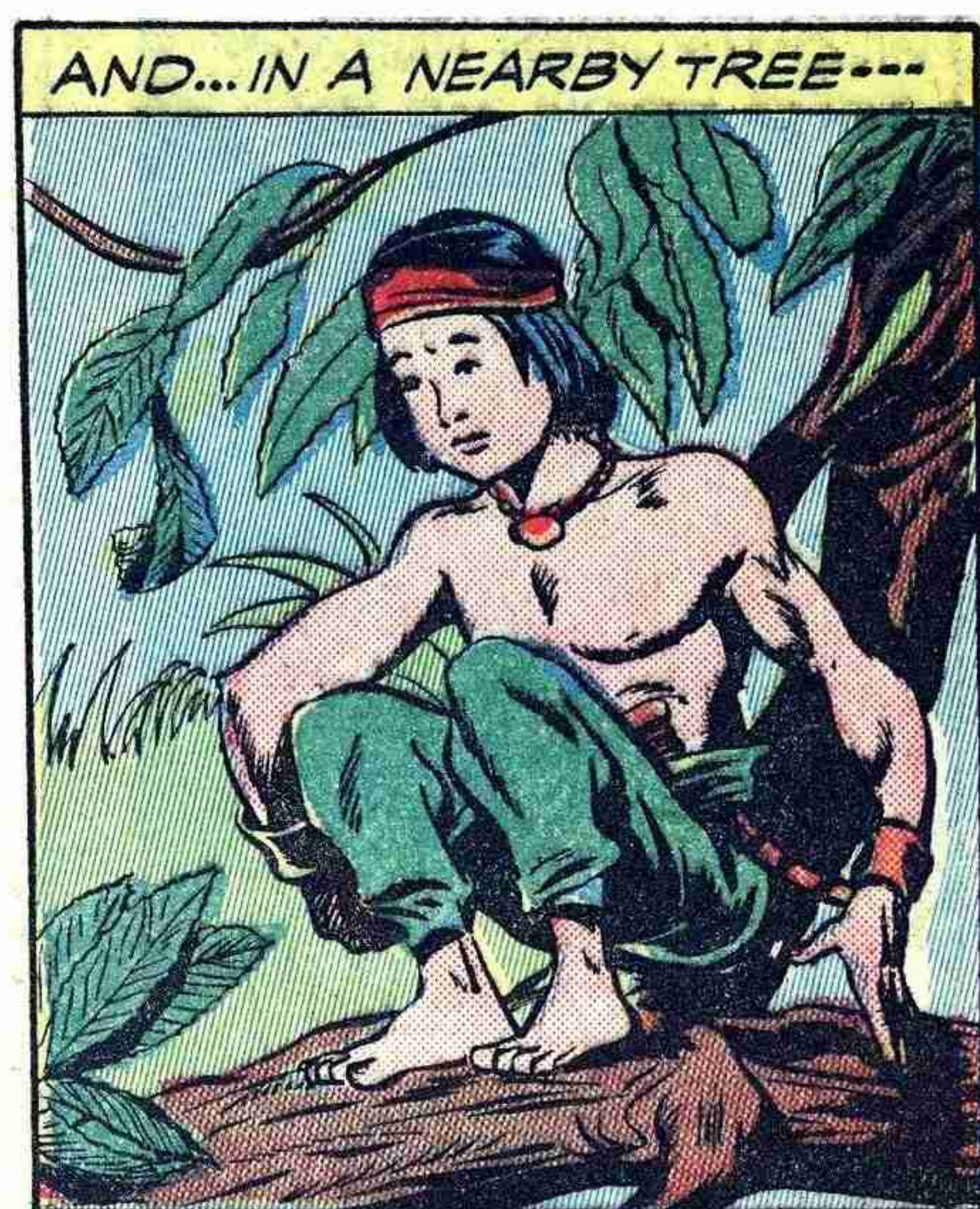
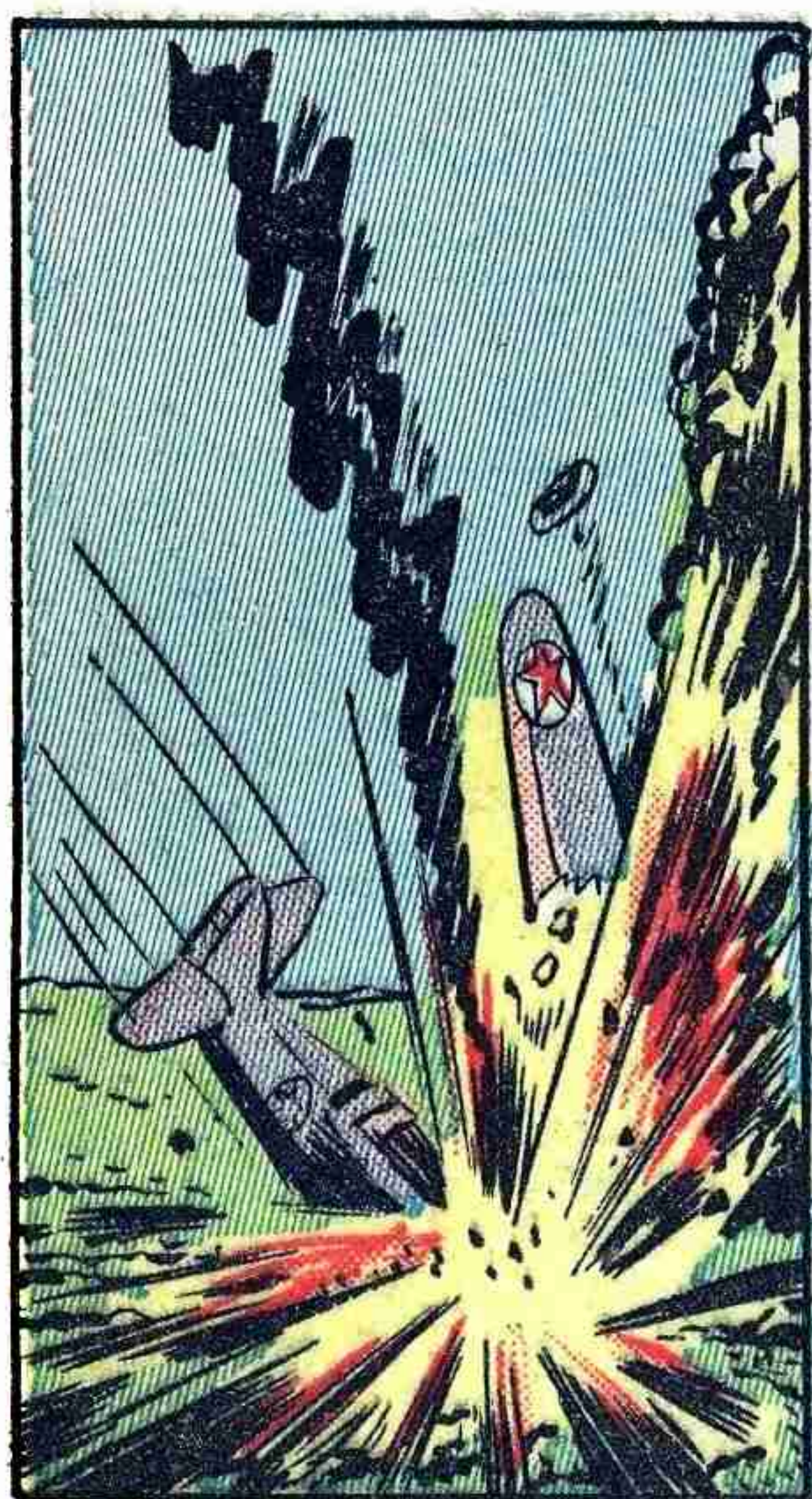
THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION DISABLES CAP'S SHIP!

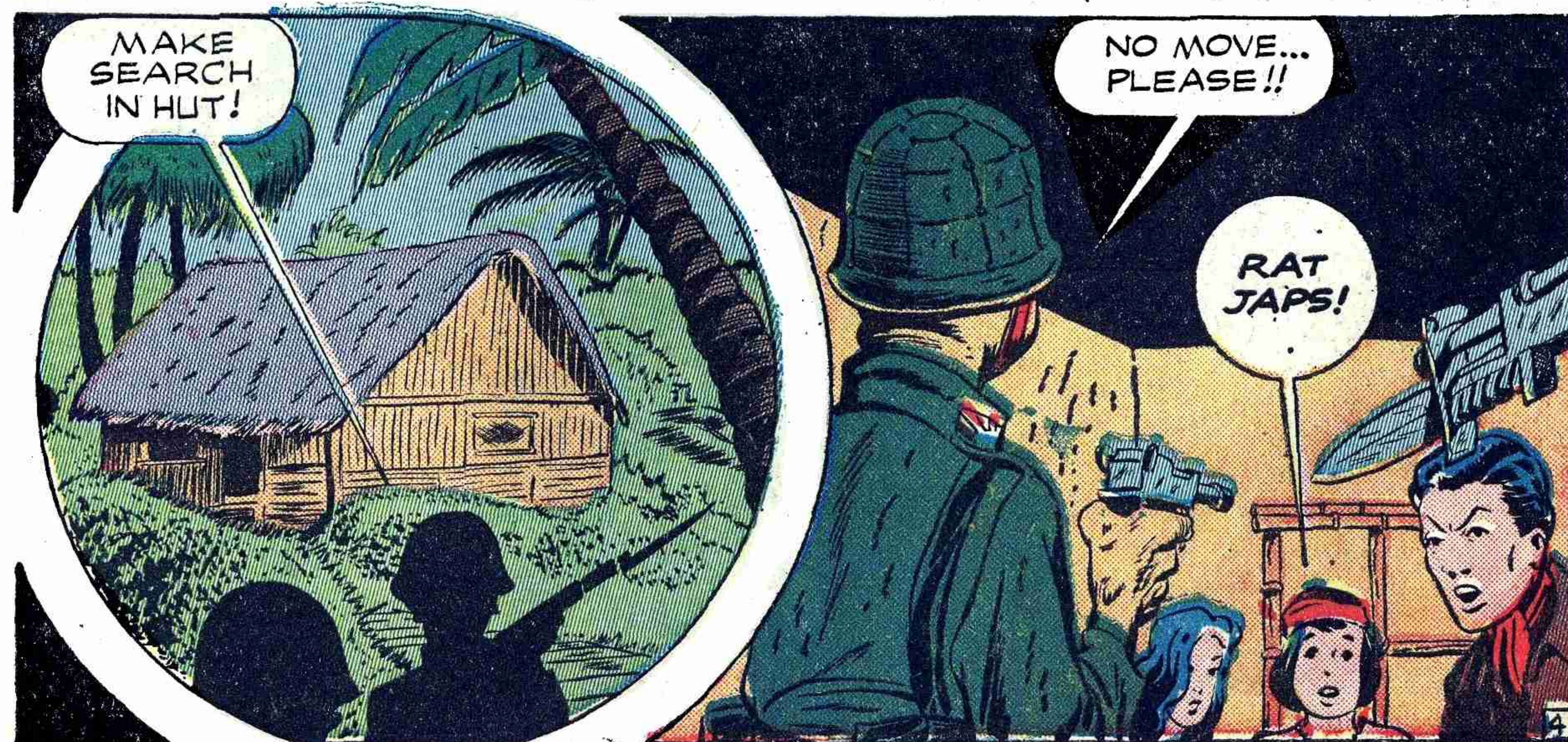
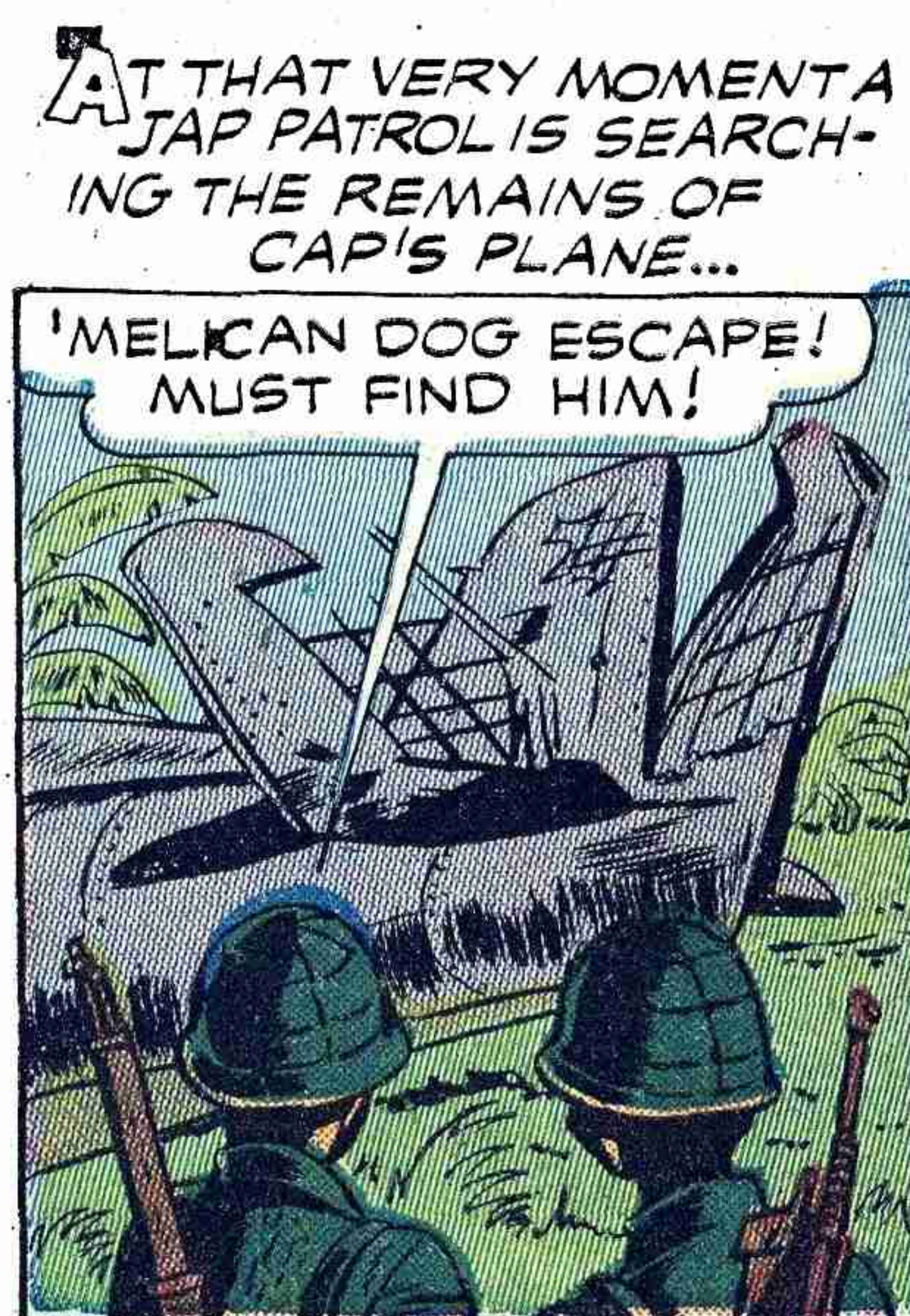
AND JUST WHEN I WAS BEGINNING TO ENJOY MYSELF!



NO SPOT TO LAND IN, EH? GUESS I'LL HAVE TO MAKE MY OWN!







CAP AND HIS TWO FRIENDS ARE TAKEN PRISONER AND MARCHED THROUGH THE JUNGLE...



GEE...I'M SORRY I GOT YOU TWO INTO THIS MESS!

WE... FRIENDS!



AT THAT MOMENT...

UG!



LITTLE APE!!



THIS...OUR FRIEND... LITTLE APE!

HI, PAL!



THOSE JAPS MUST HAVE A CAMP AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE!

YES... ME KNOW WHERE!



SUDDENLY...

A TRAP!!



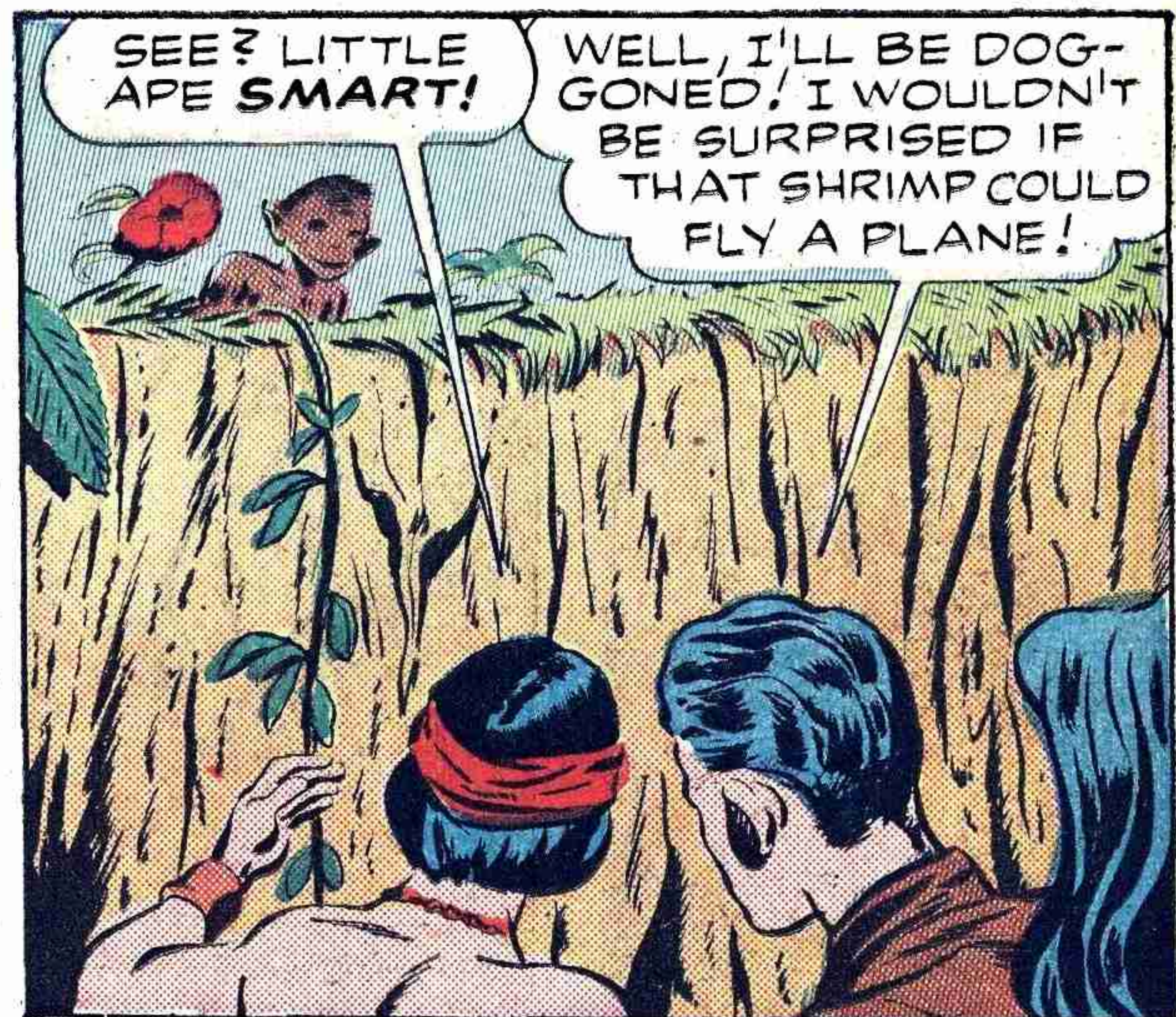
WOW! WE SURE WALKED INTO THAT ONE!

WE WILL GET OUT QUICK--- I SHOW YOU!



GETTUM VINE...
AND TIE TO
TREE!

JEEP!



SEE? LITTLE
APE SMART!

WELL, I'LL BE DOG-
GONED! I WOULDN'T
BE SURPRISED IF
THAT SHRIMP COULD
FLY A PLANE!

CAP GRABS THE VINE AND CLIMBS TO
THE TOP OF THE PIT--- JAPS!



I AM HONORED
TO MAKE THE
ACQUAINTANCE!



WE WILL MAKE YOU
AS COMFORTABLE AS
POSSIBLE IN OUR JAIL!
THAT IS... UNTIL
SUNRISE!!

NOW AIN'T
THAT
DUCKY!!

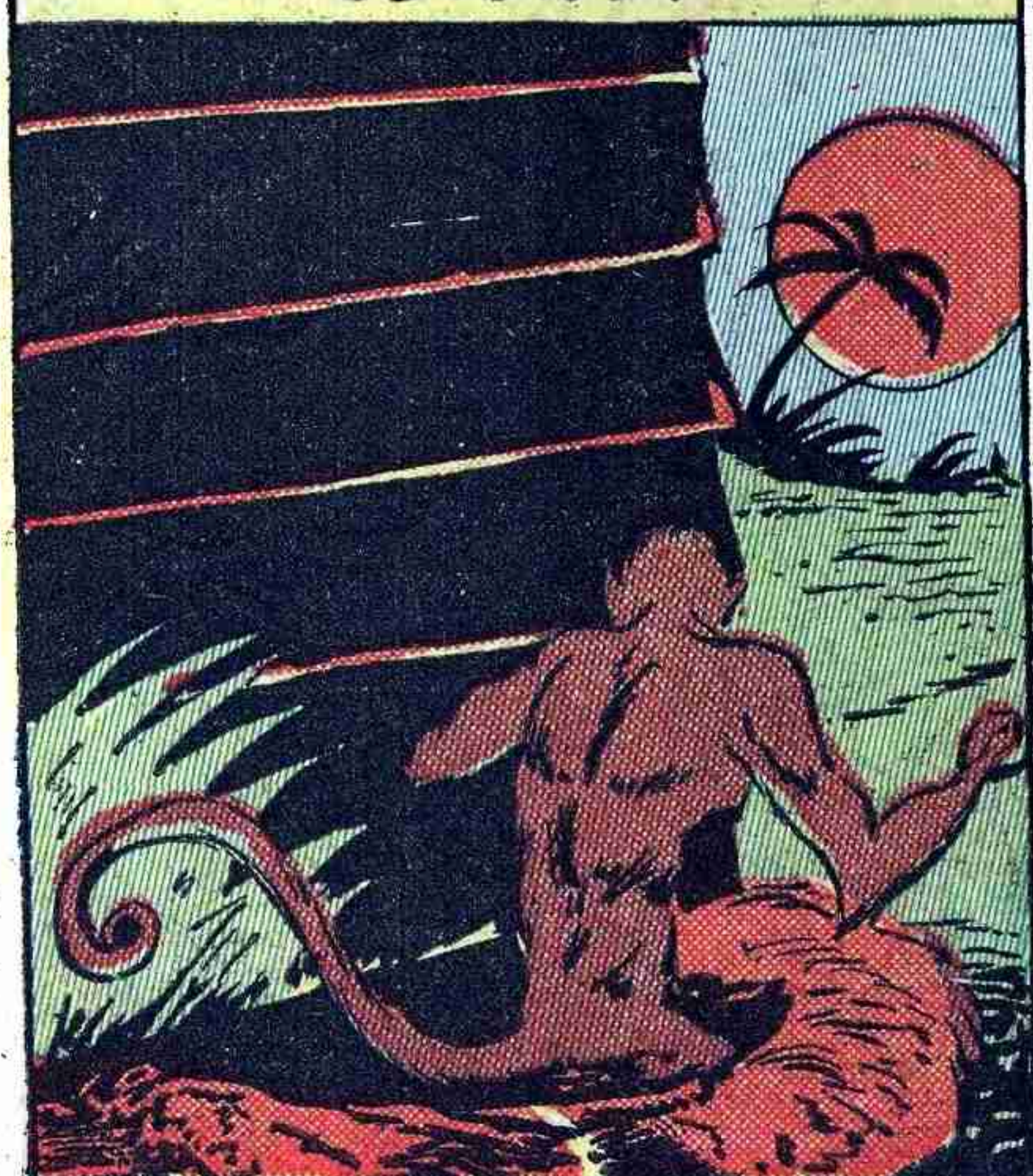
THAT NIGHT...



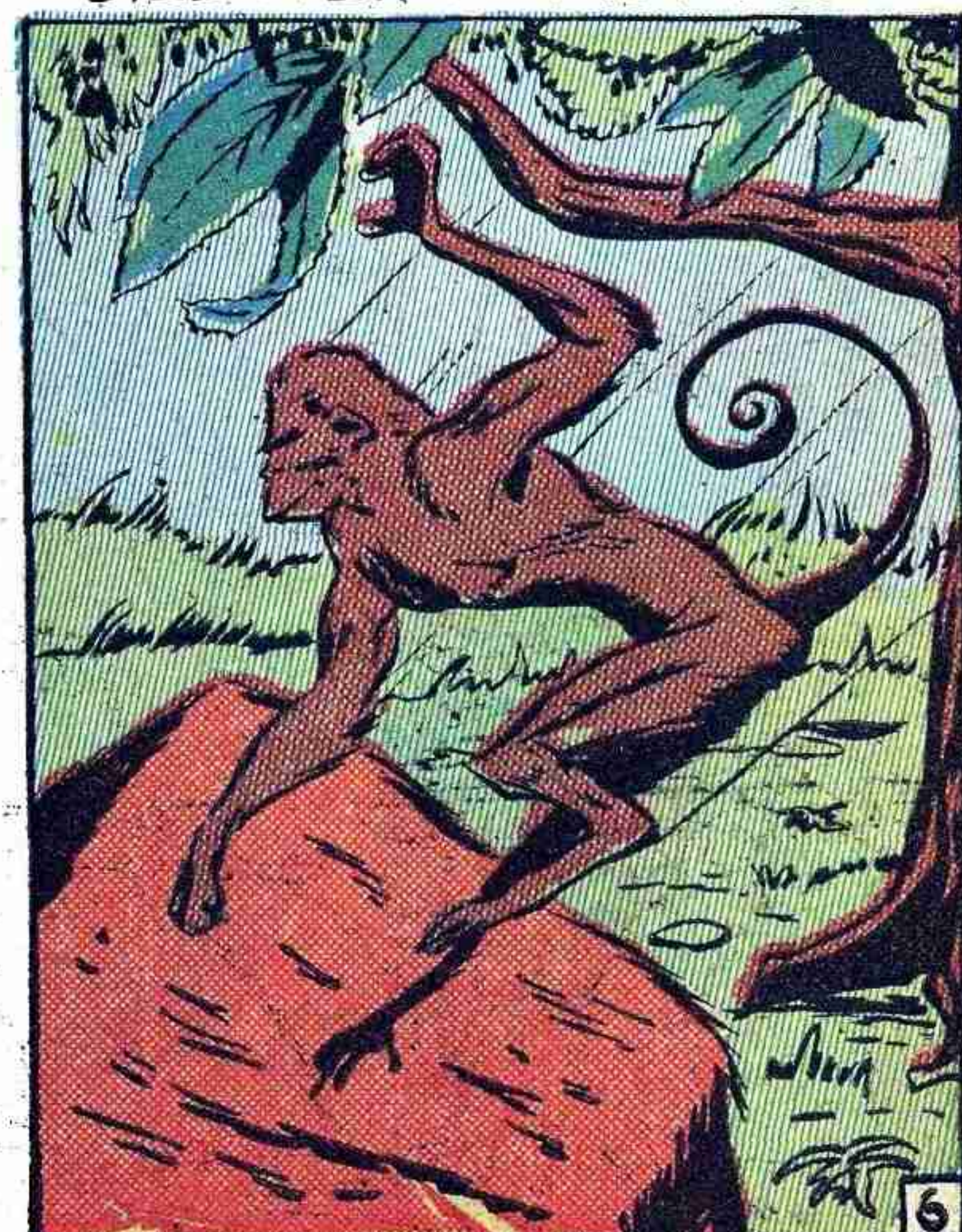
LITTLE APE... DO
AS I TOLD YOU!
GET INTO
THIS HOLE!

JEEP!

LITTLE APE WRIGGLES INTO
THE HOLE DUG UNDER THE
WALL AND EMERGES
OUTSIDE!



QUIETLY HE CLIMBS A
TREE AND THEN DROPS
SILENTLY TO THE ROOF...





AFTER REMOVING THE KEYS FROM THE UNCONSCIOUS JAP...
LITTLE APE OPENS THE DOOR!



ARMING THEMSELVES WITH THE SENTRY'S GUNS... CAP AND HIS FRIENDS PROCEED...

I GUESS THAT'S WHERE THE JAP MAJOR BUNKS!
LET'S GO!!



WAIT FOR ME HERE... I'M GONNA GIVE THOSE BOYS A LITTLE SURPRISE!

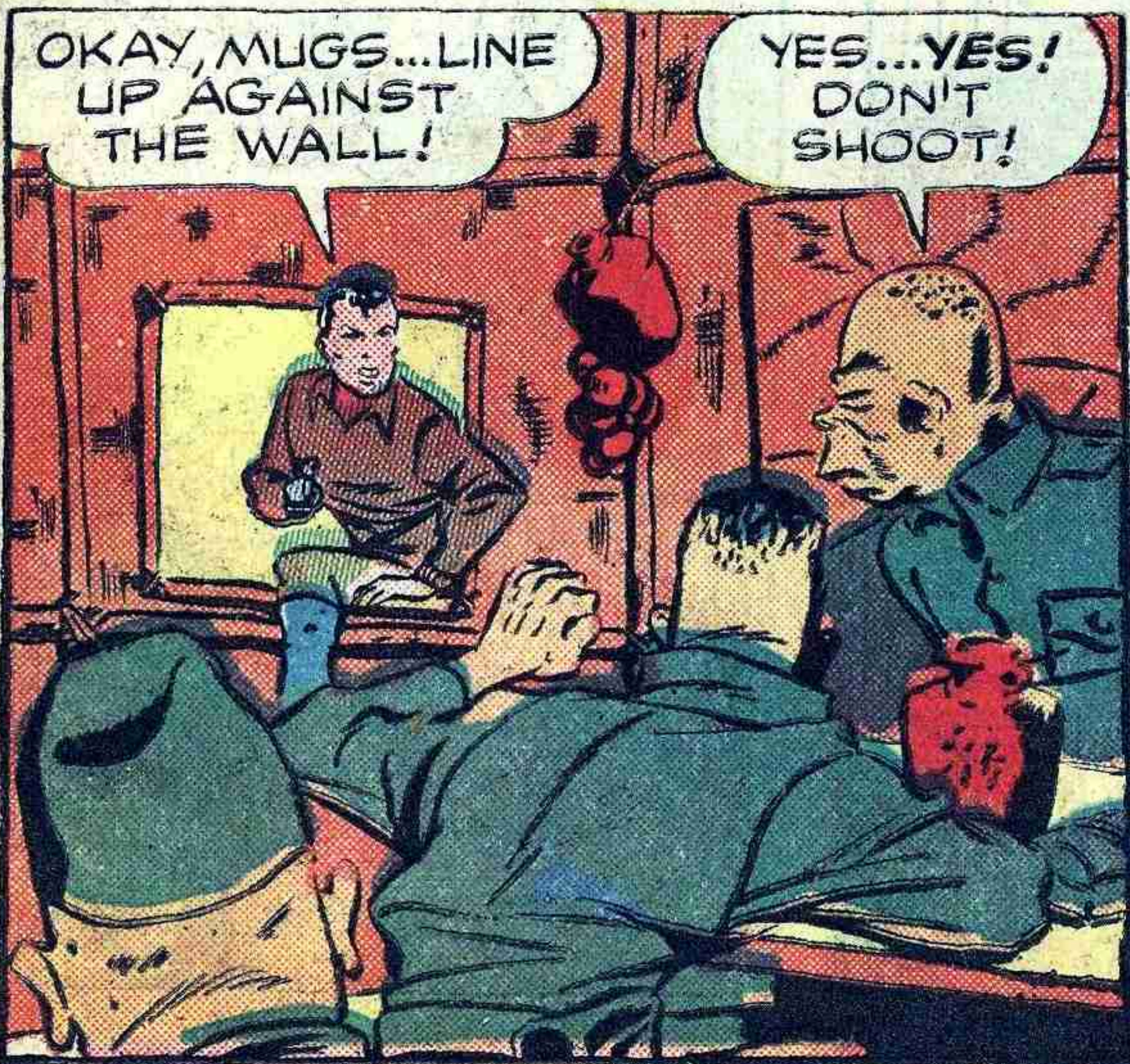
BE CAREFUL!



ENTERING THROUGH THE WINDOW, CAP SURPRISES THE JAPS!

OKAY, MUGS... LINE UP AGAINST THE WALL!

YES...YES!
DON'T SHOOT!

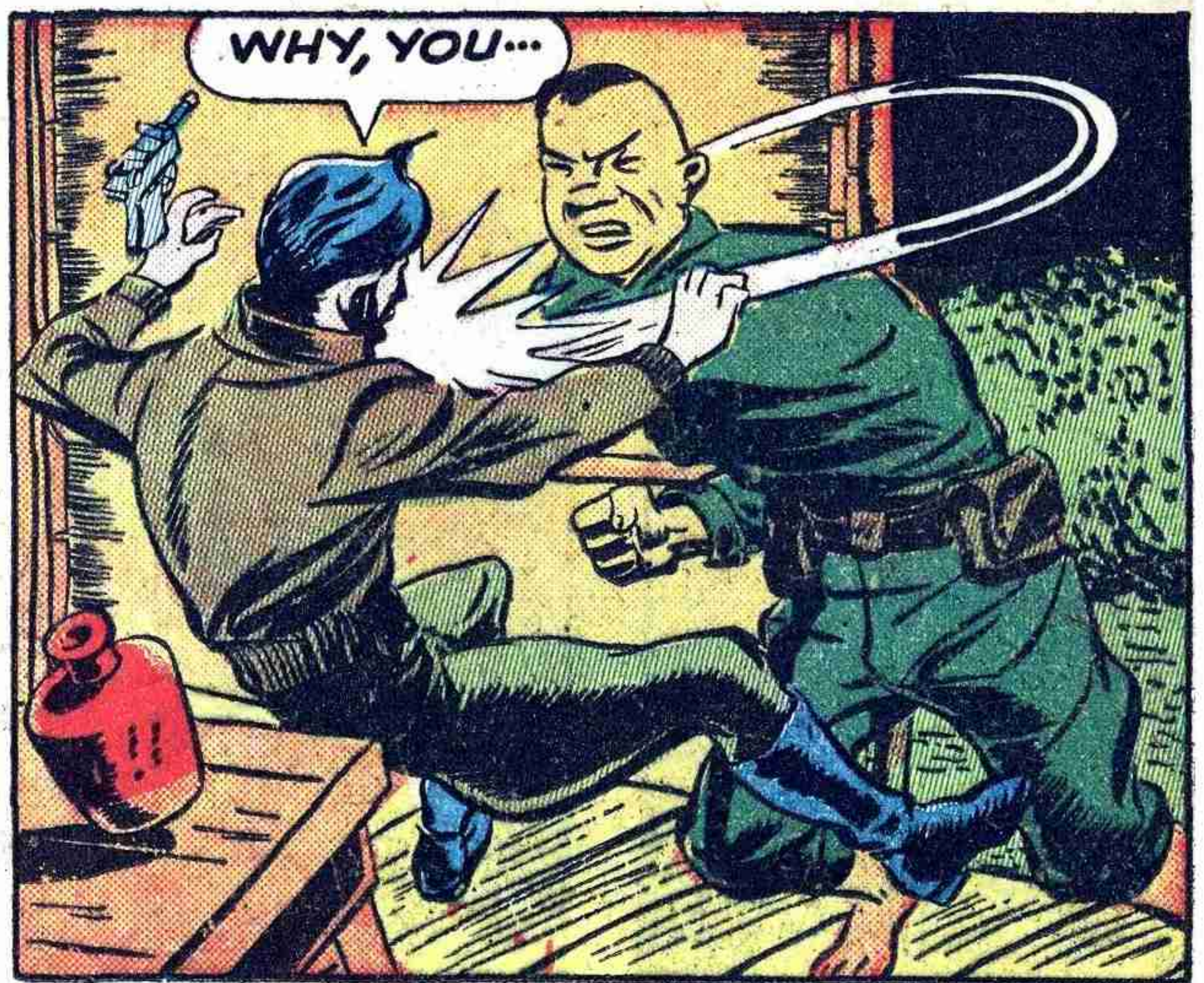


START TALKING, FROG-FACE!... WHERE'S THE GENERAL?--OR WOULD YOU RATHER JOIN YOUR ANCESTORS?

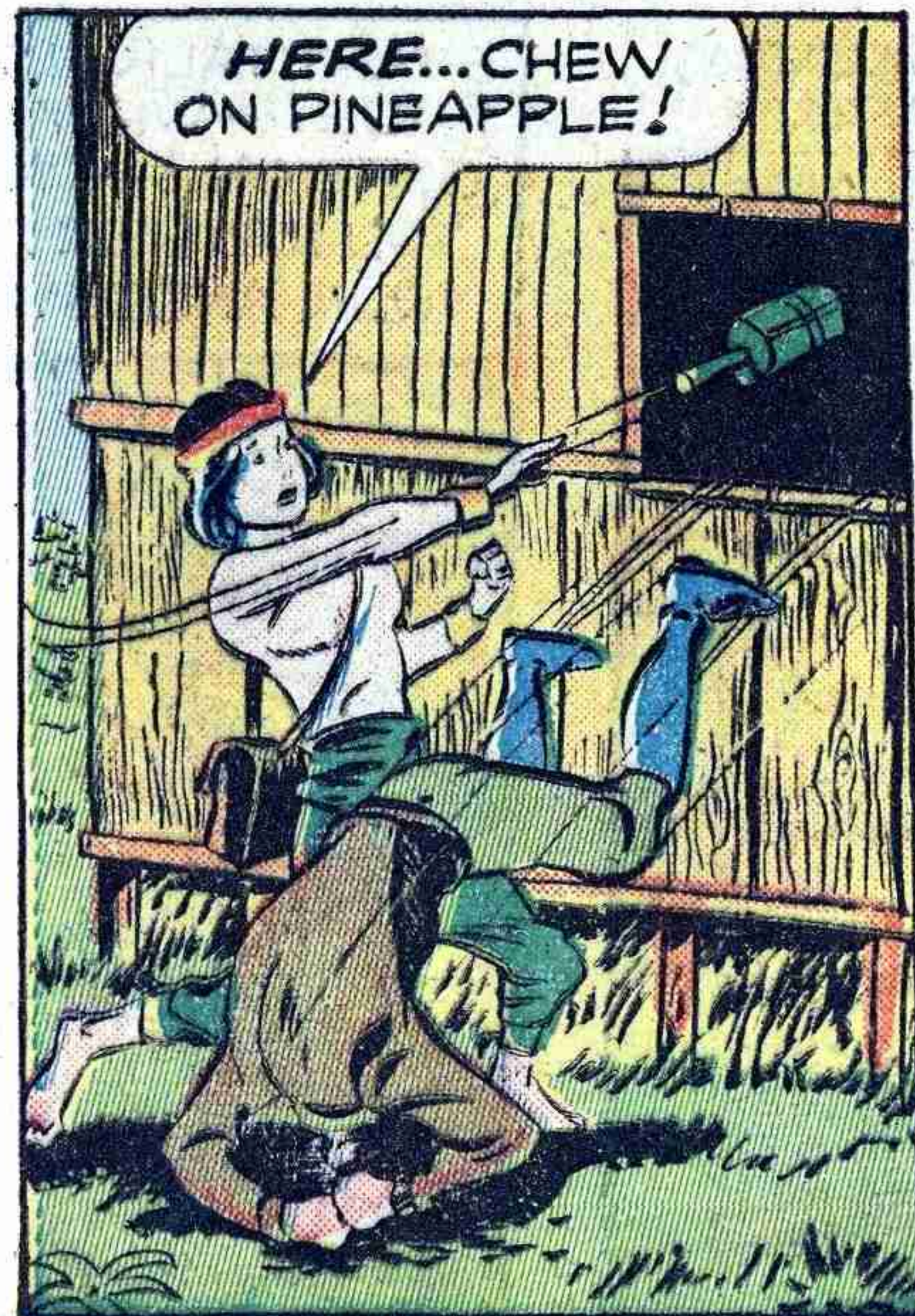
NO SHOOT! I TALK! THE GENERAL IS IN JAIL NEXT TO BARRACKS!



AT THAT MOMENT ANOTHER JAP ENTERS THE ROOM...



SUDDENLY CAP MAKES A DASH FOR A WINDOW!



QUICKLY THEY HIDE IN SOME BUSHES...

AFTER THESE BOYS
QUIET DOWN, I'LL GO
FOR THE GENERAL!

WE
HELP
YOU!



WITHOUT WARNING...

ADVISE YOU NOT
TO MOVE, OR I
SHOOT GIRL!

WHY, YOU
SNEAKING...

OH!!



SO YOU
HAVE
CAUGHT
THE
PIGS!

YES! ALL
BUT THE
LITTLE
BEAST!



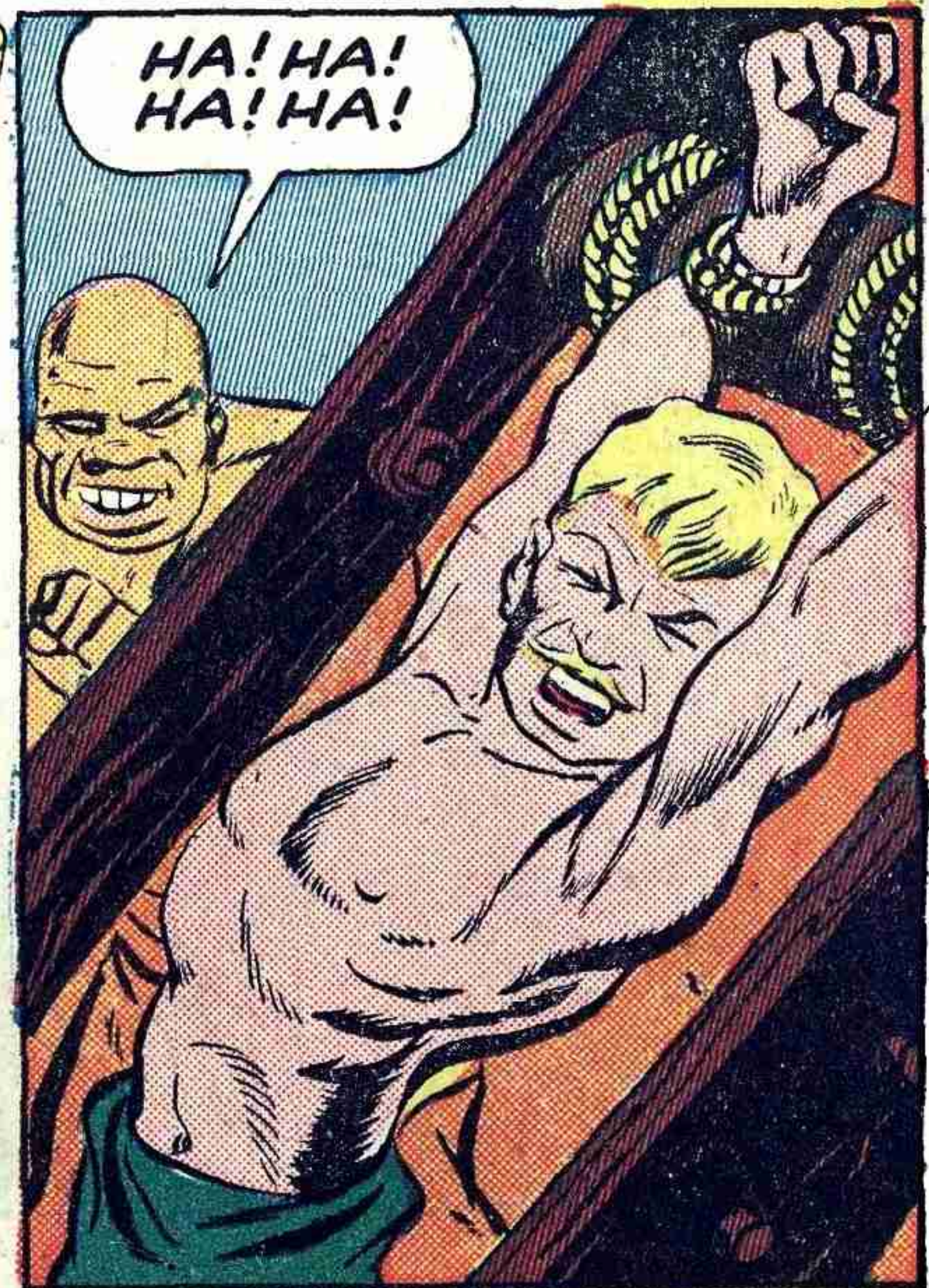
THE PRISONERS ARE LED
TO A DUNGEON AND CHAIN-
ED TO A WALL!

IT'S THE
GENERAL!

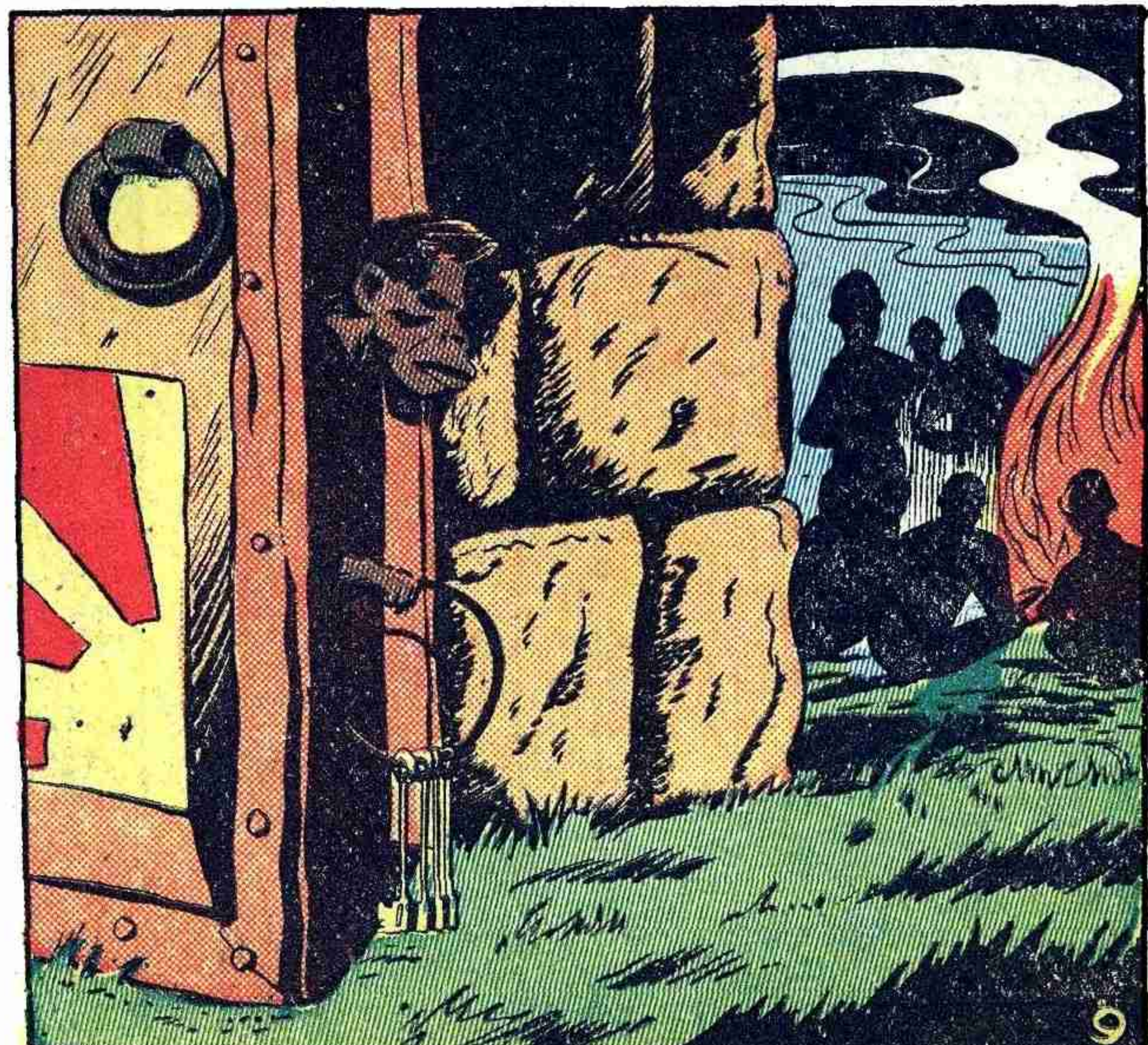
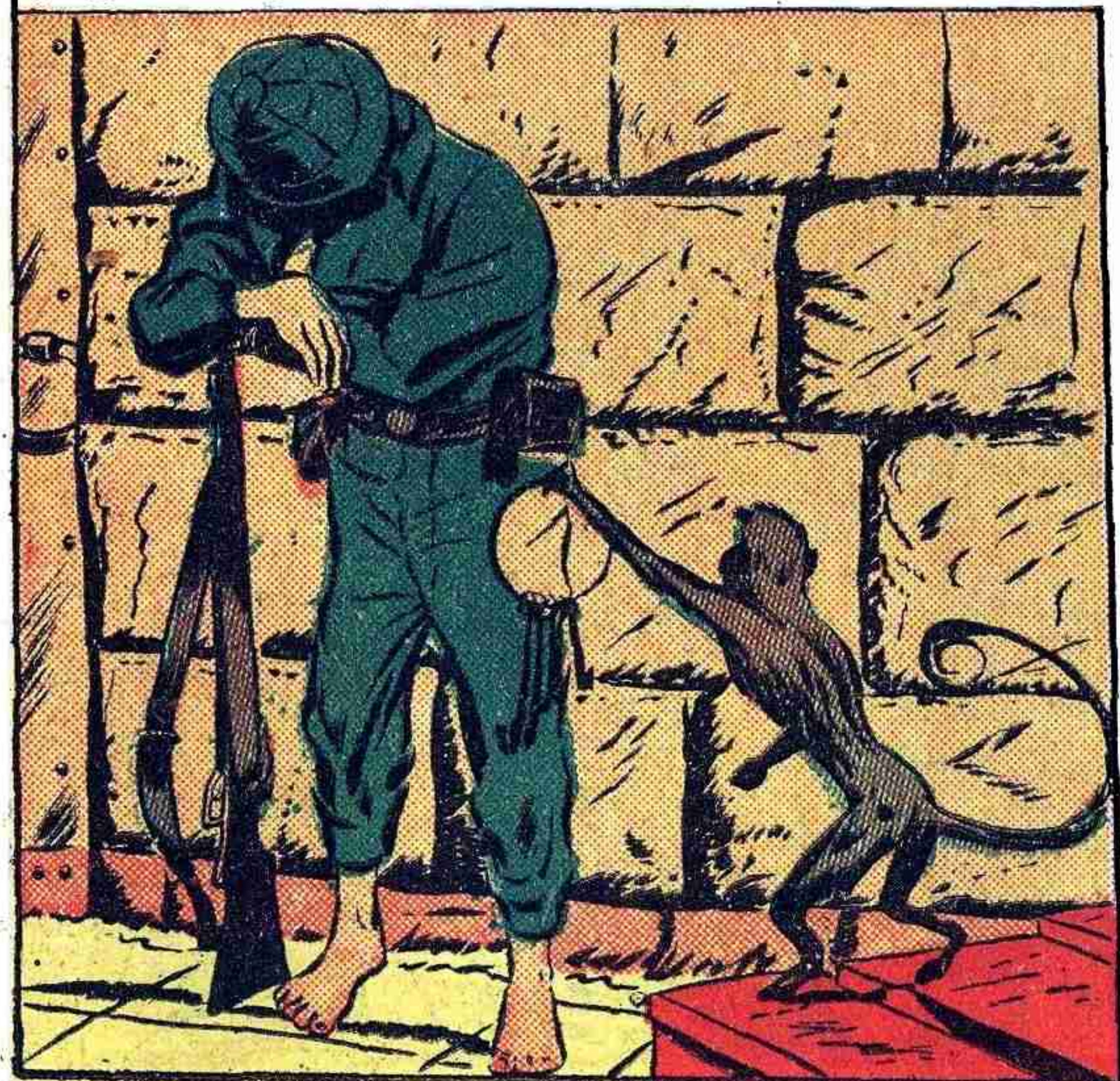
YES... QUITE
SO! HE IS VERY
STUBBORN!!
GUARD, TURN
RACK TWO MORE
FULL TURNS!



HA! HA!
HA! HA!

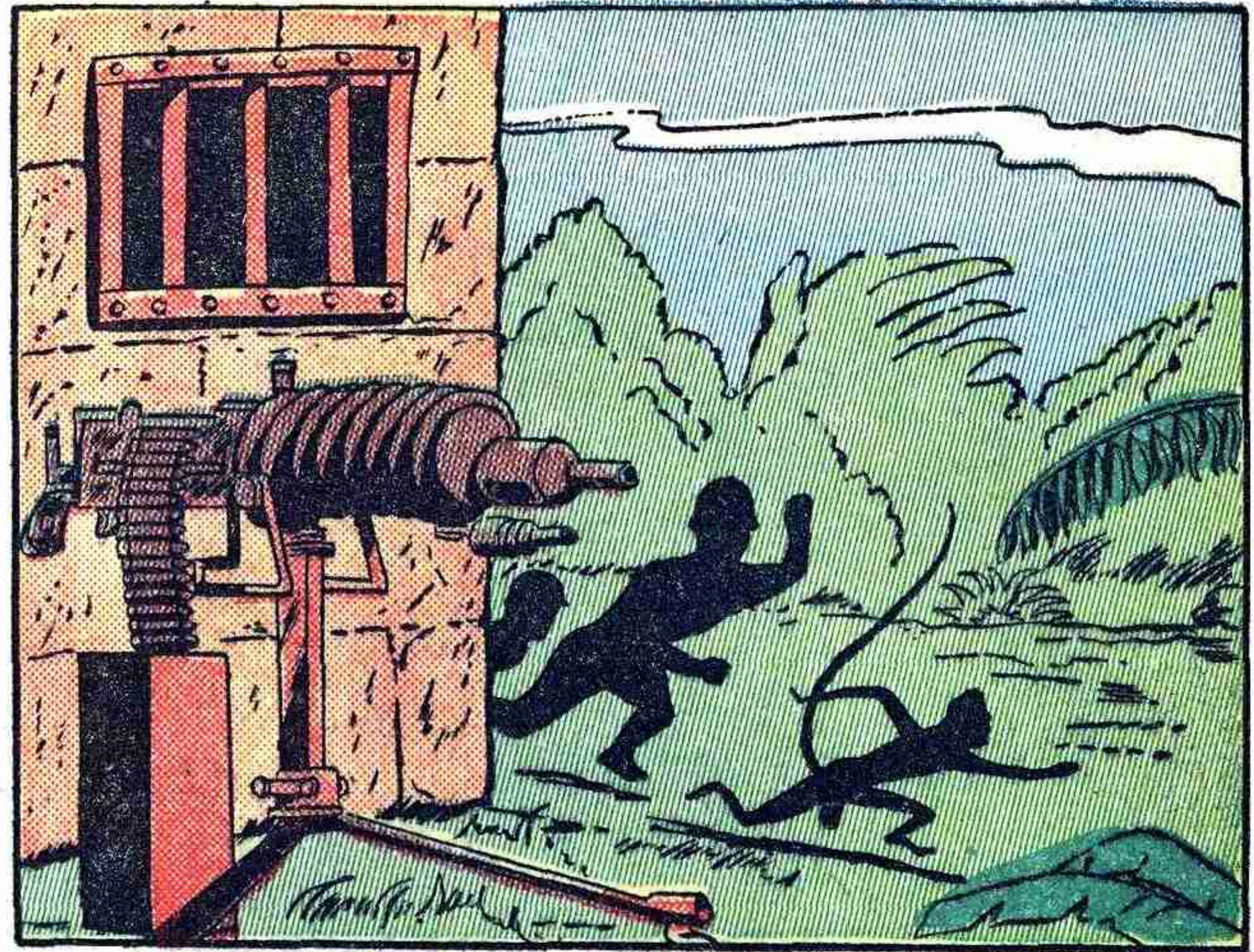


MEANWHILE... OUT IN THE CORRIDOR..





AND THE MERRY CHASE BEGINS...



LITTLE APE GRABS THE GUN AND OPENS FIRE ON THE JAPS!



INSIDE THE DUNGEON...



A LITTLE APE ENTERS THE DUNGEON AND THE JAP WHIRLS AND DRAWS HIS GUN!



AH, YOU DUMB BEAST...YOU MAKE A NICE TARGET!

WATCH OUT, LITTLE APE!



JEEP!

CRACK!



AFTER BEING FREED, CAP AND HIS FRIENDS LIFT THE GENERAL OFF THE RACK...

THOSE DEVILS WILL PAY FOR THIS!

THANKS, BOYS!



WHAT YOU NEED IS A GOOD REST AT MY HOUSE!

THANK YOU, SON...BUT I MUST GET TO HEAD-QUARTERS AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!



SUDDENLY...

LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE COMPANY!



YOU WON'T BE NEEDING THAT FROG-STICKER!



WE'D BETTER CLEAR OUT OF THIS CORRIDOR AND GET SOME WEAPONS! THEN WE'LL SHOW THESE JAPS SOME REAL FIGHTING!

YOU SAID IT!!

CAP AND HIS LITTLE ARMY MANAGE TO STEAL SOME WEAPONS FROM THE JAPS...CROUCHING BEFORE THE BARRACKS, THEY PLAN AN ATTACK!

FIRST WE KNOCK OFF THE BARRACKS...FROM THERE, WE WORK OUR WAY DOWN THE OTHER END NEAR THE OIL TANKS... AND LAST...THE LANDING FIELD! GIVE 'EM ALL WE GOT!

OH, BOY!
ME TOSS
FIRST
PINE-
APPLE...
YES?

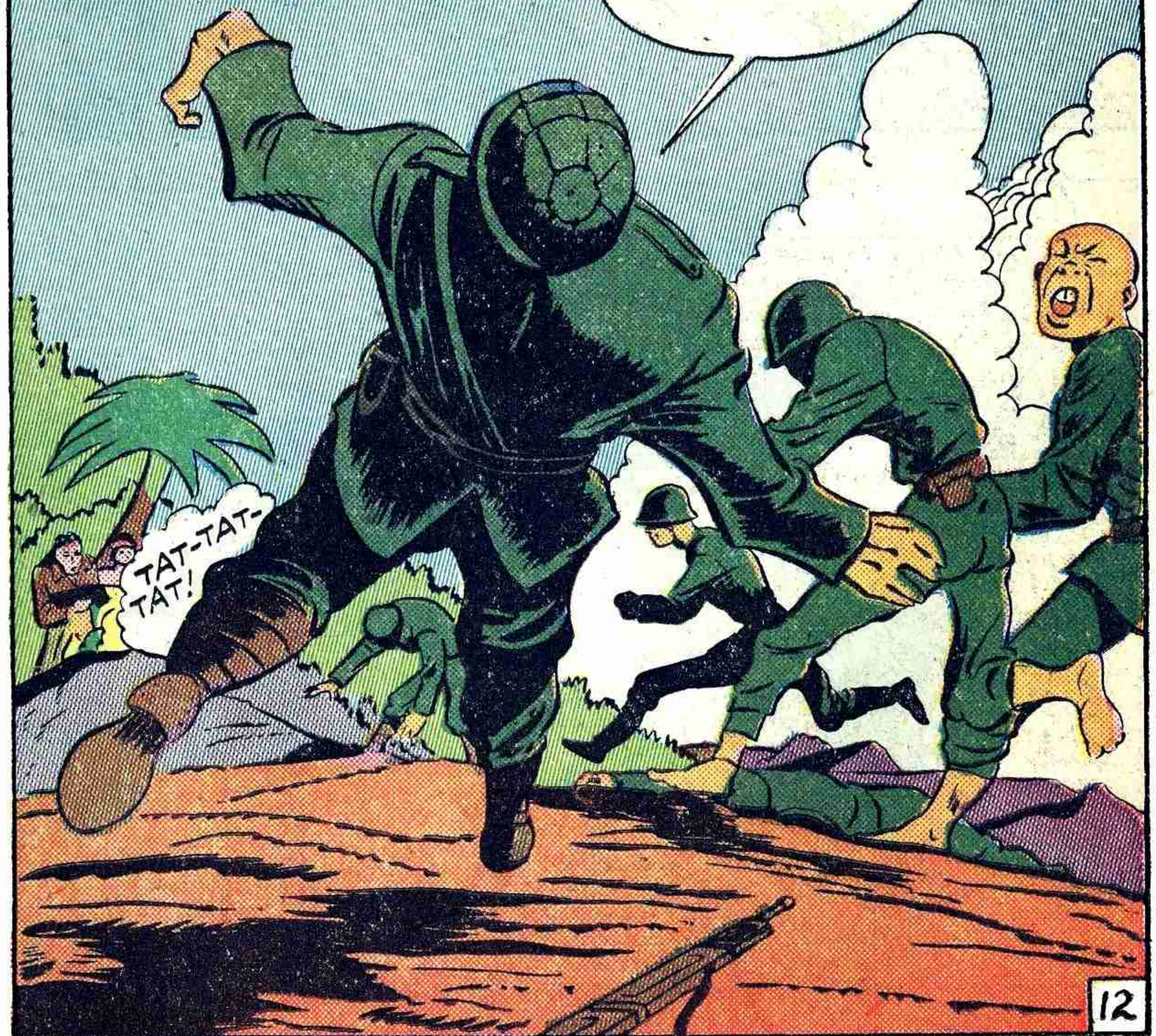


THAT WOKE 'EM UP, FELLAS! GET READY...HERE THEY COME! LET 'EM HAVE IT!!

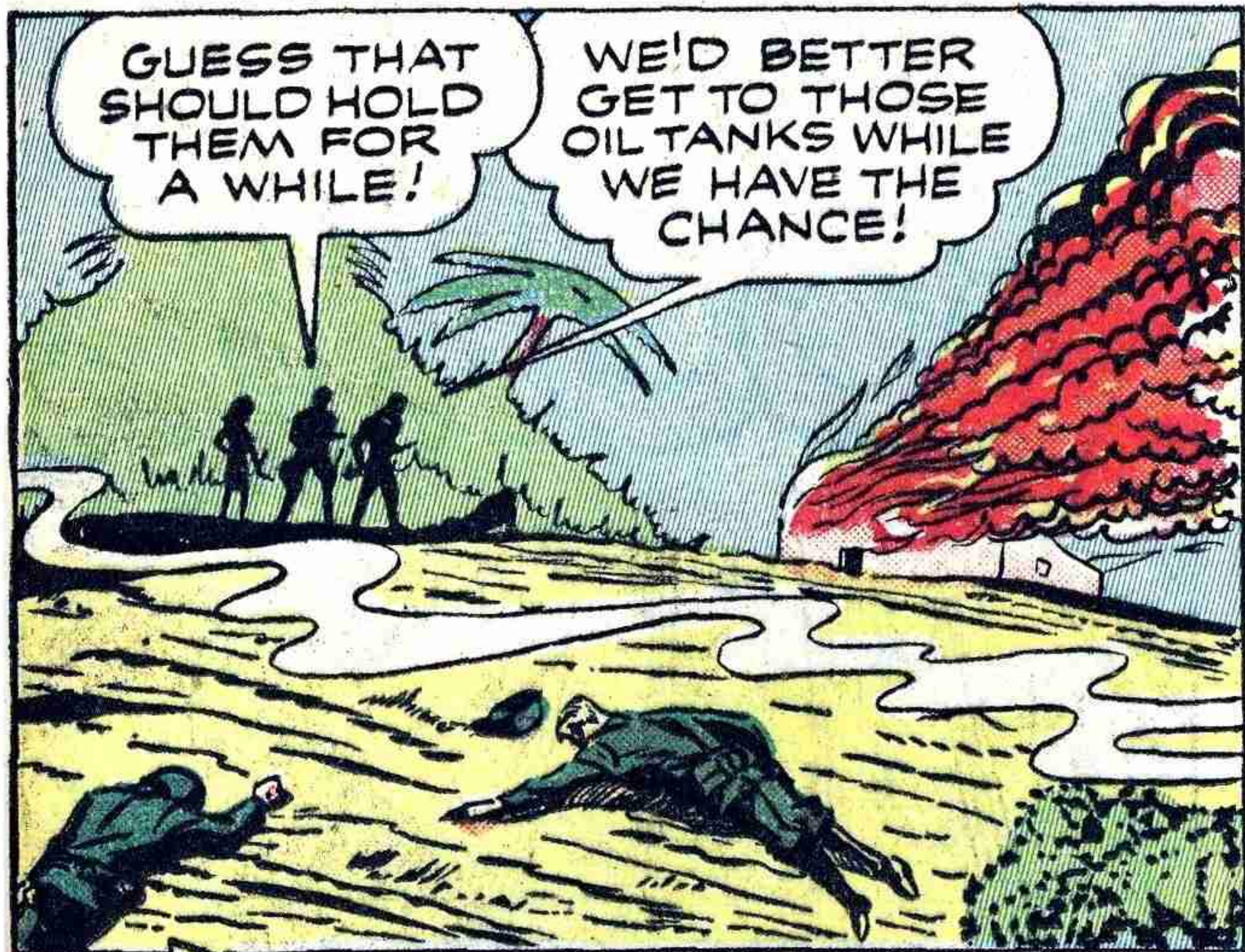


THE VALIANT LITTLE BAND FIGHTS FURIOUSLY... TAKING HEAVY TOLL OF THE NIPPONESE!

EEEEEE!



MANY MINUTES LATER...THE JAPS
HAVE CEASED FIRING!



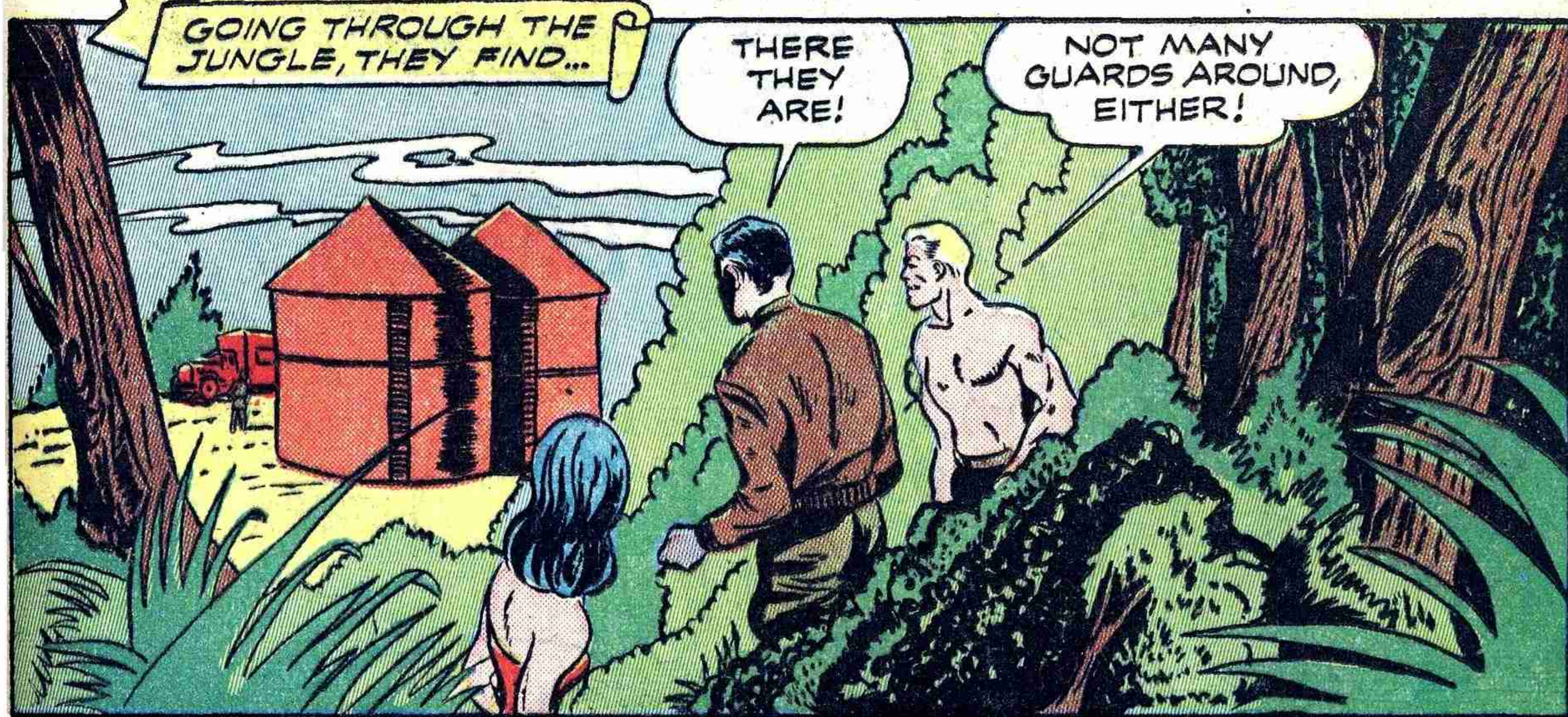
GUESS THAT SHOULD HOLD THEM FOR A WHILE!

WE'D BETTER GET TO THOSE OIL TANKS WHILE WE HAVE THE CHANCE!



SOME FUN, EH, LITTLE APE?

JEEP!



GOING THROUGH THE JUNGLE, THEY FIND...

THERE THEY ARE!

NOT MANY GUARDS AROUND, EITHER!



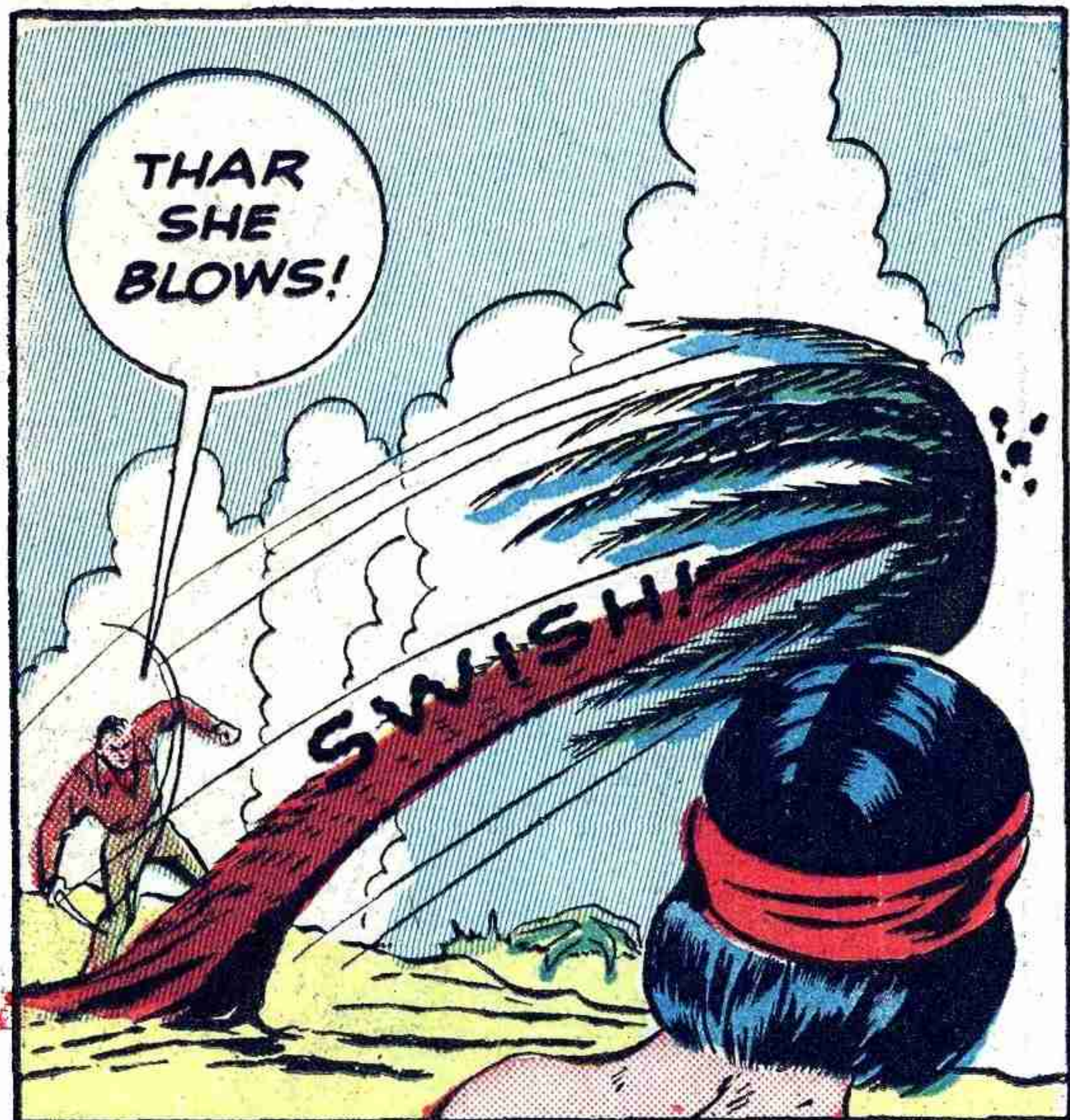
WAIT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! WE CAN BEND ONE OF THOSE TREES DOWNS TO THE GROUND...PUT A SACK OF GRENADES IN THE LEAVES... LET IT GO---AND GOOD-BYE OIL TANKS!

GOOD! LET'S GO!!



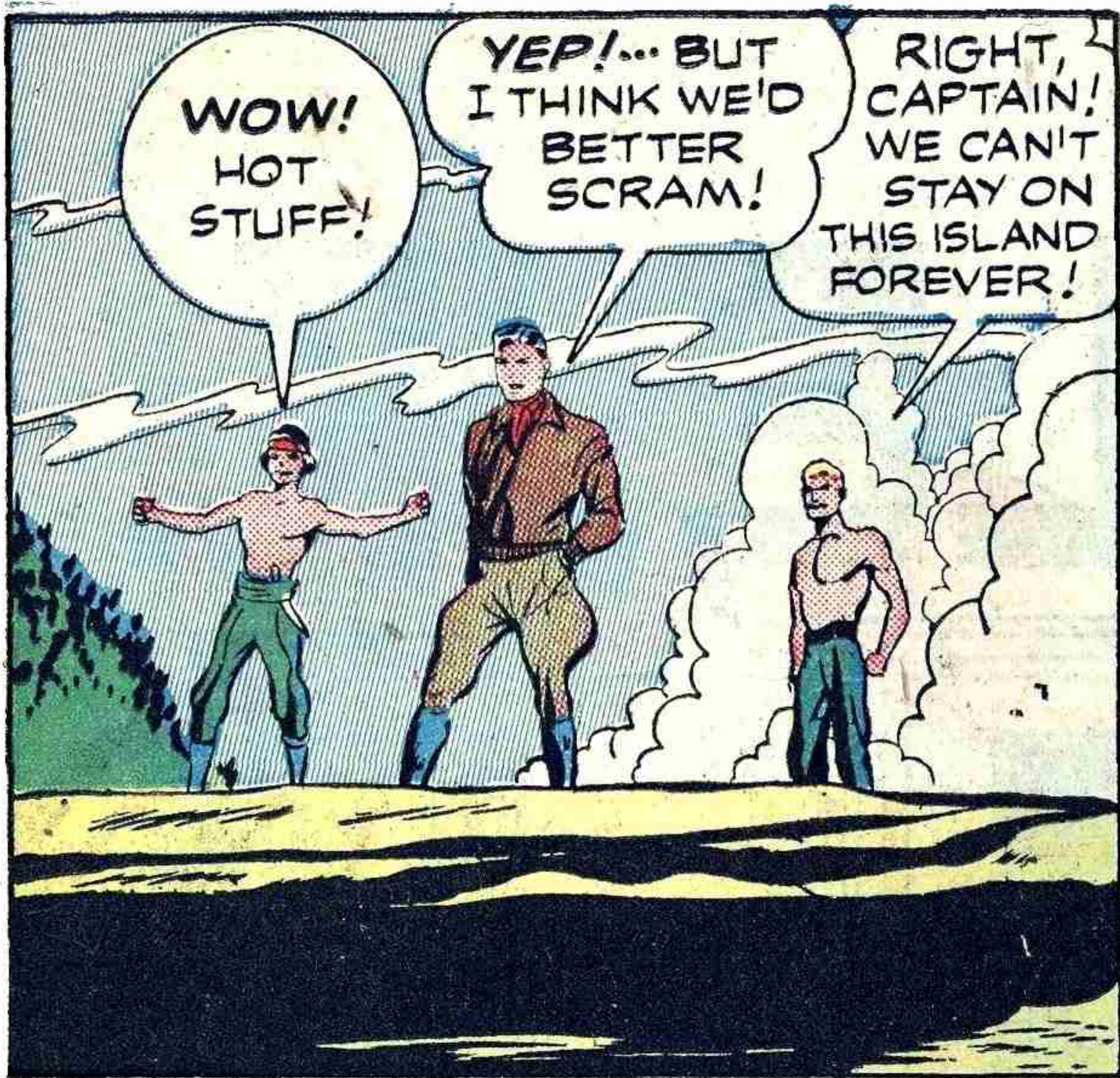
LATER...

I HOPE IT WORKS!



IN AN INSTANT, THE JUNGLE IS TURNED INTO A BLAZING INFERNO!!





WOW!
HOT
STUFF!

YEP!... BUT
I THINK WE'D
BETTER
SCRAM!

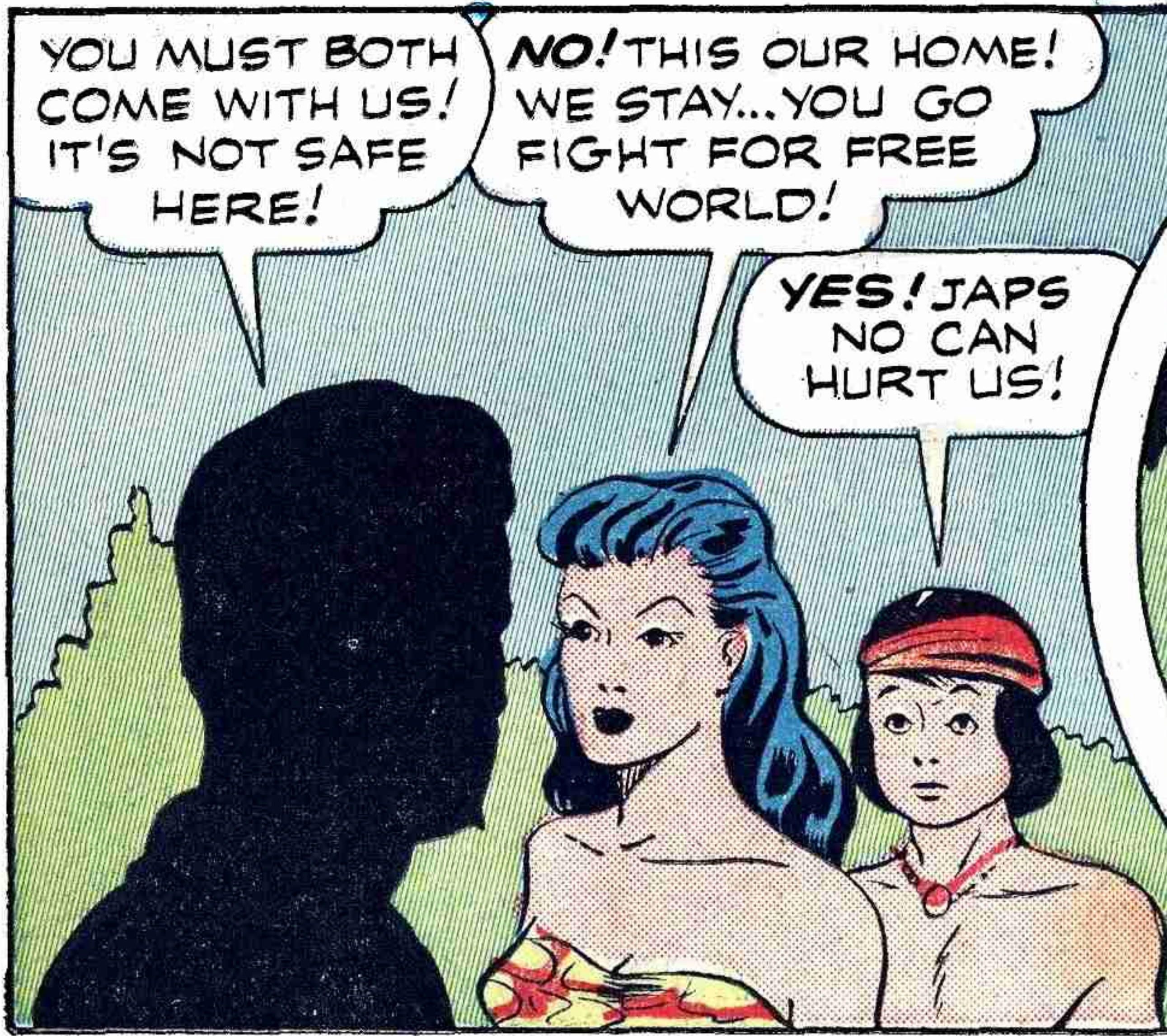
RIGHT,
CAPTAIN!
WE CAN'T
STAY ON
THIS ISLAND
FOREVER!



LOOK
THERE'S
A PLANE!

WE CAN USE
A PLANE TO
ESCAPE!

YES...
YOU
MUST GO
BACK!



YOU MUST BOTH
COME WITH US!
IT'S NOT SAFE
HERE!

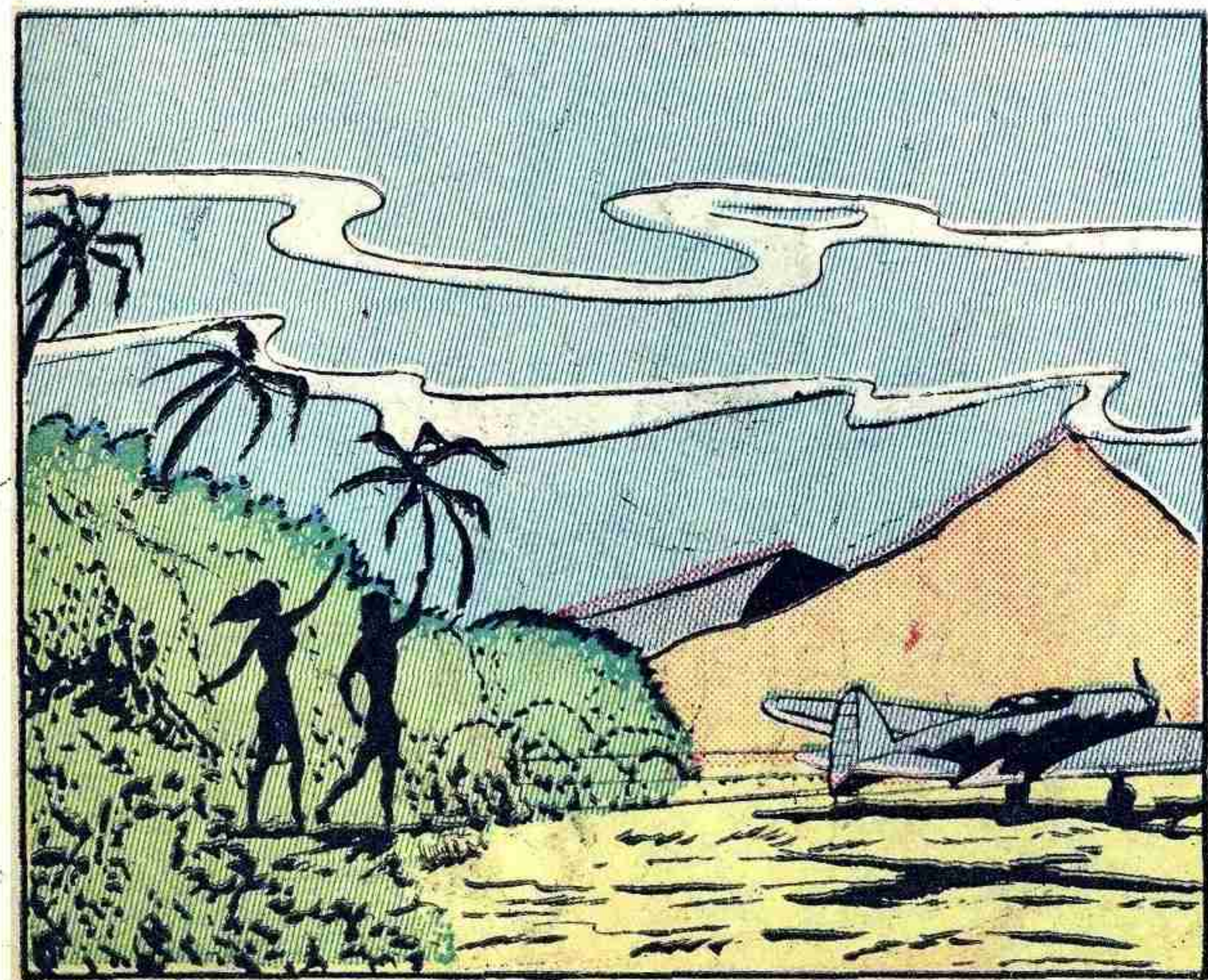
NO! THIS OUR HOME!
WE STAY... YOU GO
FIGHT FOR FREE
WORLD!

YES! JAPS
NO CAN
HURT US!

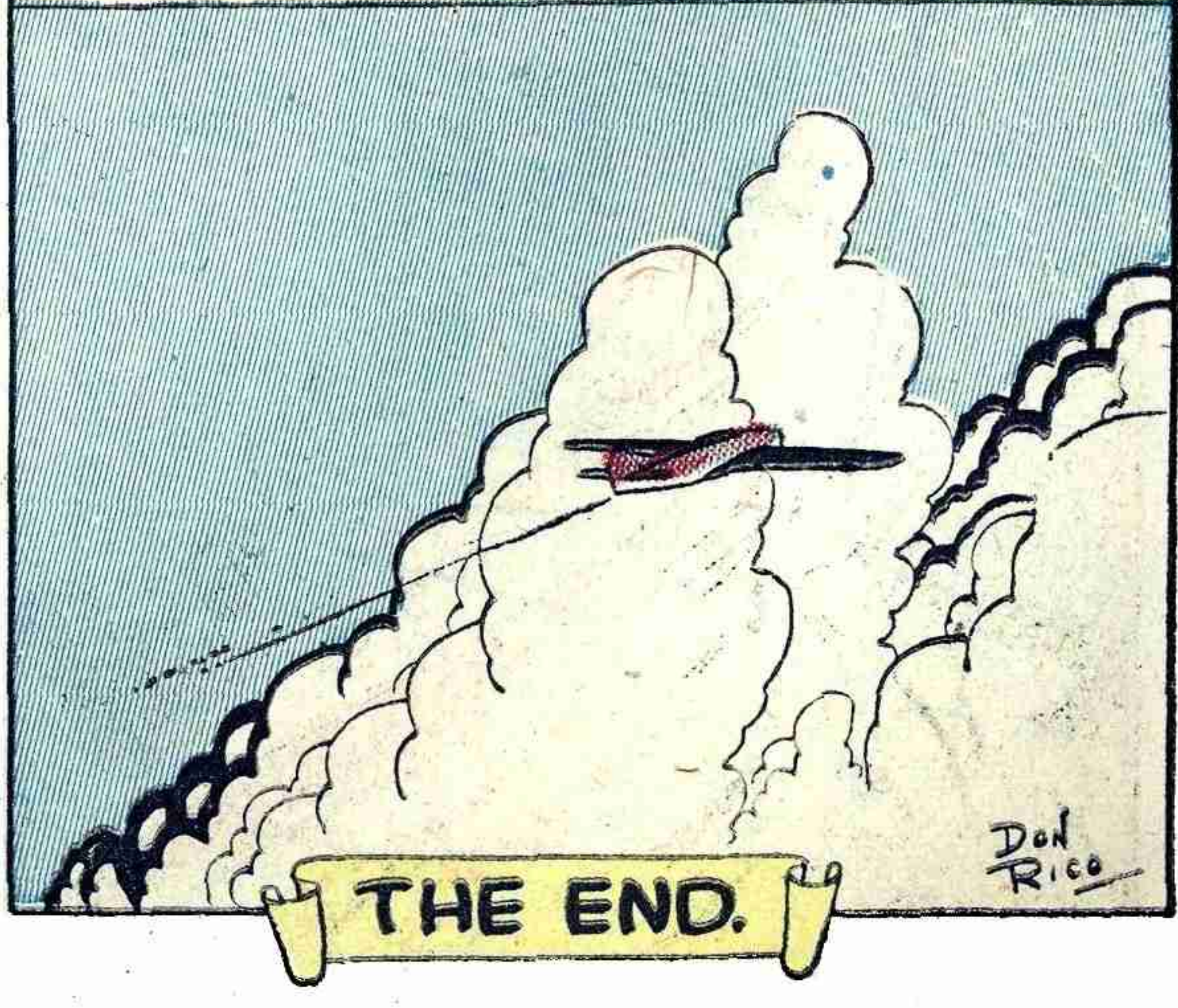


...AND SO FARE-
WELLS ARE SAID...

...AND THE VALIANT FRIENDS PART, EACH
TO HIS PART IN THE GREAT STRUGGLE
AGAINST THE OPPRESSOR!



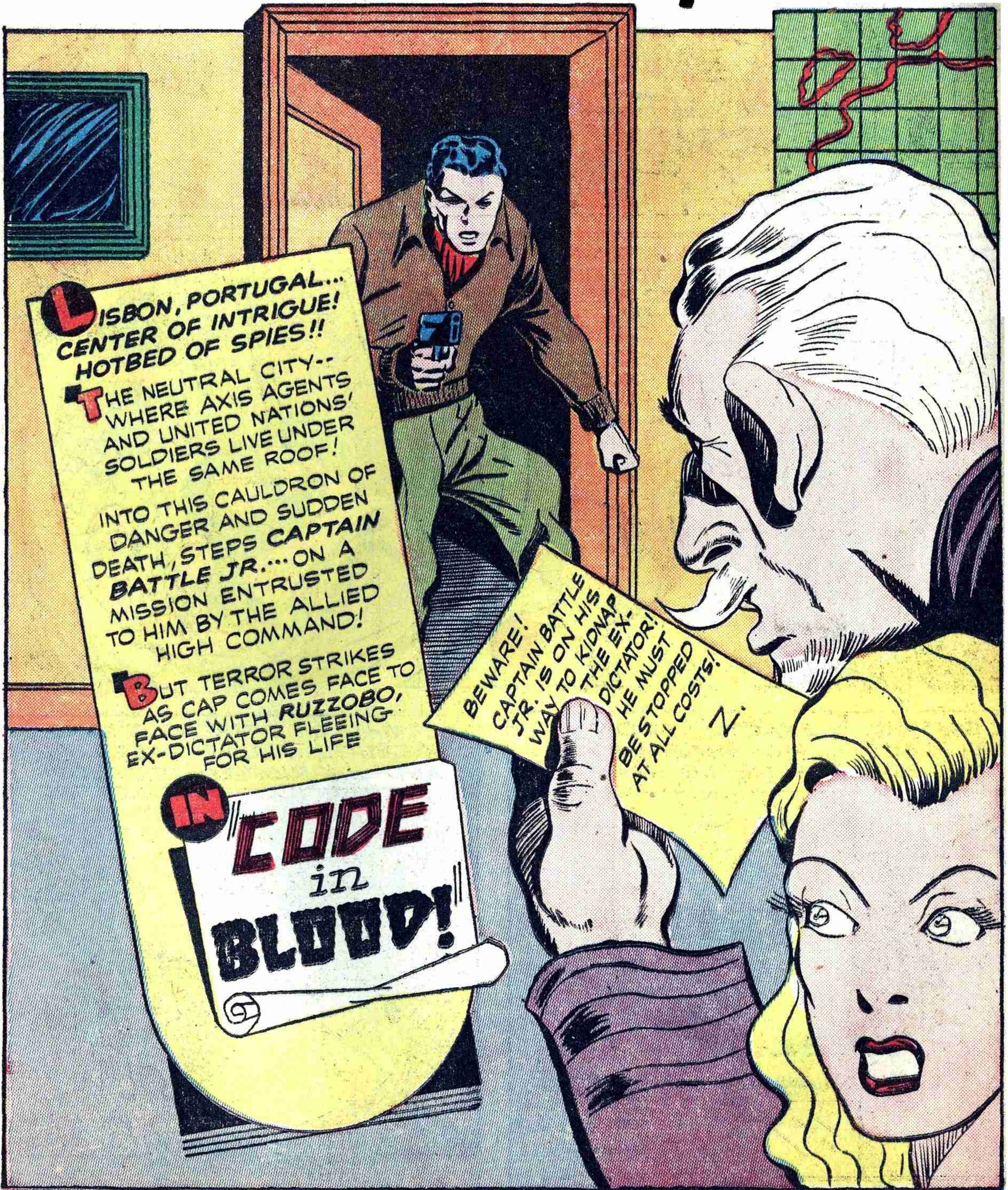
FOR WHILE THE OPPRESSOR STILL
BREATHES... ALL MEN ARE WARRIORS
...AND WARRIORS NEVER REST!



THE END.

Don
Rico

CAPTAIN BATTLE, JR.



LISBON, PORTUGAL...
CENTER OF INTRIGUE!
HOTBED OF SPIES!!

THE NEUTRAL CITY--
WHERE AXIS AGENTS
AND UNITED NATIONS'
SOLDIERS LIVE UNDER
THE SAME ROOF!

INTO THIS CAULDRON OF
DANGER AND SUDDEN
DEATH, STEPS CAPTAIN
BATTLE JR.... ON A
MISSION ENTRUSTED
TO HIM BY THE ALLIED
HIGH COMMAND!

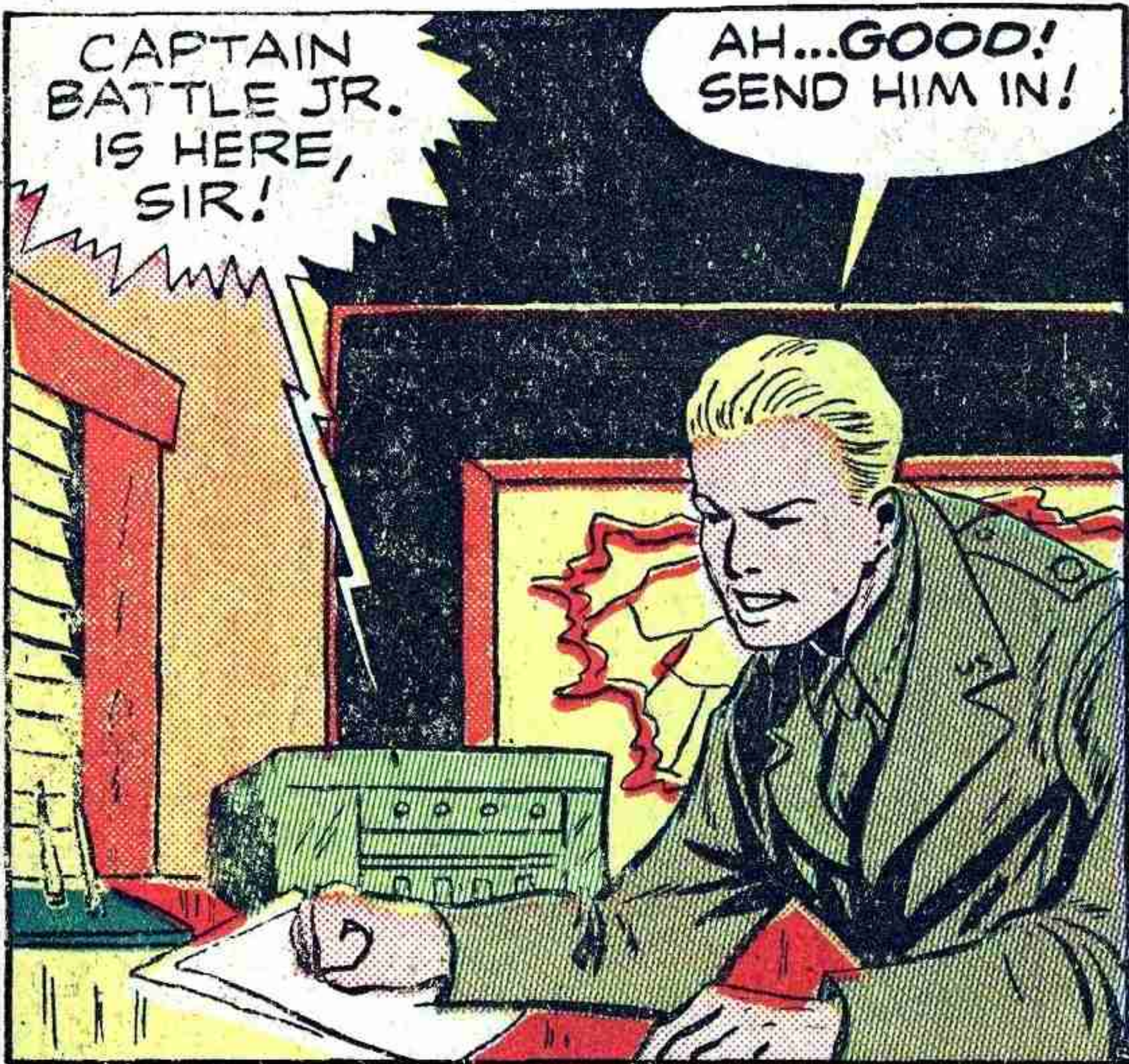
BUT TERROR STRIKES
AS CAP COMES FACE TO
FACE WITH **RUZZOBO**,
EX-DICTATOR FLEEING
FOR HIS LIFE

IN **CODE**
in
BLOOD!

BEWARE!
CAPTAIN BATTLE
JR. IS ON HIS
WAY TO KIDNAP
THE EX-
DICTATOR!
HE MUST
BE STOPPED
AT ALL COSTS!

Z.

SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA... AT THE LOCAL HEADQUARTERS OF ARMY INTELLIGENCE...



A FEW DAYS LATER...THE METRO CLUB---IN LISBON...

LOOK, NITA! --- DID YOU SEE THE HANDSOME AMERICAN?

OF COURSE! THAT MUST BE THE ONE WE WERE WARNED ABOUT--THE CAPTAIN IS LOOKING FOR RUZZOBO, EH?



THAT'S THE MAN! GO AHEAD...YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS!

LEAVE HIM TO ME!!



I BEG PARDON ---AREN'T YOU CAPTAIN BATTLE JR.?

EH?--YES! BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW ME?



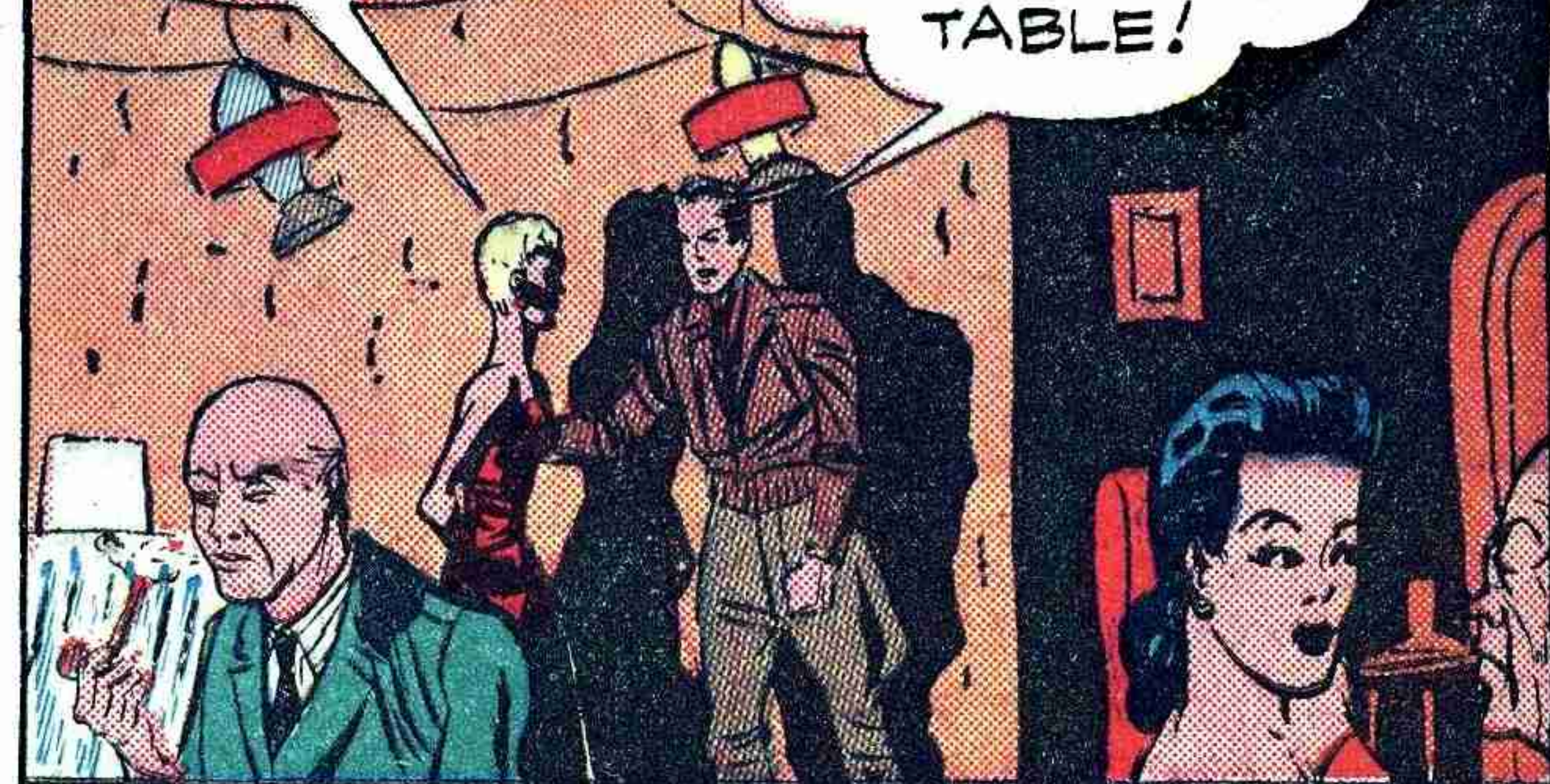
OH---YOUR FAME IS WIDESPREAD, CAPTAIN! COULD I SPEAK TO YOU--PRIVATELY?

I'M SORRY, MISS...I DON'T THINK I'LL HAVE---



IT'S ABOUT... RUZZOBO!

SHH!... TAKE IT EASY! C'MON--LET'S SIT AT THAT CORNER TABLE!



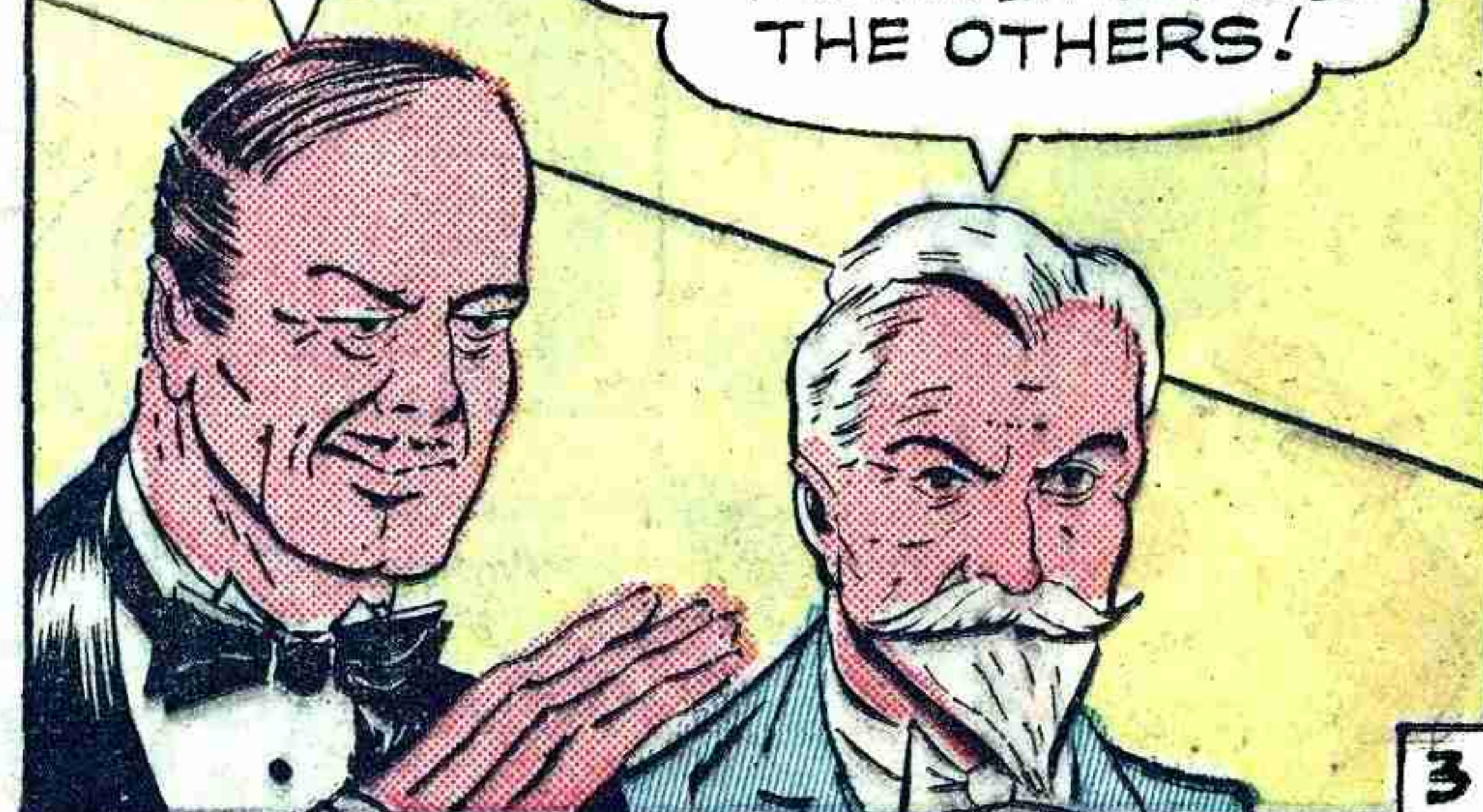
NOW, THEN...WHAT DID YOU WANT TO TELL ME ABOUT RUZZOBO!

I KNOW WHERE HE'S HIDING! THAT DIRTY THUG IS WAITING TO FLY TO BERLIN FOR SAFETY!



NITA IS DOING A GOOD JOB... IS SHE NOT, SIR?

GOOD...GOOD! AND NOW OUR BRAVE CAPTAIN BATTLE JR. WILL FALL INTO THE TRAP.. LIKE ALL THE OTHERS!





COME, CAPTAIN-- I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE PLACE WHERE HE'S HIDING! THEN AFTER HE'S CAPTURED, COULD YOU HELP ME GET BACK TO AMERICA?

THAT'S THE LEAST I CAN DO, MISS!

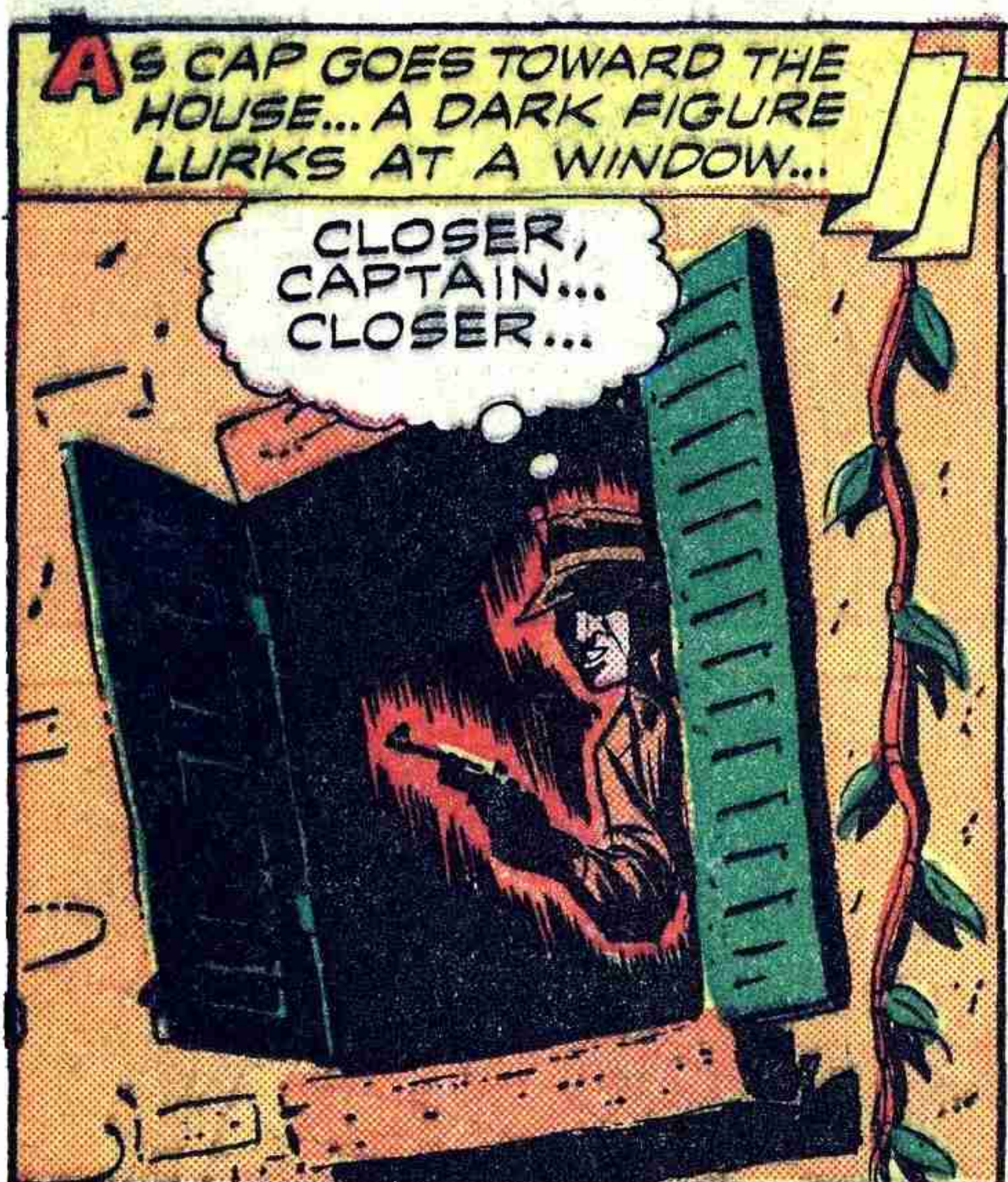


HE'S IN *THERE!* DON'T BE AFRAID TO GO IN BECAUSE HE'S ALL ALONE... ALL HIS FRIENDS HAVE DESERTED HIM!

THIS IS TOO EASY SO FAR!

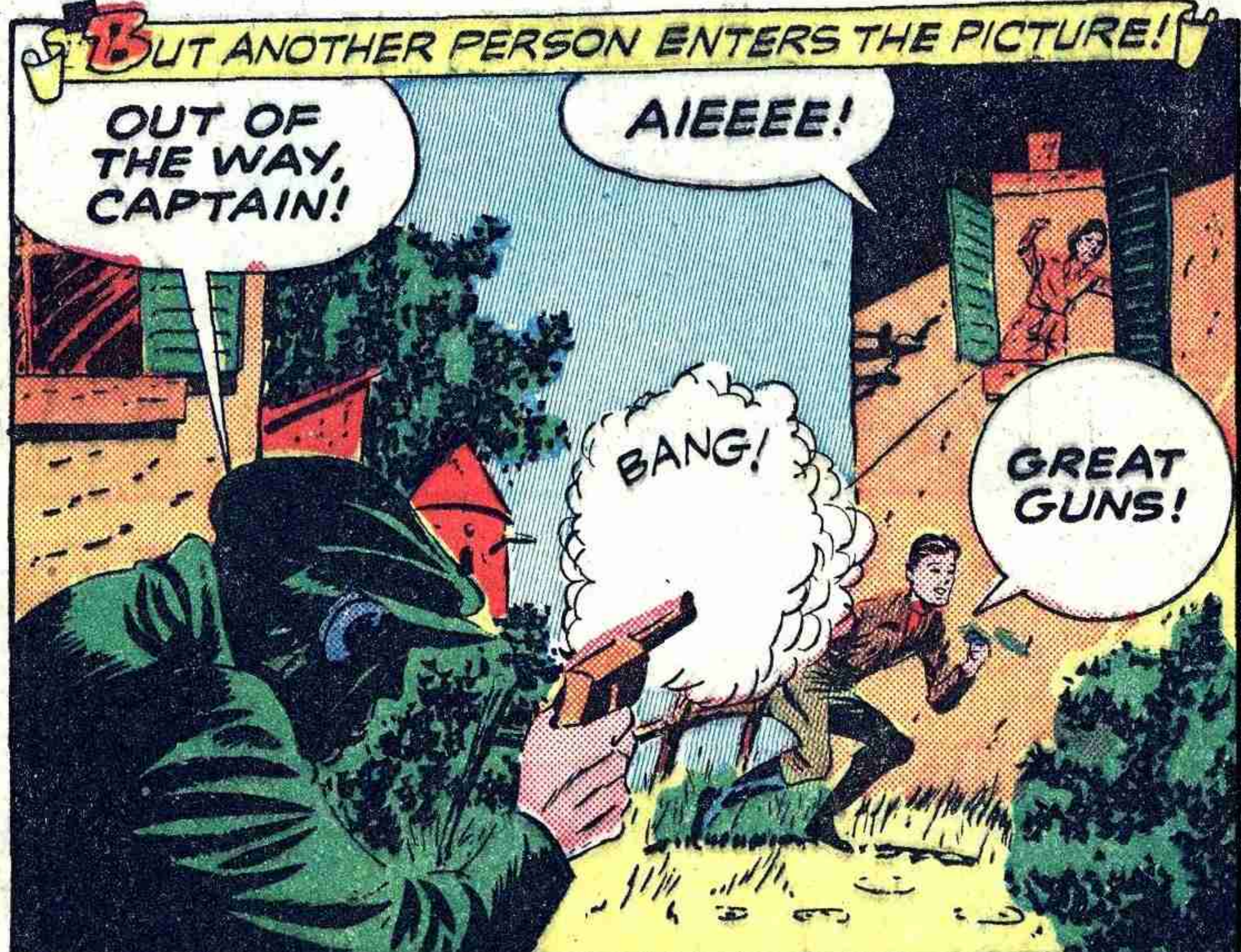


WATCH YOUR STEP, CAP, OLD BOY! THE MOST IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT I'VE EVER HAD... AND SUCCESS FALLS IN MY LAP! HMMM... WONDER WHAT'S UP?



AS CAP GOES TOWARD THE HOUSE... A DARK FIGURE LURKS AT A WINDOW...

CLOSER, CAPTAIN... CLOSER...



OUT OF THE WAY, CAPTAIN!

AIEEEE!

BANG!

GREAT GUNS!



I MUST APOLOGIZE FOR THE COMMOTION, CAPTAIN BATTLE, JR.,-- BUT YOU SHOULD BE MORE CAREFUL!

THANKS, BUD... I OWE YOU MY LIFE! BUT WHY DID YOU...



I AM X-69 OF ARMY INTELLIGENCE--- I KNOW MY WAY AROUND LISBON... SO I WAS DELEGATED TO GUARD YOU! YOU WERE LED INTO A TRAP, SIR!



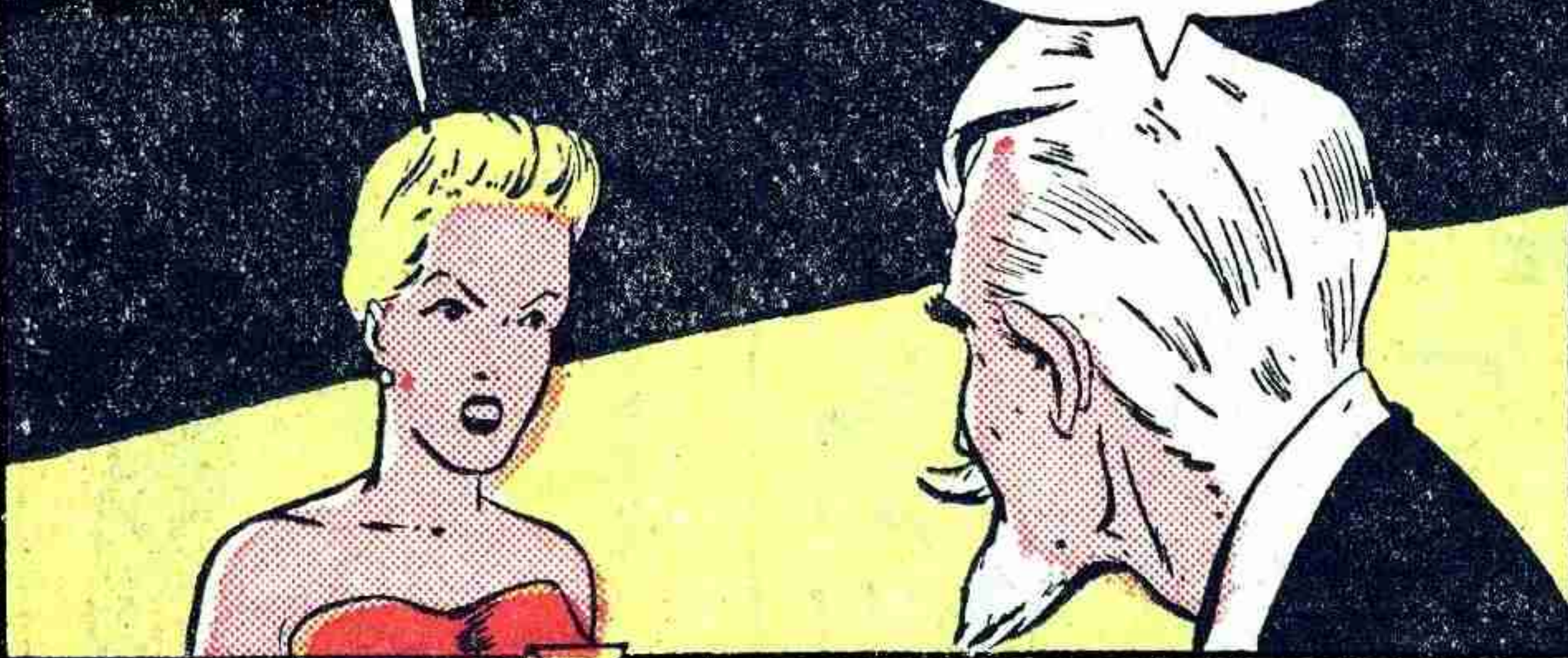
BUT THAT GIRL--- HOLY CATS... SHE'S GONE!!

THAT'S RIGHT! SHE'S ONE OF RUZZOBO'S GANG -- THE DECOY TO LEAD YOU TO DEATH!!

AT THAT MOMENT...IN A LITTLE ROOM IN THE CAFE.

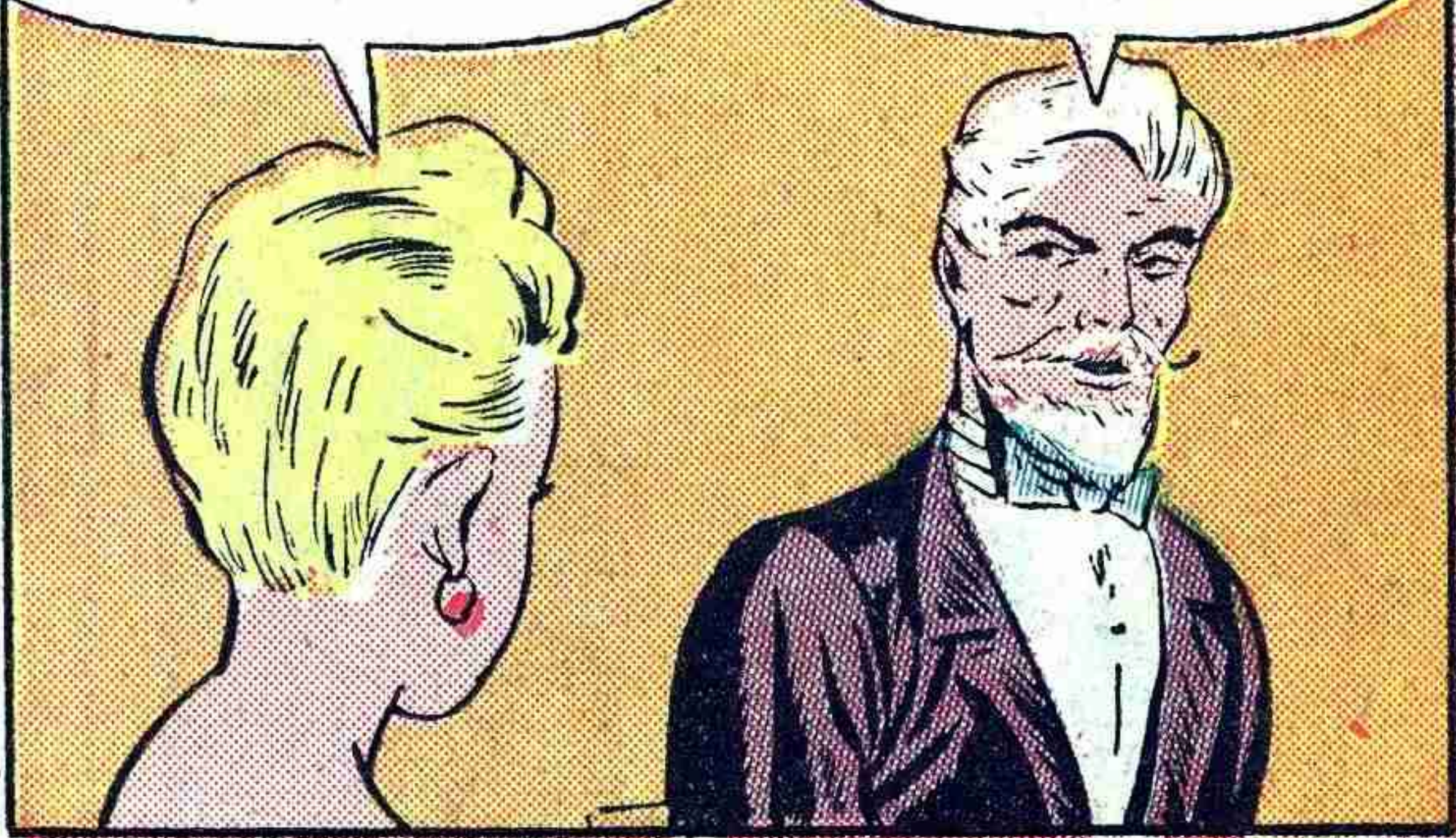
SOMETHING WENT WRONG, EXCELLENCY! BRUG WAS SHOT BY A STRANGER!

WHAT? AND CAPTAIN BATTLE, JR. IS STILL ALIVE? YOU HAVE FAILED, NITA... YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!



NO...NO! DON'T KILL ME!! GIVE ME ONE MORE CHANCE...PLEASE!

YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHANCE, NITA... YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO NOW!

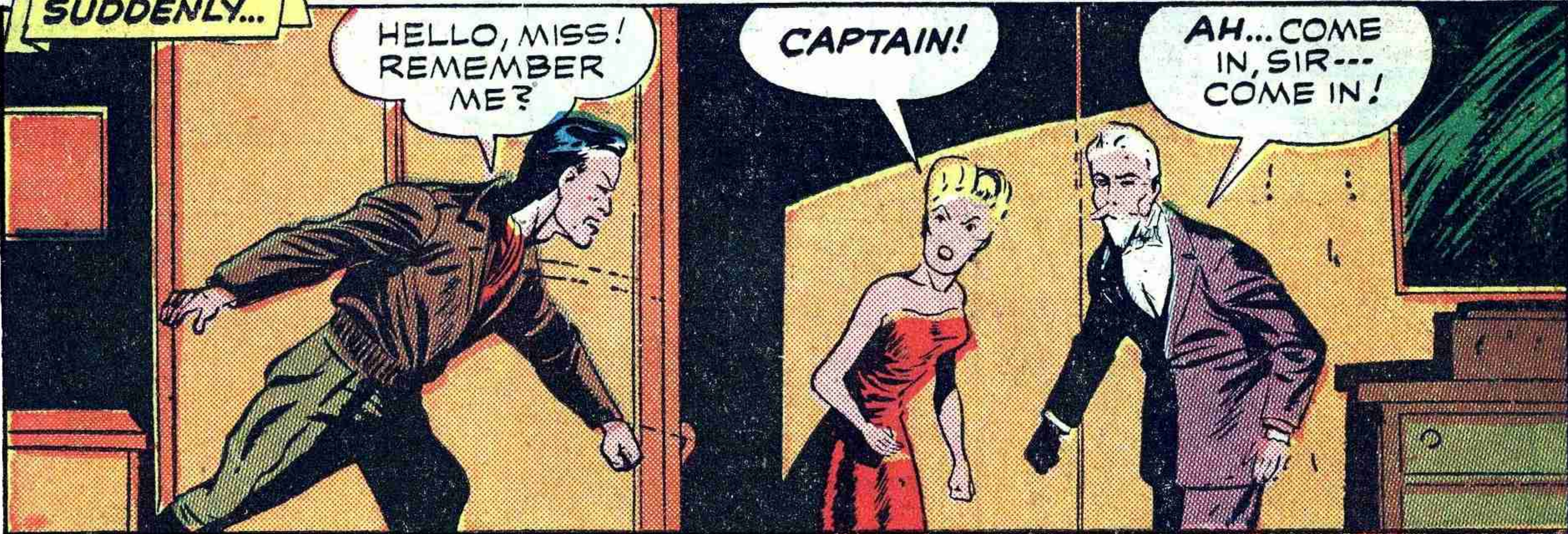


SUDDENLY...

HELLO, MISS! REMEMBER ME?

CAPTAIN!

AH...COME IN, SIR--- COME IN!



ALL RIGHT, GIRLIE! SPILL IT--- WHAT'S THE SCORE?

I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING, CAPTAIN! IF I DON'T, HE'LL...



HEY! YOU'VE SHOT HER!

YES, CAPTAIN! DIDN'T YOU SEE? SHE WAS ABOUT TO PULL A GUN ON YOU!



YOU ARE IN GREAT DANGER, CAPTAIN! MANY PEOPLE KNOW YOU ARE HERE TO CATCH RUZZOBO, AND WOULD STOP AT NOTHING TO KILL YOU! IF YOU WILL TRUST ME... I CAN HELP YOU!

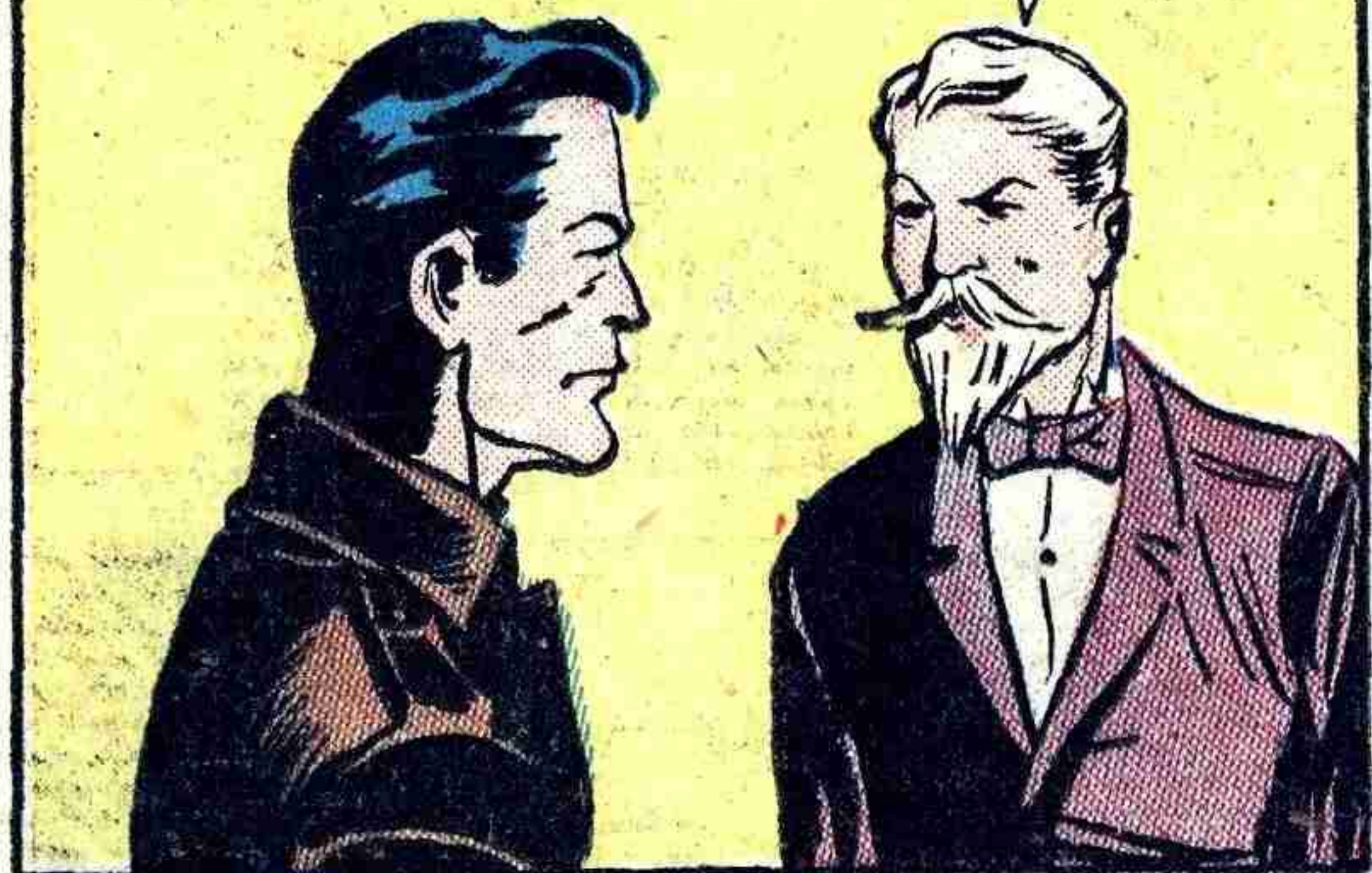


I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO PLACE MYSELF IN YOUR HANDS...WHAT DO YOU ADVISE?

HIDE OUT FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS UNTIL RUZZOBO'S MEN THINK YOU'VE LEFT! THEN GET ON HIS TRAIL AGAIN!

YOU CAN STAY AT MY PLACE! I LIVE IN A MISERABLE HOVEL ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN! NOBODY'D SUSPECT YOU WERE THERE!

AND SO THE BEARDED MAN LEADS CAPTAIN BATTLE JR. THROUGH A MAZE OF ALLEYS TOWARD HIS HUT...



...IN HERE, CAPTAIN!



GOSH... I'M PUTTING YOU TO TOO MUCH TROUBLE!

NO TROUBLE, CAPTAIN! ER... TURN AROUND, PLEASE!



RUZZOBO!!

THAT'S RIGHT! YOU'RE REALLY IN A TRAP THIS TIME!

HA! HA!! TO THINK THAT YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD CAPTURE THE GREAT RUZZOBO!--IT IS TO LAUGH! MY DESTINY IS NOT YET FULFILLED, CAPTAIN!



YOU SEE... I INTEND TO GO BACK TO MY COUNTRY SOME DAY---AND TRUE AGAIN---TO PREPARE FOR THE DAY WHEN MY DREAM OF EMPIRE SHALL COME TRUE!

YOU AND YOUR KIND ARE ALL THROUGH! THE PEOPLE WANT LIBERTY...NOT TYRANNY!



THE PEOPLE... **BAH!** THEY DO NOT KNOW WHAT IS GOOD FOR THEM! THEY ARE FOOLS AND MUST BE RULED BY MEN OF IRON---MEN OF STRONG WILL! AND NOW, CAPTAIN, YOU SHALL JOIN ALL THE OTHERS WHO TRIED TO CAPTURE ME!---NOW YOU DIE!



BUT A FAMILIAR CRY AGAIN RINGS OUT!

OUT OF THE WAY, CAPTAIN!

G-69!

MY GUN!



BOY! YOU CAME JUST IN TIME AGAIN!

THINK NOTHING OF IT, CAP! SO WE GOT RUZZOBO, EH?

BOO-HOO!



BRAVE GUY, ISN'T HE? GO AHEAD, CAP... GIVE HIM A TASTE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE!

OH...NO! PLEASE! NO...NO!!





OKAY!...FIRST A LIGHT ONCE OVER!

POW!
UG!



THEN...A HOT TOWEL!

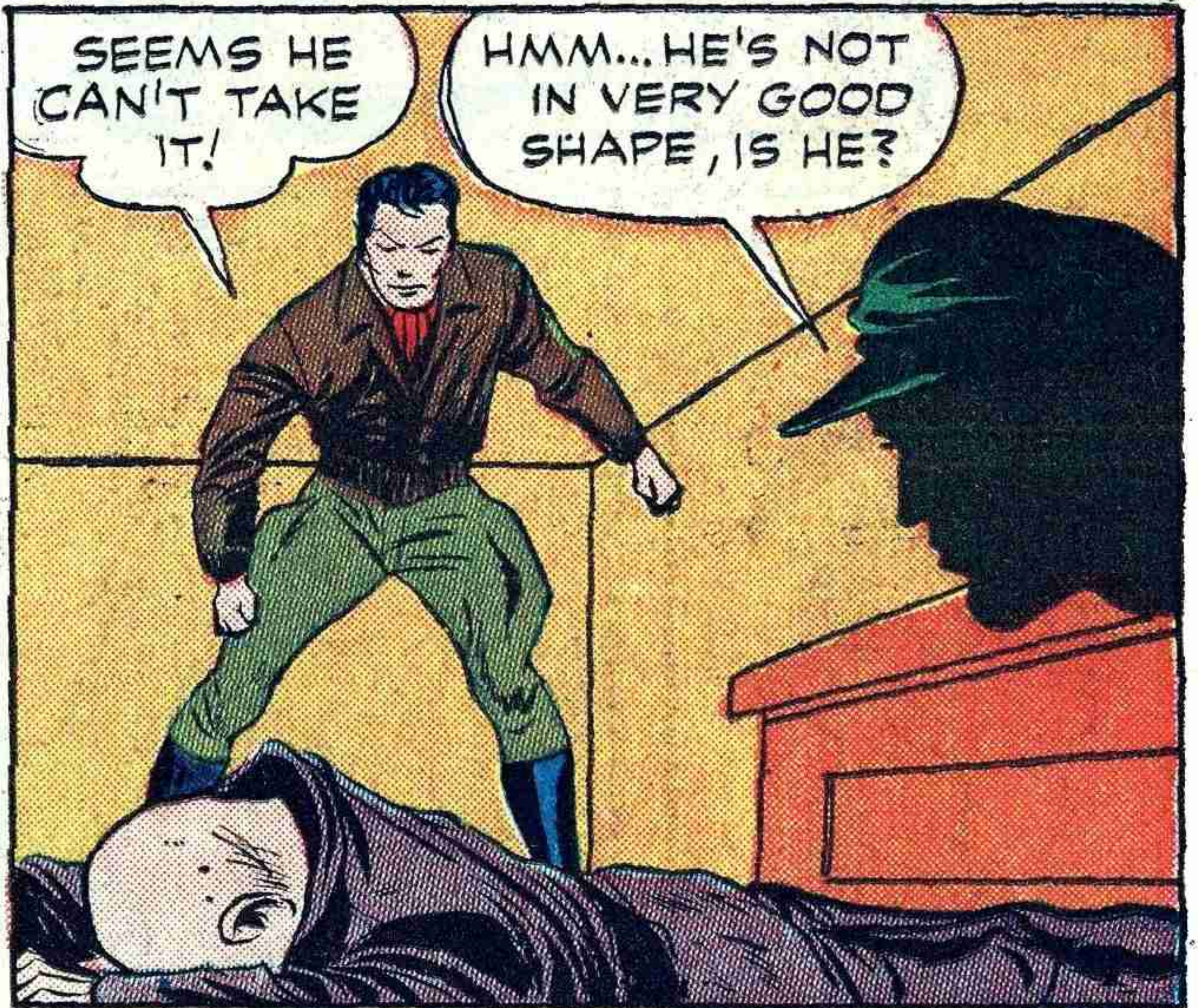
CRACK!



BOY! I'LL BET YOU WISH THESE WERE THE GOOD OLD DAYS, DON'T YOU? IMAGINE WHAT YOUR BLACK SHIRTS WOULD DO TO ME?

BOP!

DON TRICO



SEEMS HE CAN'T TAKE IT!

HMM...HE'S NOT IN VERY GOOD SHAPE, IS HE?



THERE'S A PLANE WAITING FOR YOU IN THE CLEARING, CAPTAIN! GOOD LUCK!

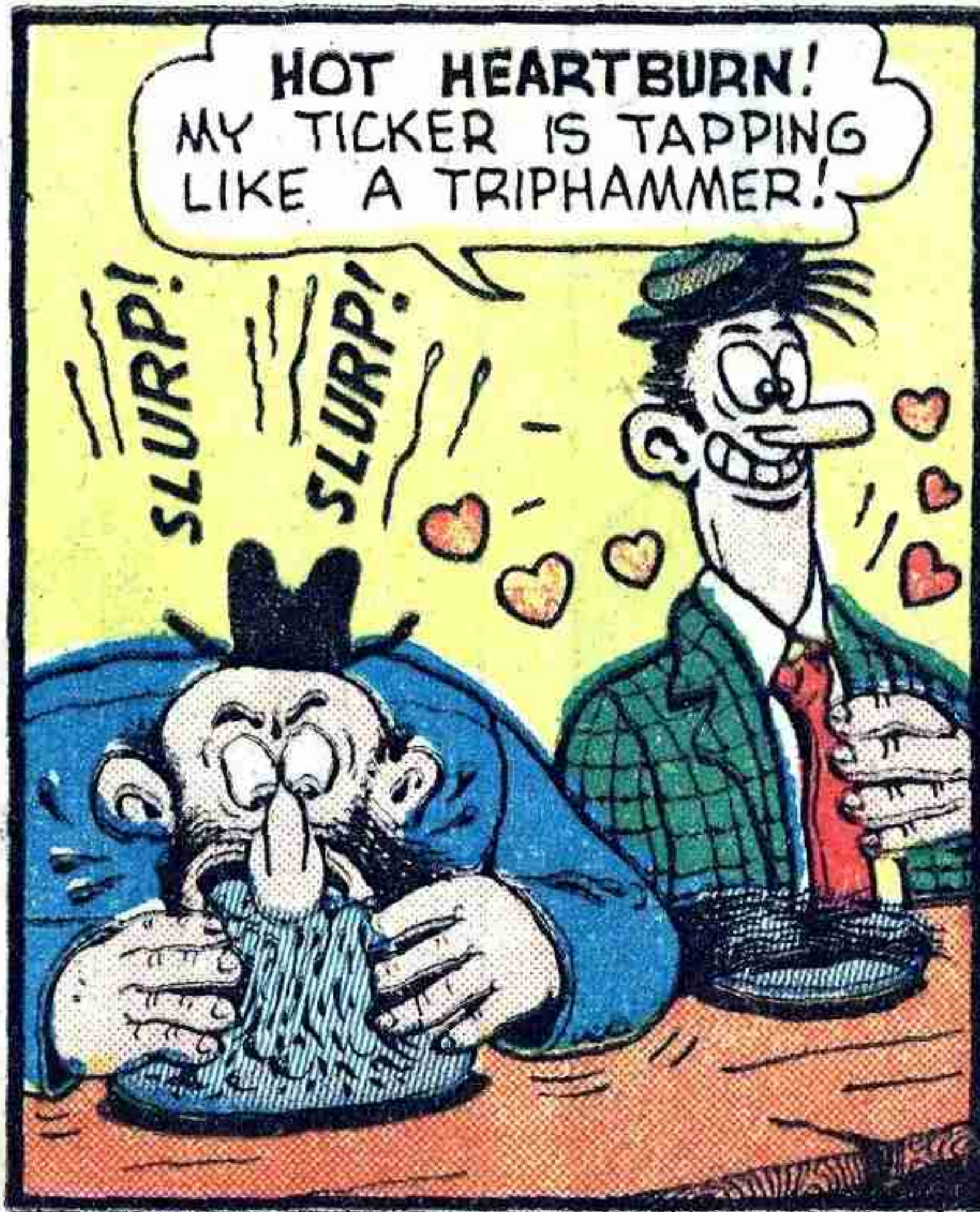
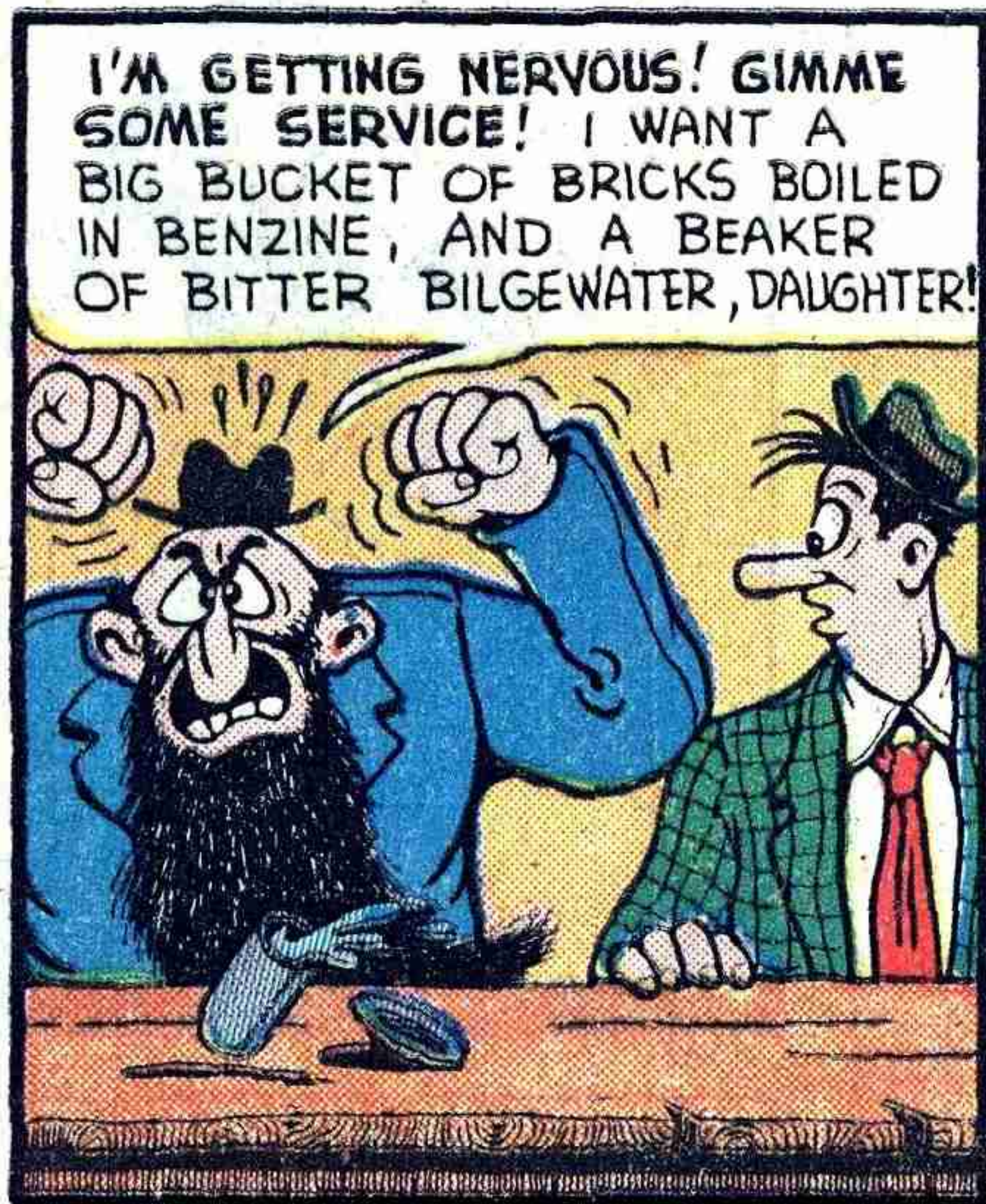
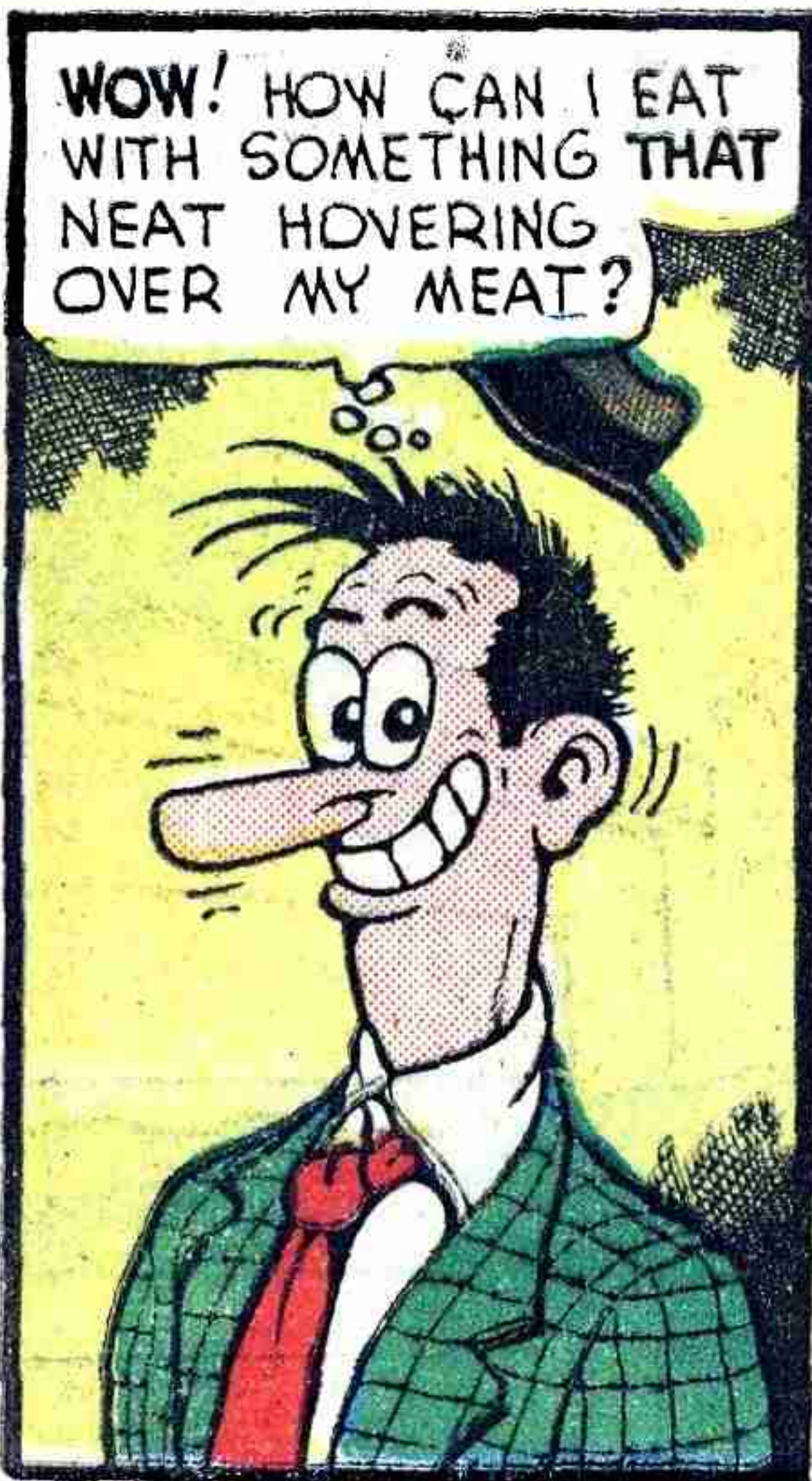
GOODBYE, AND THANK YOU, G-69! HOPE I RUN INTO YOU AGAIN WHEN I'M IN A JAM!

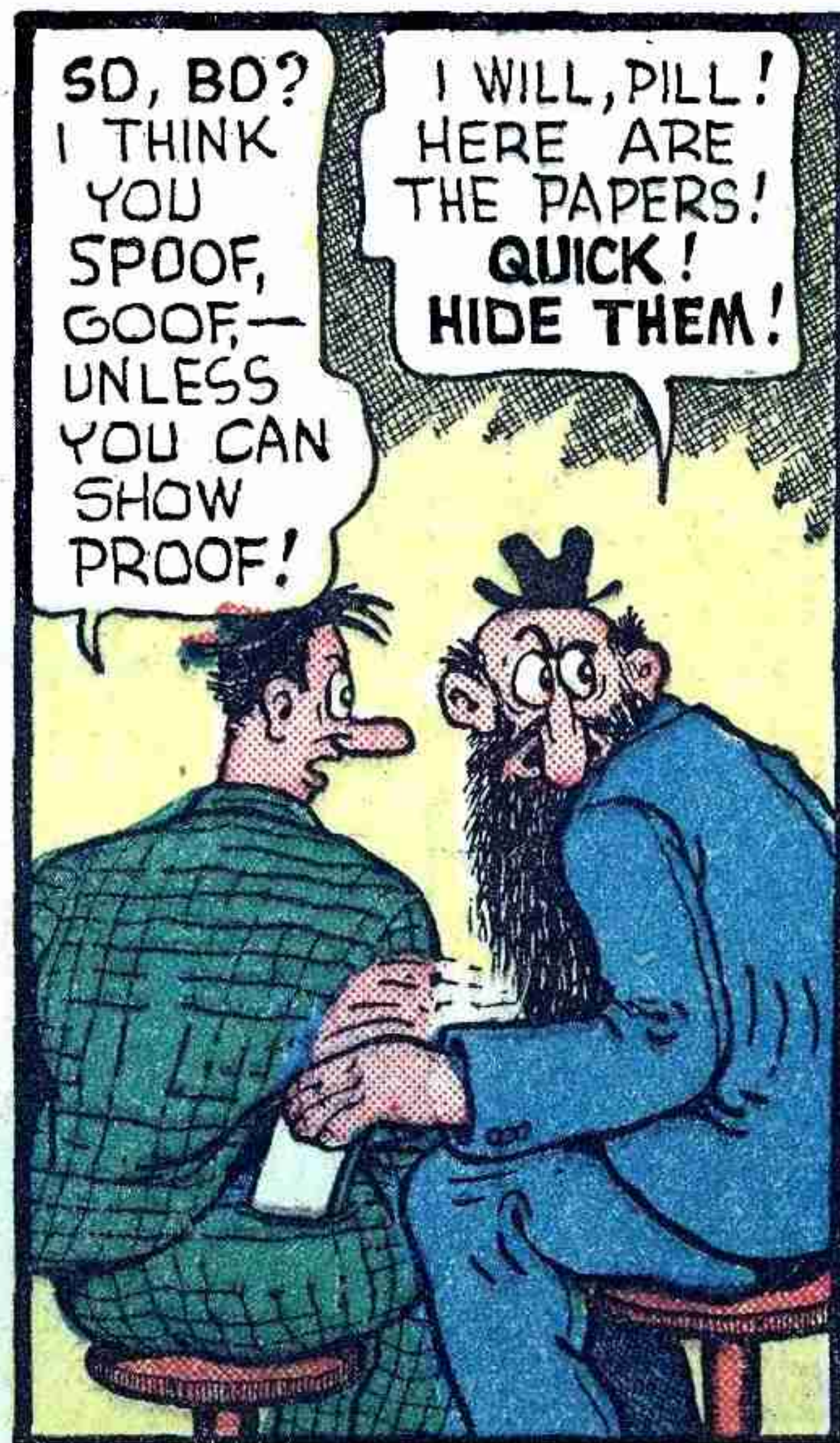
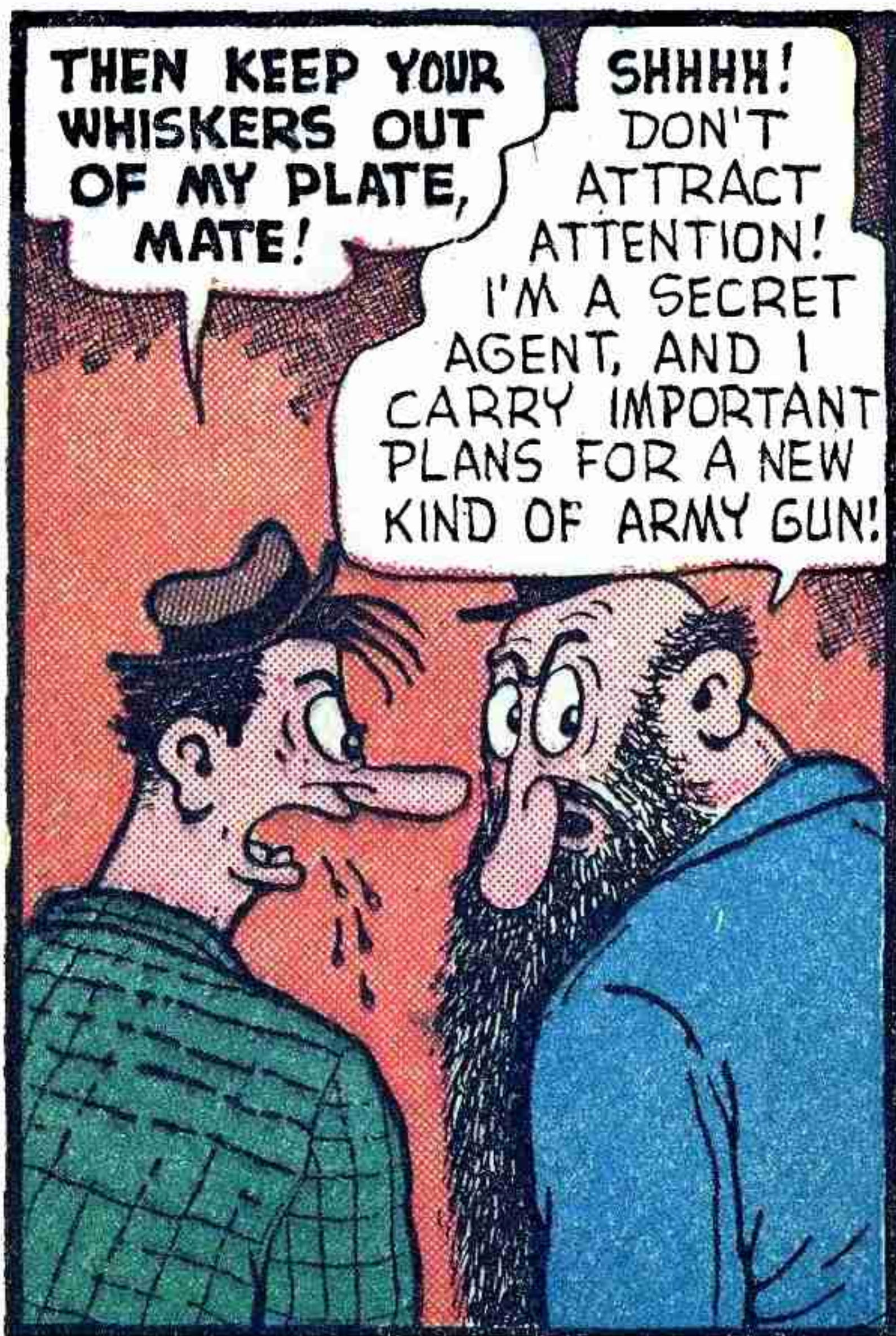
HELP CAPTAIN BATTLE JUNIOR
IN HIS FIGHT AGAINST THE AXIS...
BUY WAR BONDS and STAMPS!

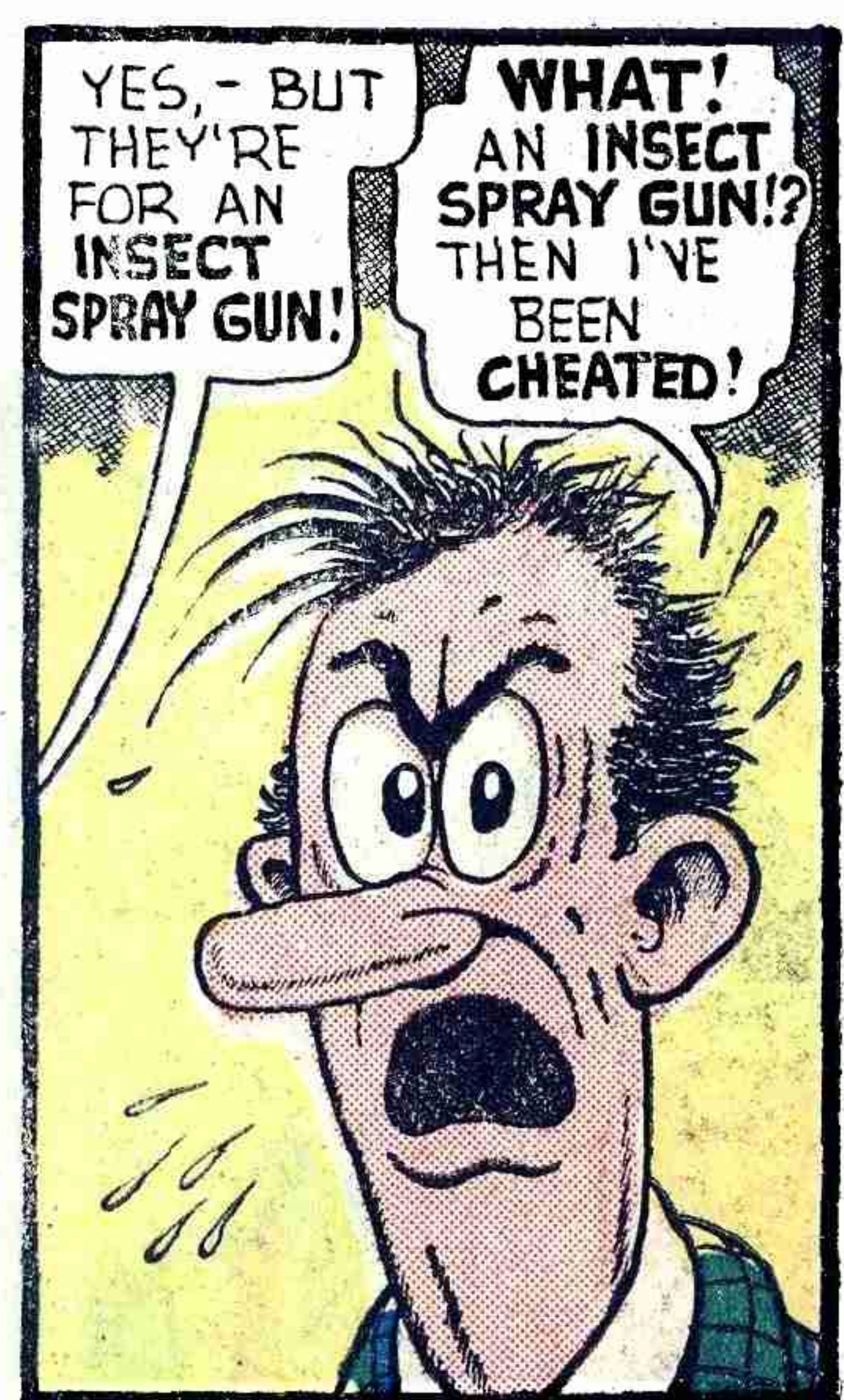
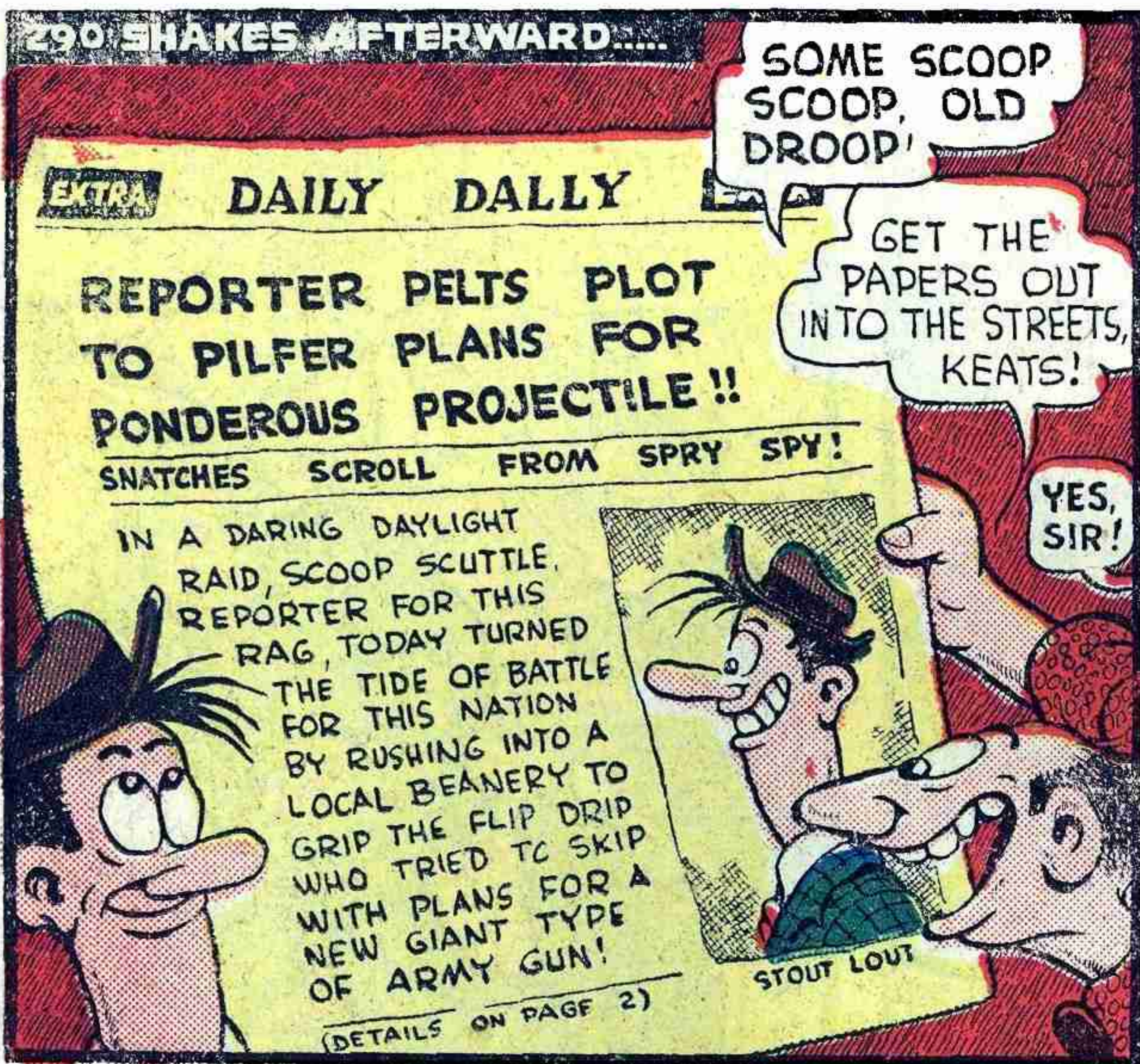
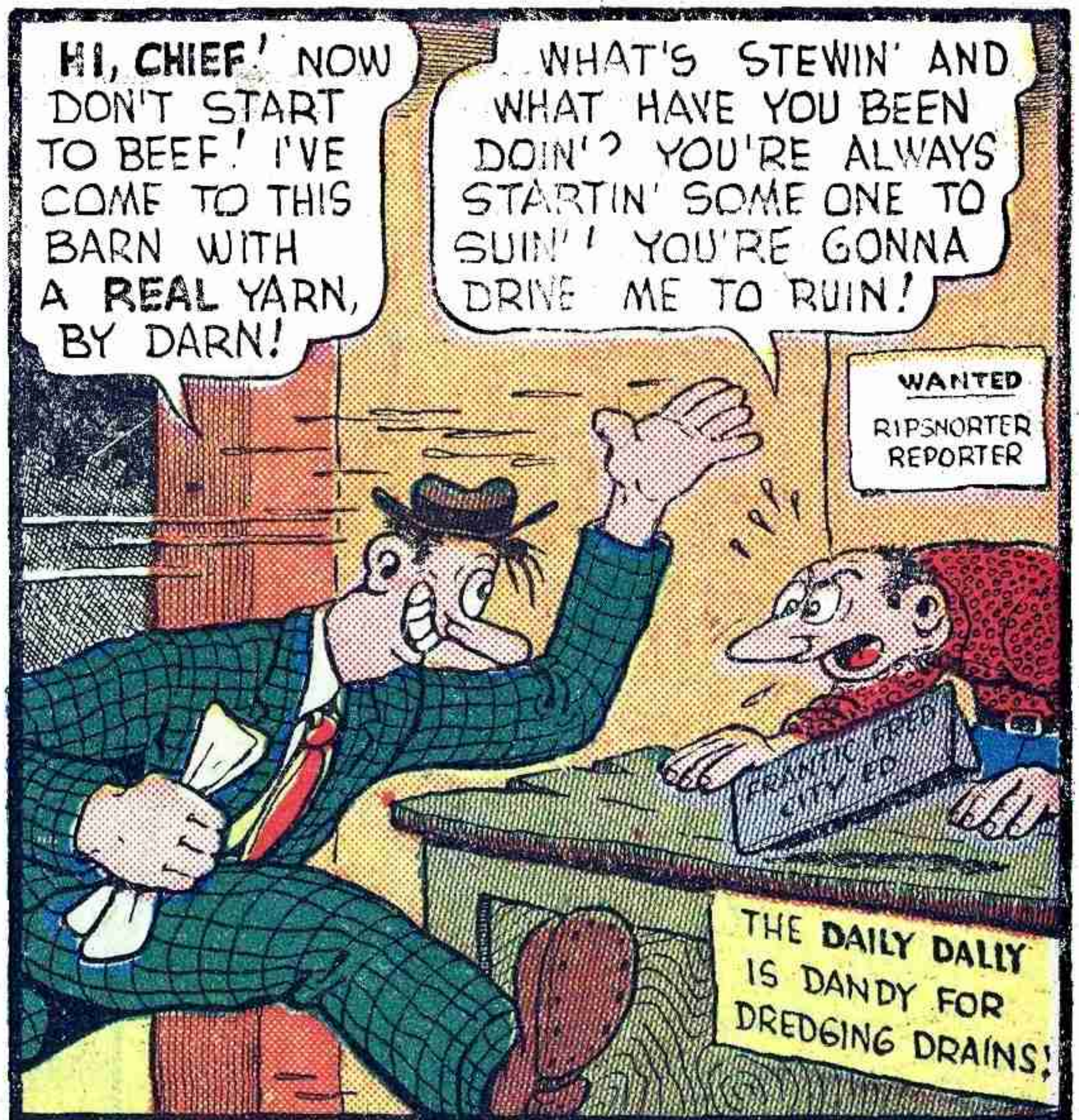
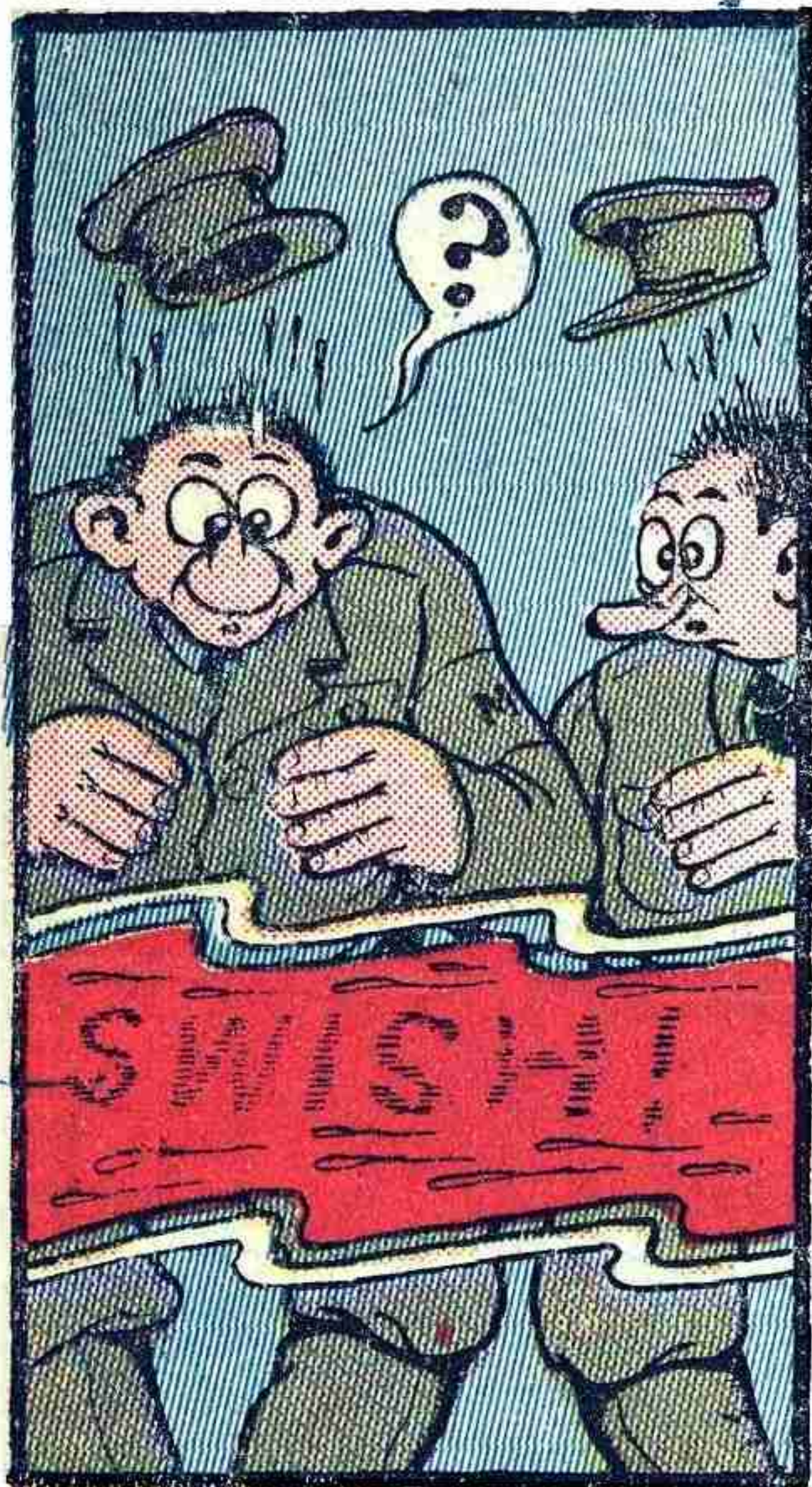
THE END.

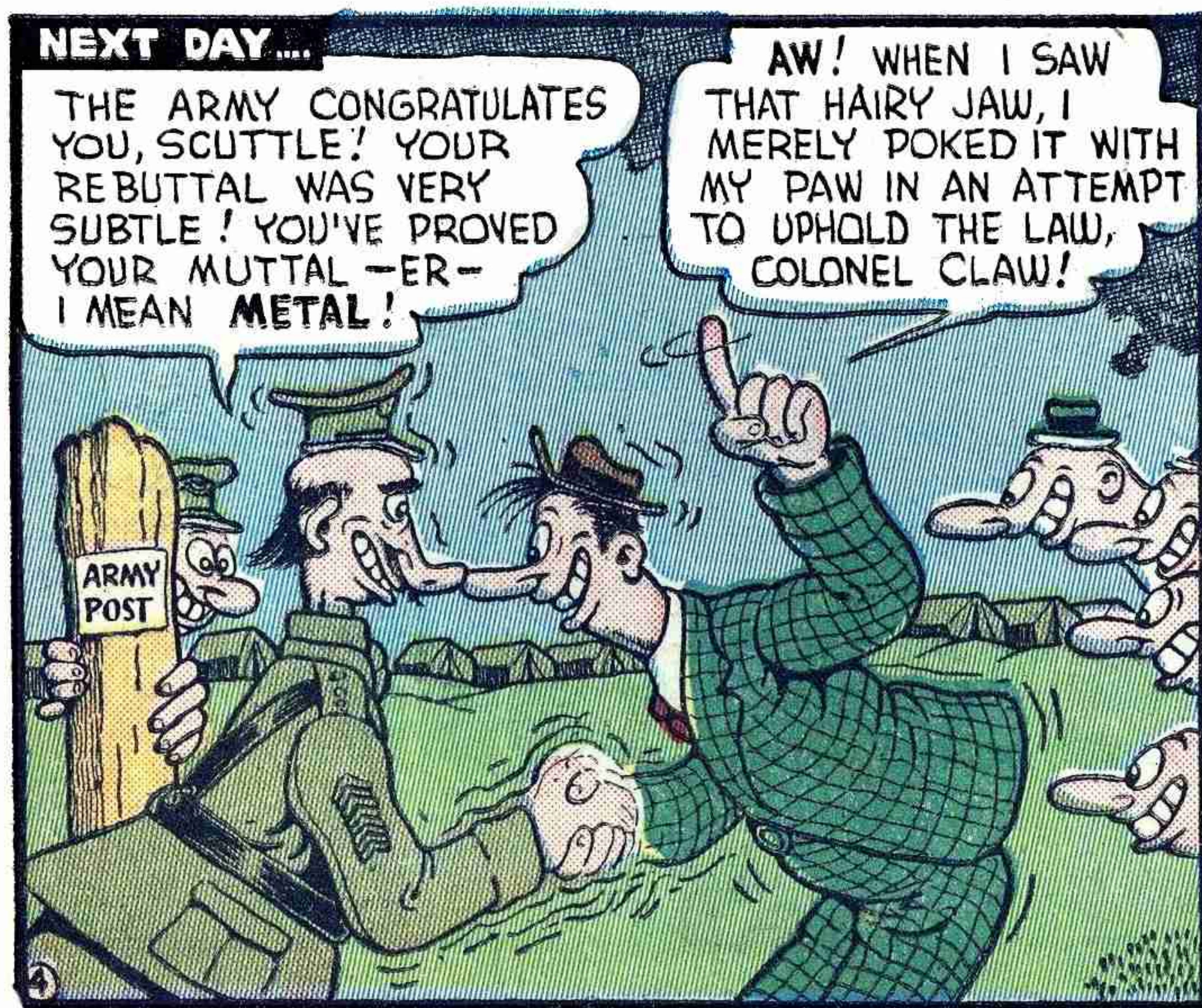
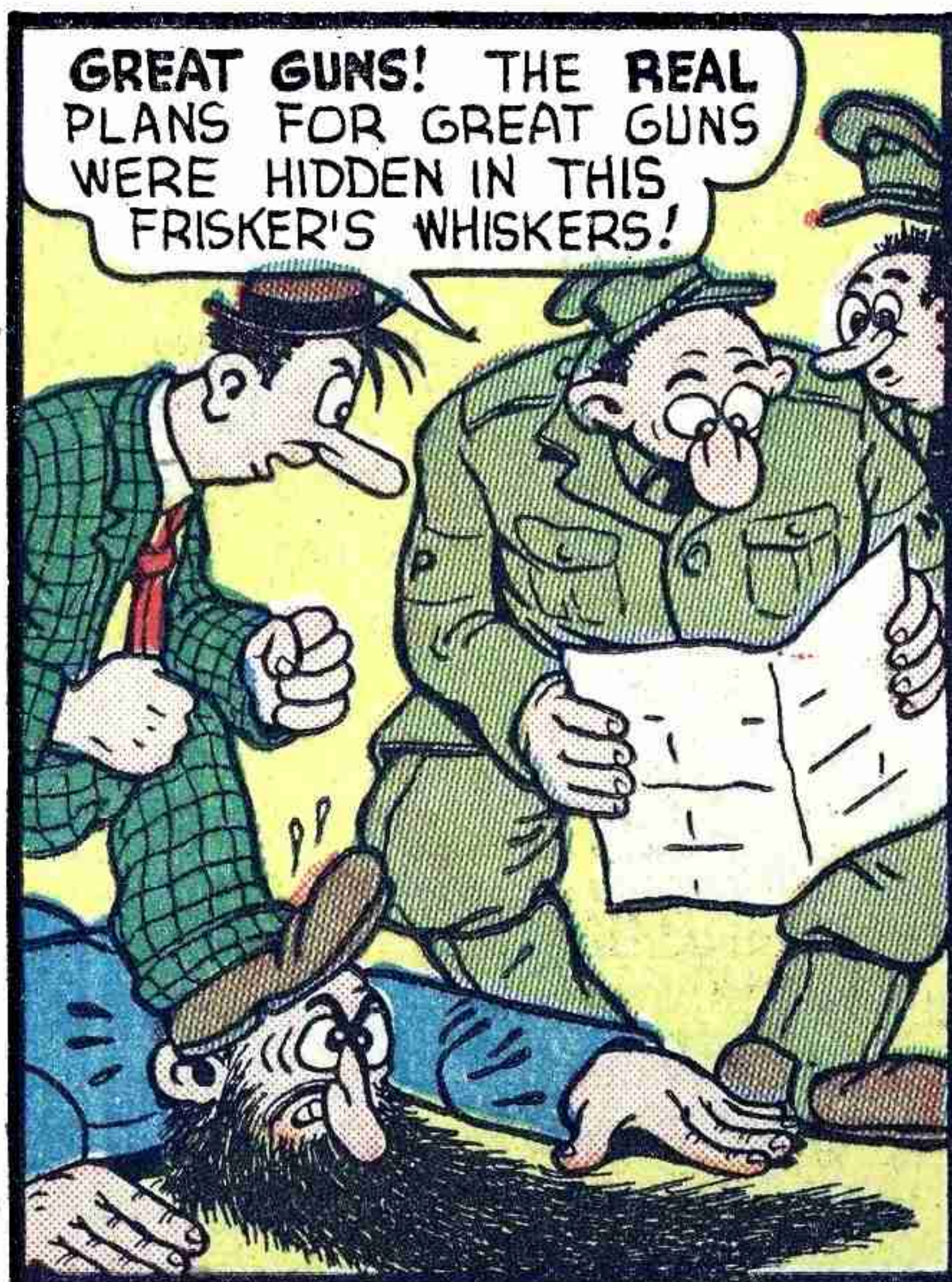
SCOOP SCUTTLE

the SCREWBALL SCRIBBLER









SCRUTINIZE SCOOP SCUTTLE AS HE SCRAMS OUT OF ANOTHER SCURVY SCRAPE!

SLOW DRAWWIN' FOOL

BY KANE MILLER

TOTT CITY was ominously quiet. With the exception of a droopy paint pony tied to the hitchrack in front of the Gold Banner Saloon, the street was deserted.

Jed Graymes looked along the hot expanse; opposite the Gold Banner stood Kenly's Restaurant. Crossing the street obliquely he reached the screen door of the restaurant safely.

"Yo're Lew Graymes' boy, ain't you?"

Jed's eyes were opaquely still as he stared across the counter at the round-faced little man with the white apron tied around his waist.

"Just how would you be knowin' that?" he said softly.

The round-faced man placed his elbows on the high counter. "You wouldn't remember me—you was just a button then, but I pot-busted f'r yore paw afore he was dry-gulched, nine years ago—"

"You worked for Lew Graymes?"

"When he was boss of the old Bar 30—yonder."

Jed's thin, bitter-lined face did not change expression. "I'll have coffee," he said, "black."

"I'm Mike Kenly," said the other man as he slid the hot coffee under Jed's strong, smooth-shaven chin. "You got Lew Graymes' eyes an' mouth—in fact yo're a spit-tin' image of him." Abruptly Kenly changed the subject. "You be careful — Blackie Ranson's in Tott City—"

"Ranson's still proddin' the Bar 30, ain't he?"

Kenly nodded. "When yore paw was killed," he said, "Ranson took over the Bar 30 water rights, which gave him control of the hull basin."

"Yeah—"

"What I been tryin' to fig're out," said Kenly, "is how in Tophet you can be here at all . . ."

"Meanin'?"

"I remember lookin' down at you nine years ago an' thinkin' what a fine lookin' button you was . . . I see'd you blasted to hell the same day yore paw got his! How you lived is more'n I can fig're—"

Jed dropped a coin on the counter.

Kenly said abruptly: "You be careful. Blackie Ranson don't fight in the middle of the street. An' he knows yo're in Tott City."

Jed stepped cautiously out of the restaurant and moved slowly along the plank walk. He paused outside the batwing doors of the Gold Banner. A faint sound as of a boot on a pine floor reached his ears. There was someone against the wall just inside of the saloon . . .

Jed's wide mouth loosened in a faint, hard grin. On tip-toe he stepped back around the corner of the building. Jed ran along the wall to the rear of the saloon. Here another door stood open.

Cautiously, he slipped inside. He stood in a short hallway that ran toward the front of the building.

Moving slowly, his right hand gun gripped between his fingers, he traversed the length of the hall. Holding his breath now, he reached for the knob of the door at the end . . .

The interior of the saloon was a zone of suspended animation. Jed's slate-gray eyes swept the room; at the front, grouped on either side of the bat-wings, six men leaned tautly against the wall. Their faces were turned to the door, waiting for him to push his way in from the street. Behind the long bar a mammoth-figured bartender polished whiskey glasses, his eyes also turned toward the front. Softly as a cat, Jed moved toward a table in the rear of the room.

At this table sat a man whose wide brown belt was decorated with steel conchas. Blackie Ranson!! Waiting, a commander of armed forces for his men to exterminate the enemy. Blackie Ranson his dark face wreathed in curling streamers of tobacco smoke . . .

"You didn't quite kill me, Ranson," said Jed evenly, "that mornin'." He bent his head toward the door in the back. "Just walk soft-like to that door. I'll be as close to you as a fever tick to a long-horn." He moved the muzzle

"If you raise yore voice, Ranson, yo're a dead pole-cat," Jed's long-barreled Colt-gun jammed hard against Ranson's back . . .

Not by the flicker of an eyelash did Blackie Ranson reveal alarm. "Nombre de Dios," he said softly, "it is true then—you are alive, eh?"

of the gun the merest trifle.

Ranson shrugged, as he turned away from the table.

Mike Kenly grunted as he saw Ranson and Jed step into the dust behind the Gold Banner, murmuring, "Heads up does it, boy—thet Ranson's the slickest gun-fanner in Arizona . . ."

Twenty-five feet from the building Jed halted. Kenly heard him say, "I'm keepin' you covered, Ranson, until yo're fifteen paces yonder way. Count 'em off, then turn around."

Kenly counted the number of times Blackie Ranson's high-heeled boots sank into the powdery dust. He watched Ranson's right hand, too, but the man did not draw. At fourteen paces he swung around. His slender fingers were held slightly in front of his body, like talons.

"One more step," said Jed.

Jed slid his gun into his holster. "Make yore play, Ranson," he called. His lean body was balanced lightly on the balls of his feet.

Stark hatred flared in Ranson's black eyes. His full red lips drew back over fang-like teeth. His long-barreled Peacemaker was in his right hand and he had fanned three shots at Jed before Jed's gun had cleared its holster.

Jed's draw was a smooth, unhurried motion, ending with his .41 Colt shoulder

high. He fired but once, coolly, and watched the slug slam into Blackie Ranson's chest. Ranson fired once more, but the bullet dug a furrow in the heavy dust ten feet ahead of his booted feet. He fell face forward.

"Over here, Graymes," called Mike Kenly, "quick!"

But there was no more fighting this day. Ranson's men, when they saw his dead body sprawled in the dust, lost all desire for battle.

"You'll be takin' the Bar 30 over now, I reckon?" Mike Kenly looked across the counter at Jed.

"I reckon."

There was a look of wonder in Kenly's eyes. He shook his head. Sliding Jed's coffee across the counter he leaned on his elbows. "You knowed all along he was twice as fast as you but you let 'im draw first, deliberate-like . . ."

Jed Graymes' face reddened under the deep coating of weather tan. "I feel a bit guilty about that," he murmured. "Seems like I might've give him more chance—"

Kenly snorted.

Jed shook his head. "At ten to fifteen feet he would've killed me," he said, "but, at forty-five feet, with him fannin', the odds was quite a bit against him hitting me." He reached for his tobacco, shaking his head a second time. "No, he didn't have much chance."

THE END



The GREEN CLAW

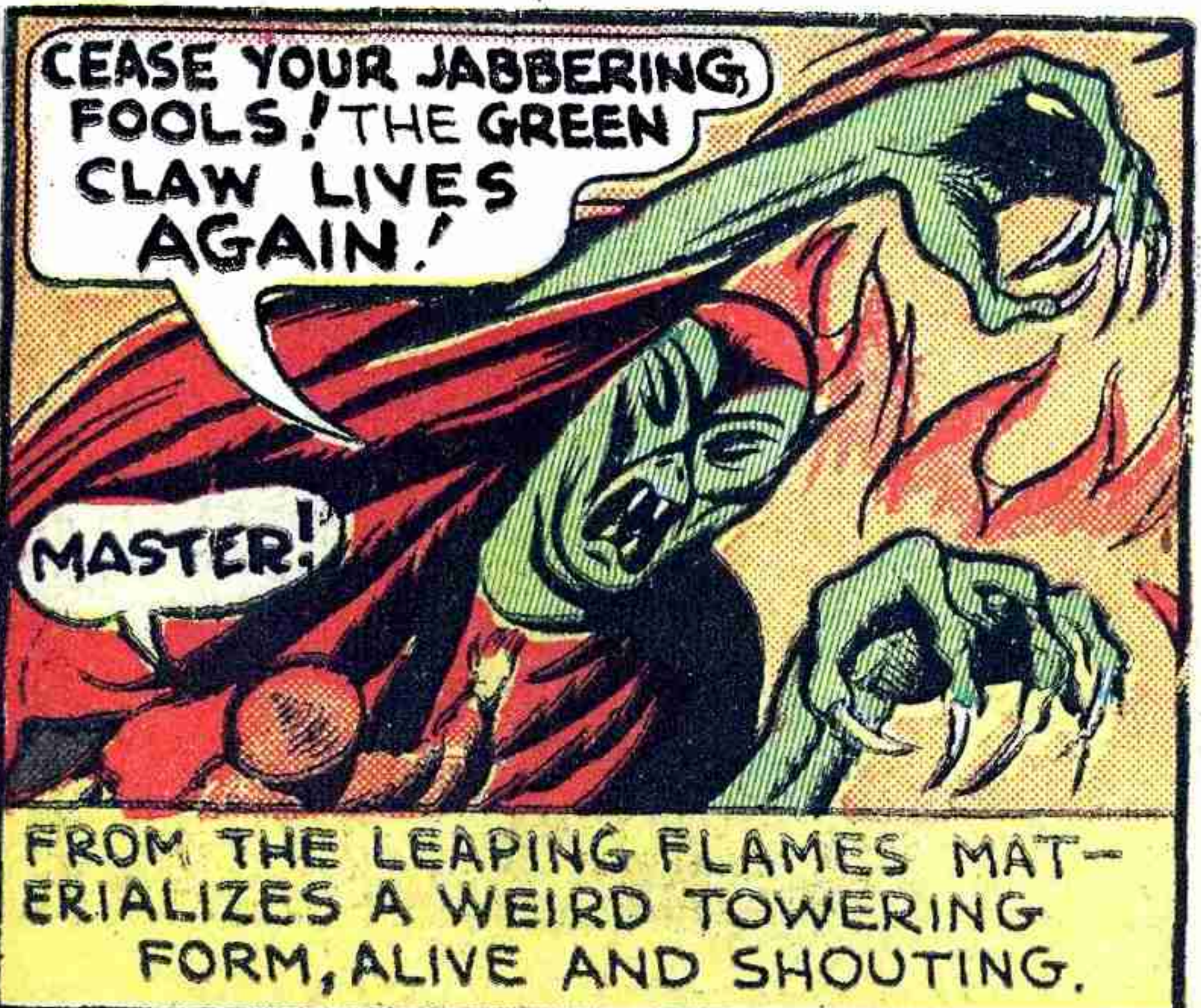
A MONSTER OF CRIME CHEATS DEATH ITSELF AND THREATENS ALL THE WORLD WITH MISRULE - AND ONLY CARL TARRANT, SCIENTIST-ADVENTURER STANDS IN HIS WAY.

IN THE REMOTE MOUNTAIN REGIONS OF ASIA, A CULT OF DEVIL WORSHIPPERS GATHER AROUND A GIGANTIC CORPSE WHICH HAS BEEN CONSIGNED TO THE FLAMES.



WITH GRIEF AND WEEPING, WE CONSIGN THE BODY OF OUR MASTER TO THE FLAMES. WE PRAY THE DEVIL WELCOME THE GREEN CLAW TO HIS DOMAIN.

ALAS, WESTERN ENEMIES WERE TOO MUCH FOR EVEN HIS MIGHTY POWER!



CEASE YOUR JABBERING, FOOLS! THE GREEN CLAW LIVES AGAIN!

MASTER!

FROM THE LEAPING FLAMES MATERIALIZES A WEIRD TOWERING FORM, ALIVE AND SHOUTING.



AT ONCE THE PERSONIFICATION OF EVIL BEGINS TO LAY PLANS FOR NEW ACTIVITY.

HAIL, MASTER - THE GREEN CLAW LIVES! WE WILL TRIUMPH AS BEFORE!

NAY, OUR TRIUMPHS WILL BE GREATER THAN EVER! FIRST THIS LITTLE FORTRESS WILL BECOME A STRONG CITY!



AH! OUR DEFENSES ARE STRONG! NOW TO BUILD LABORATORIES, ARMORIES, TEMPLES OF SORCERY!

DRIVEN BY THE ENERGY OF THEIR RULER, THE DEVIL-CULTISTS QUICKLY ERECT LARGE BATTLEMENTS.



I WILL TELL ALL OUR PEOPLE THAT THE GREEN CLAW HAS RETURNED!

BOOM!



WE CAN REST NOW, MAJOR THE GREEN CLAW IS REPORTED DEAD!

HMM! I FEAR THAT REPORT IS GREATLY EXAGGERATED, COMMISSIONER!

BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!

MEANWHILE, AT THE OFFICES OF THE POLICE COMMISSIONER, MANY MILES AWAY, MAJOR TARRANT LISTENS TO THE DRUMS.



THAT IS THE BEAT-SIGNAL OF THE GREEN CLAW!! I'VE HEARD IT TOO OFTEN IN THE PAST! I MUST INVESTIGATE!

BOOM BOOM!

BY GIVE!



DISGUISED AS A CAMEL-DRIVER, TARRANT ENTERS UNKNOWN COUNTRY.

COME ON, YOU DESERT BUGGY! - MAKE TRACKS!

TRAIN THE SPY-GLASS ON HIM, AND SET THE TELEVISION IN ACTION!



SEE, COMRADES - A STRANGER COMES TO OUR BORDERS!

A PATROL OF THE GREEN CLAW'S SENTRIES OBSERVE THE MAJOR.

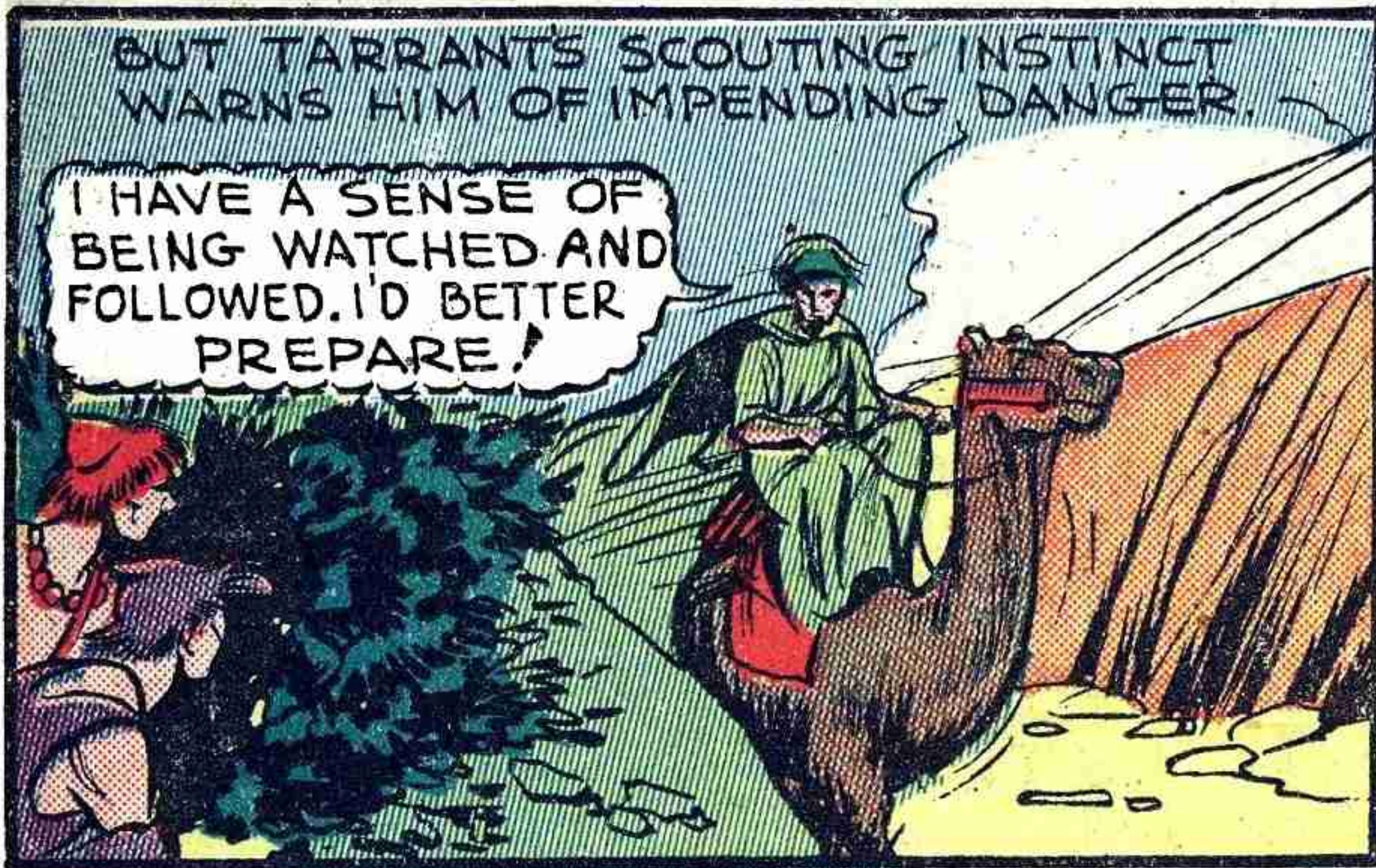


THE SENTRIES HAVE SPIED SOMETHING. NOW TO ENLARGE THE IMAGE!

FARTHER AWAY AT HIS HEAD-QUARTERS, THE MASTER OF EVIL DEVELOPS THE TELEVISION SCENE.

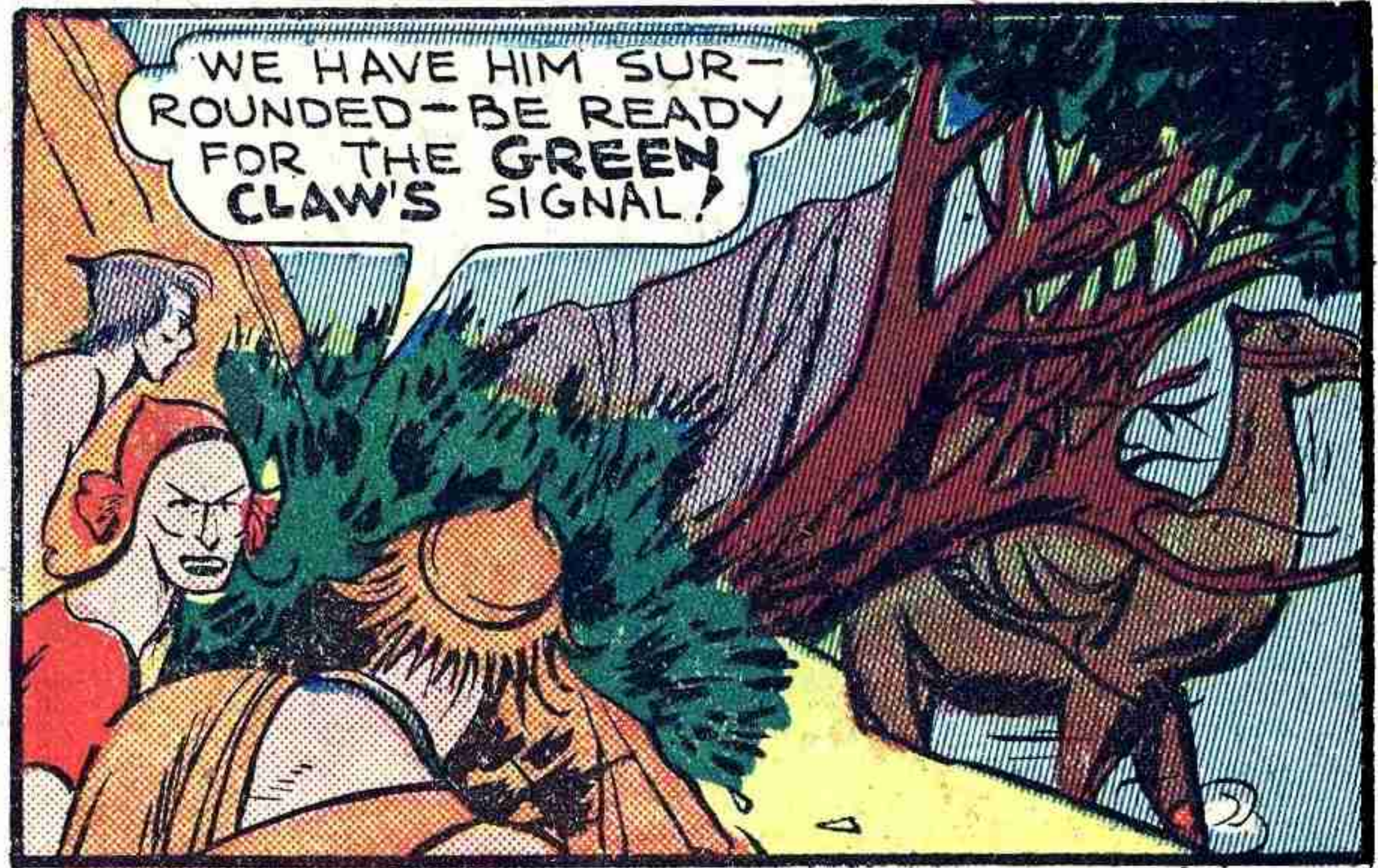


ATTENTION, ALL OUTPOSTS! CLOSE IN ON THAT CAMEL-DRIVER ON THE WESTERN TRAIL, BUT DON'T LET HIM SEE YOU! I WANT HIM TAKEN ALIVE!

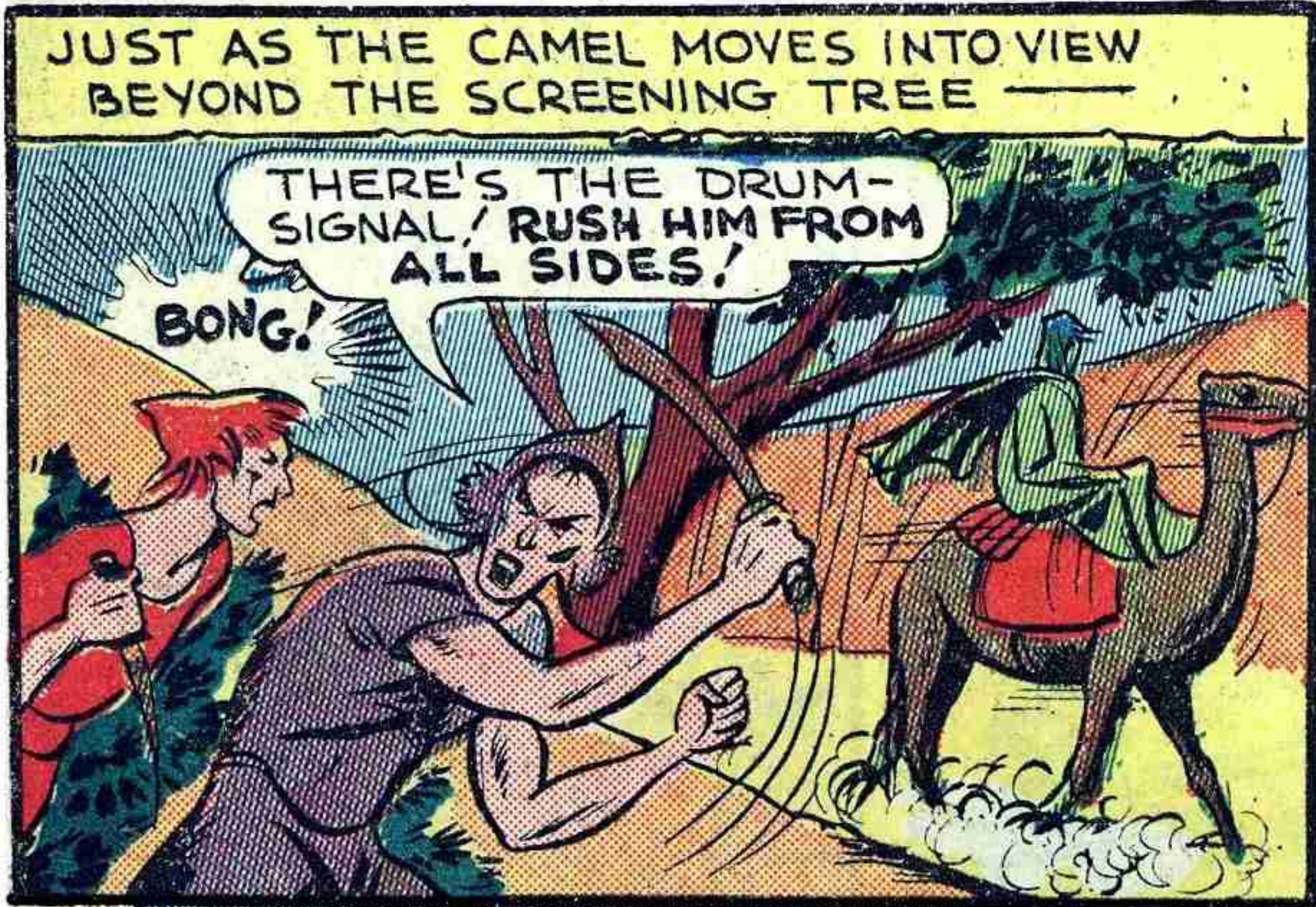


BUT TARRANTS SCOUTING INSTINCT WARNS HIM OF IMPENDING DANGER.

I HAVE A SENSE OF BEING WATCHED AND FOLLOWED. I'D BETTER PREPARE!



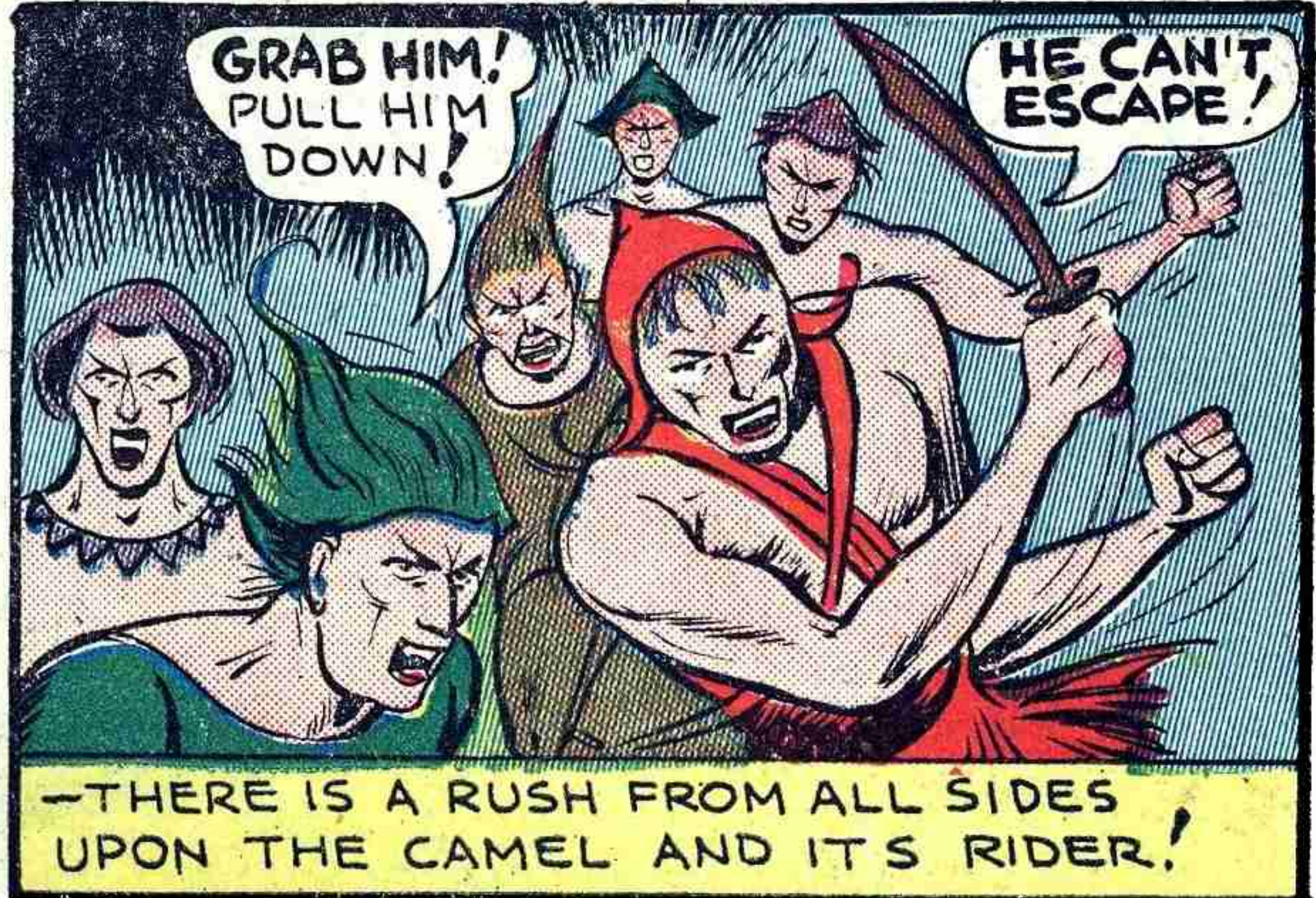
WE HAVE HIM SURROUNDED—BE READY FOR THE GREEN CLAW'S SIGNAL!



JUST AS THE CAMEL MOVES INTO VIEW BEYOND THE SCREENING TREE

THERE'S THE DRUM-SIGNAL! RUSH HIM FROM ALL SIDES!

BONG!



GRAB HIM! PULL HIM DOWN!

HE CAN'T ESCAPE!

—THERE IS A RUSH FROM ALL SIDES UPON THE CAMEL AND ITS RIDER!



WHY IT IS BUT AN EMPTY BUNDLE OF CLOTHES

WE HAVE TRAPPED A DUMMY!



MY RUSE SUCCEEDED—THEY WILL RUN PAST. AND I CAN ADVANCE ON THE GREEN CLAW'S STRONGHOLD, UNCHECKED!



QUICK! BACK ALONG THE TRAIL, HUNT FOR HIM!



MASTER, HE SLIPPED THROUGH OUR FINGERS—LEFT A DUMMY IN HIS PLACE.

IMBECILES! MEN OF STRAW! I SAW HIM PLAINLY! HE IS MAJOR TARRANT, COMING HERE. TURN BACK AND CHARGE HIM FROM BEHIND!

MEANWHILE, IN HIS TREETOP HIDING, MAJOR TARRANT WATCHES THE MEN HE FOOLED.

HEARING HIS HENCHMEN REPORT, THE GREEN CLAW IS WILD WITH RAGE!



THOSE FOOLS MAKE IT NECESSARY FOR ME TO STRIKE TARRANT WITH MY OWN HAND!



THOSE MEN ARE COMING BACK! IF I CAN ONLY TRICK THEM WITH THIS GRASS!

AGAIN THE PURSUERS CLOSE IN, AND MAJOR TARRANT, CLOSE TO HIS GOAL, TRIES A NEW DECEPTION.



LOOK! THE SPY HAS SET UP AN-OTHER DUMMY!

HA! HA! HE WILL NOT FOOL US A SECOND TIME!



PAY NO ATTENTION TO THAT RIDICULOUS IMAGE! FOLLOW THE REAL ENEMY!

BUT THIS TIME, THE DUMMY IS ACTUALLY MAJOR TARRANT.



WE HAVE COMBED THE WHOLE COUNTRYSIDE - WE DO NOT FIND THE SPY!

HE IS SOMEWHERE NEAR - YOUR BLIND BRAINS CANNOT GRASP HIS CUNNING PLAN!



THIS RADIO FINDER SHOWS HIS PRESENCE VERY NEAR. I WILL TRACE HIS VIBRATIONS!



UNERRINGLY THE GENIUS OF CRIME DRAWS NEAR TO MAJOR TARRANT.

THAT IS NO DUMMY - THE FINDER DEVICE SHOWS IT TO BE A LIVING MAN!

QUITE RIGHT, MR GREEN CLAW, I'M HERE TO DESTROY YOU!



YOUR AIM IS GOOD, MAJOR, BUT YOUR BULLET **USELESS**. I AM DEFENDED BY AN **ARMOR OF HEAT WAVES!**

BANG!

THE MAJOR FIRES, BUT HIS SHOT DISSOLVES INTO NOTHINGNESS.



WHAT'S HAPPENING? YOU GROW **BIGGER!**

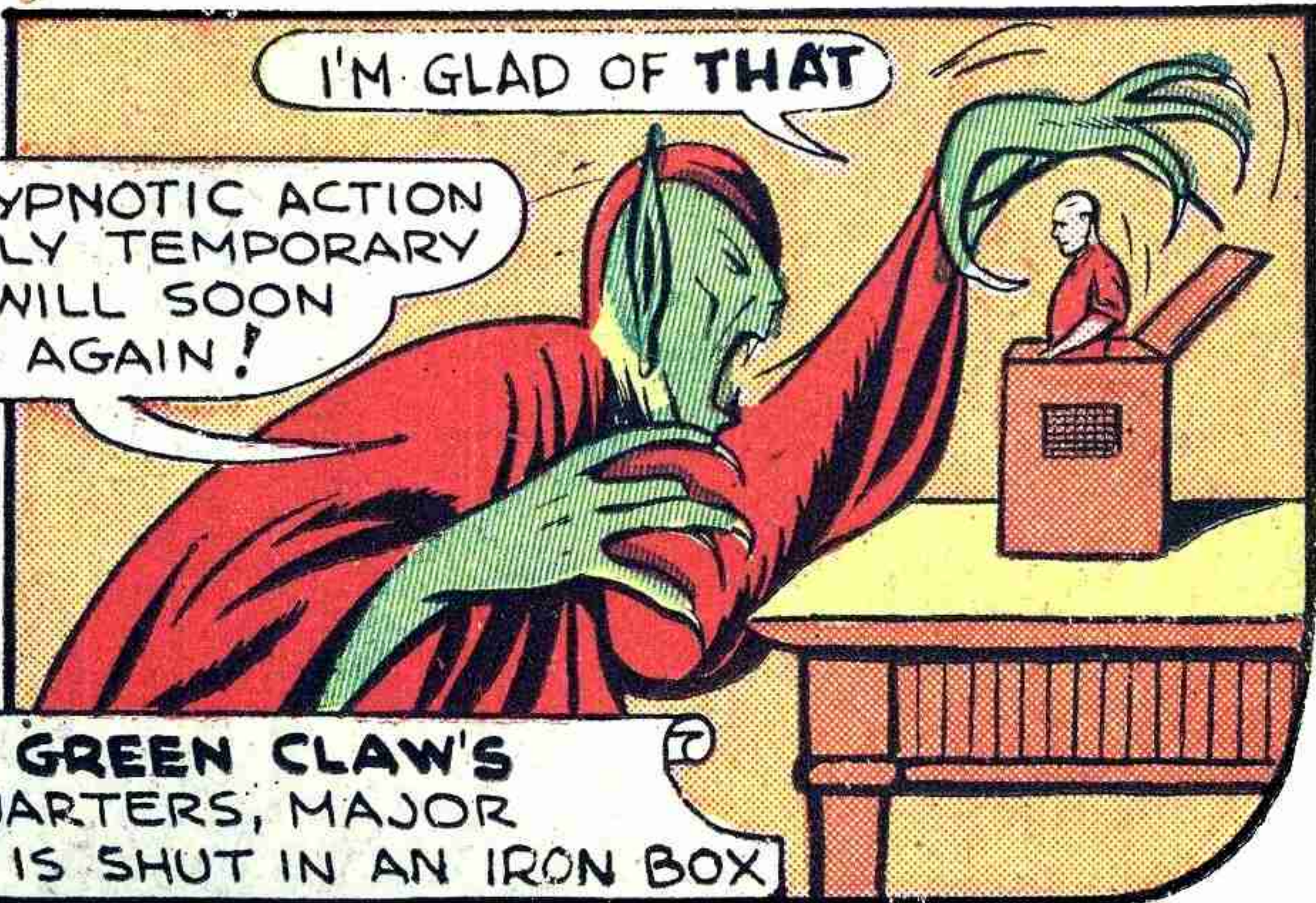
NO, MY DEAR MAJOR—**YOU GROW SMALLER!** MY HYPNOTIC POWERS WILL REDUCE YOU TO THE SIZE OF A **DOLL!**

AT ONCE, MAJOR TARRANT SHRINKS TO TINY DIMENSIONS.



COME, MY LITTLE HERO—I HAVE A **SPECIAL PLAN** FOR YOUR DESTRUCTION!

THE HYPNOTIC ACTION IS ONLY TEMPORARY—YOU WILL SOON GROW AGAIN!



I'M GLAD OF THAT

AT THE **GREEN CLAW'S** HEADQUARTERS, MAJOR TARRANT IS SHUT IN AN IRON BOX

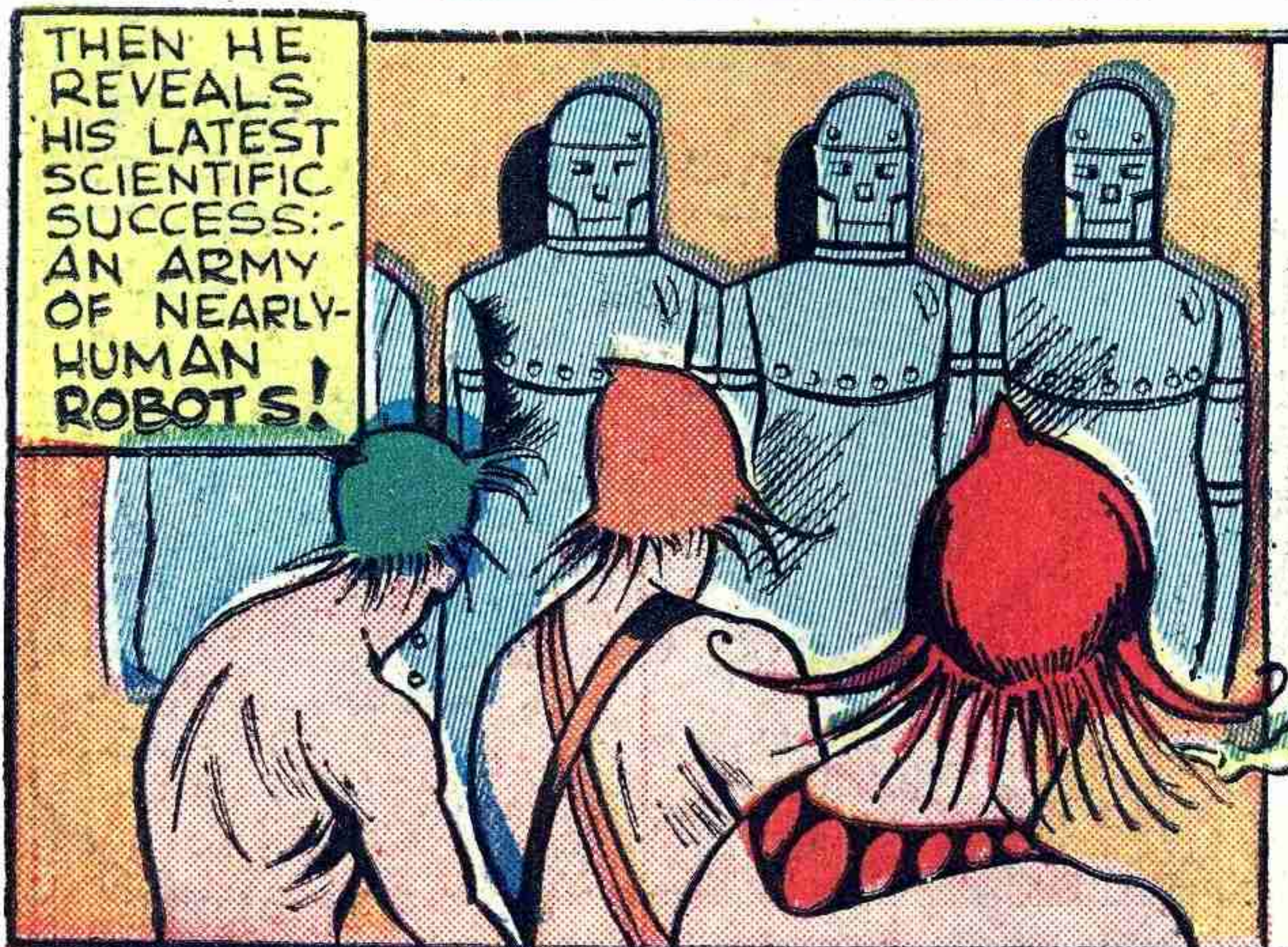


YES, YOU WILL GROW—BUT **NOT** THE BOX. YOU WILL BE CRUSHED IN ITS **NARROW CONFINES!**

WHAT!—WHY YOU FIEND!



NOW THAT WE HAVE THE SPY SAFE, I HAVE TIME TO START MY CAMPAIGN. MY **OBJECTIVE IS WORLD CONQUEST!**



THEN HE REVEALS HIS LATEST SCIENTIFIC SUCCESS:—AN ARMY OF NEARLY-HUMAN **ROBOTS!**



THESE ROBOTS WILL CONQUER THE EARTH'S ARMIES, AND CANNOT BE HURT THEMSELVES. **PREPARE THE PLANES—WE WILL LOAD THEM ABOARD!**

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE BOX-PRISON, TARRANT IS DESPERATE.

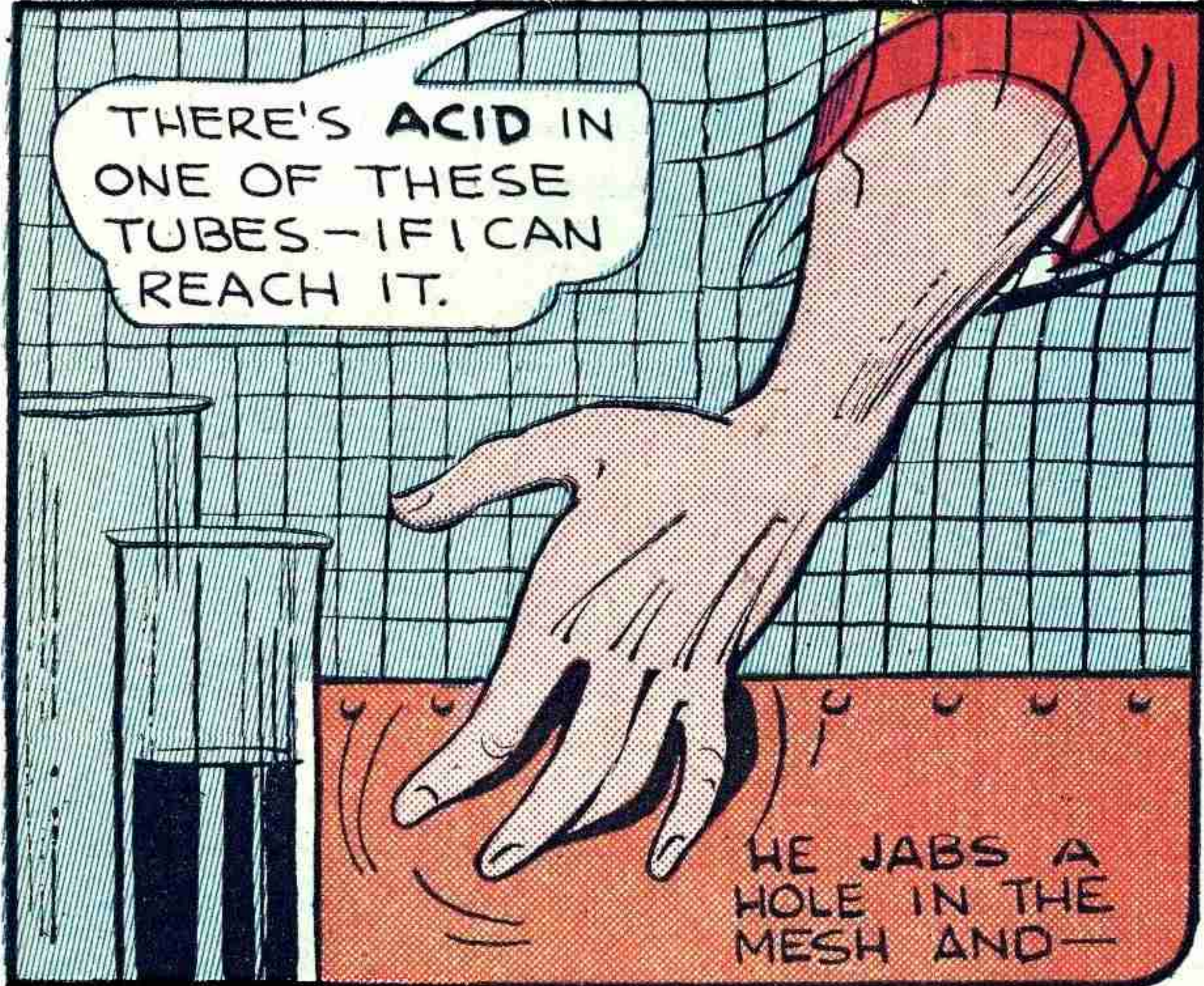


I HEAR THE GREEN CLAW PLANNING AN ATTACK, AND HERE I AM CAUGHT—DOOMED!



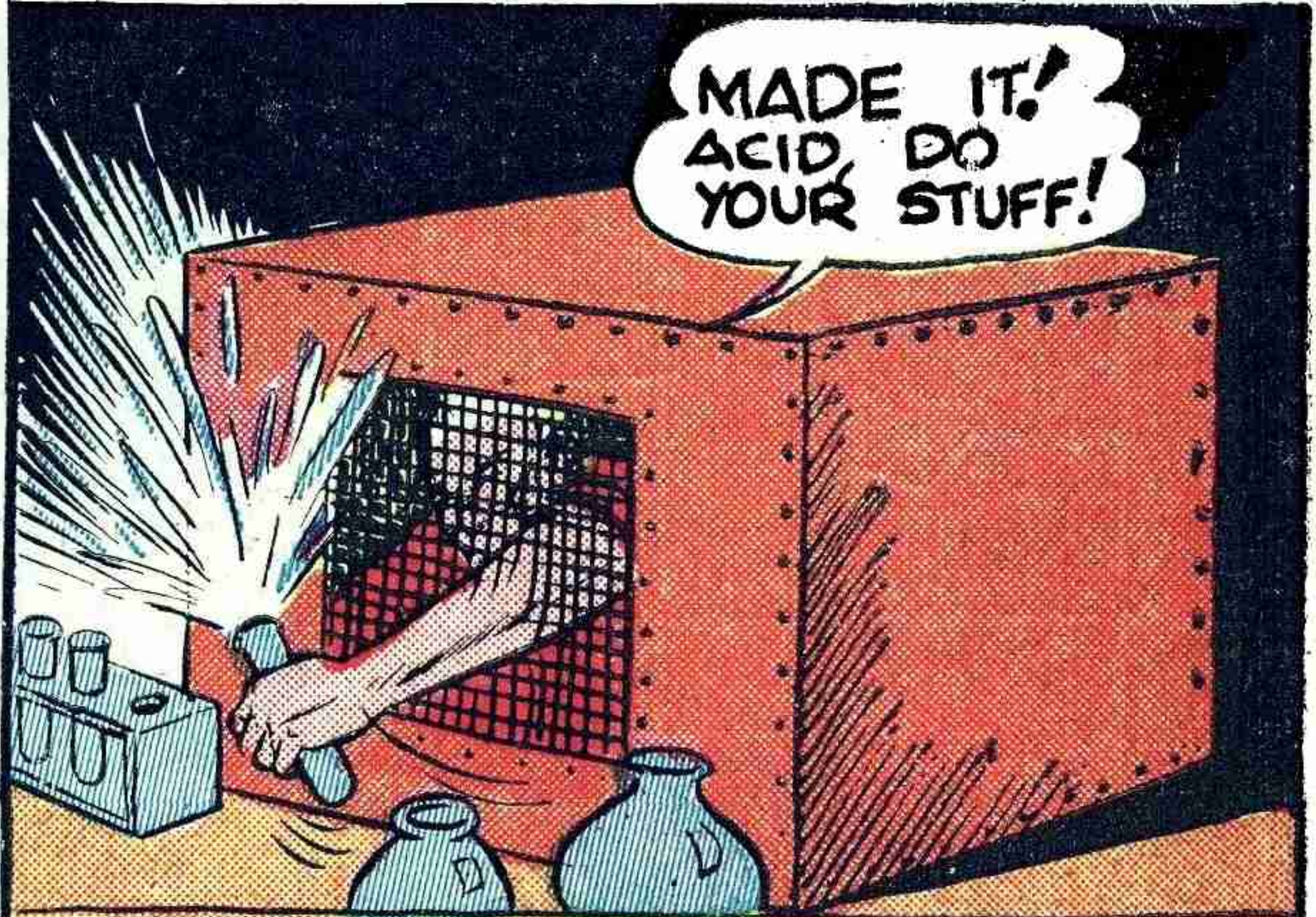
I GROW LARGER BY THE MINUTE—SOON I WILL BE CRUSHED. IF I COULD ONLY REACH THOSE TEST TUBES.

LOOKING OUT, THE MAJOR SEES A RACK OF CHEMICAL EQUIPMENT.



THERE'S ACID IN ONE OF THESE TUBES—IF I CAN REACH IT.

HE JABS A HOLE IN THE MESH AND—



MADE IT! ACID, DO YOUR STUFF!

SPLASHES THE ACID AGAINST HIS METAL PRISON



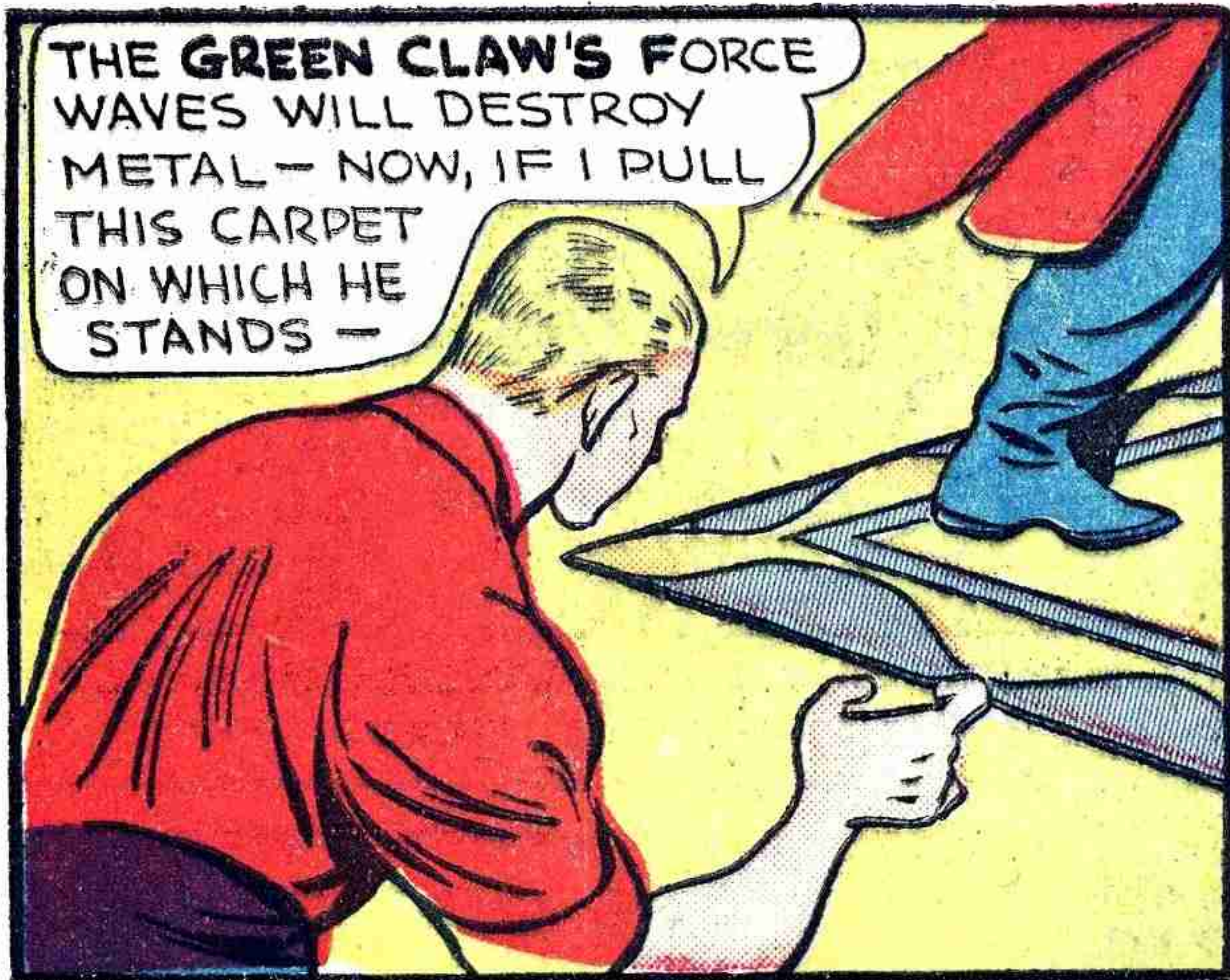
THE ACID EATS A HOLE IN THE PRISON, AND MAJOR TARRANT ESCAPES.

COME OUT, MY METAL ALLIES—YOU ARE MORE TRUSTWORTHY THAN LIVING SLAVES!

OUT AT LAST, AND NOW TO TACKLE THE GREEN CLAW!



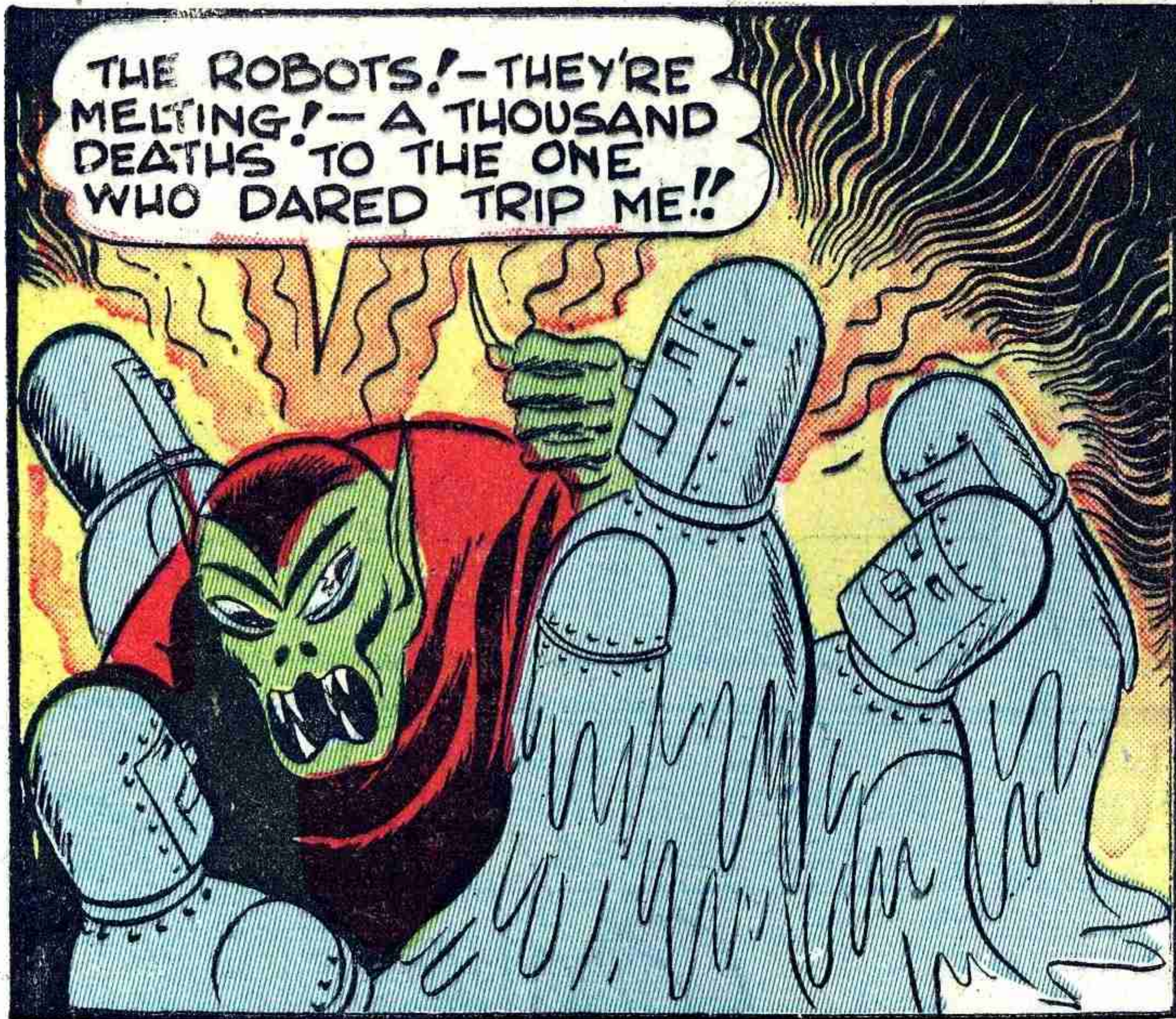
I'LL FINISH THIS DEVIL.



THE GREEN CLAW'S FORCE WAVES WILL DESTROY METAL - NOW, IF I PULL THIS CARPET ON WHICH HE STANDS -



HE WILL DESTROY HIS OWN ROBOTS!



THE ROBOTS! - THEY'RE MELTING! - A THOUSAND DEATHS TO THE ONE WHO DARED TRIP ME!!



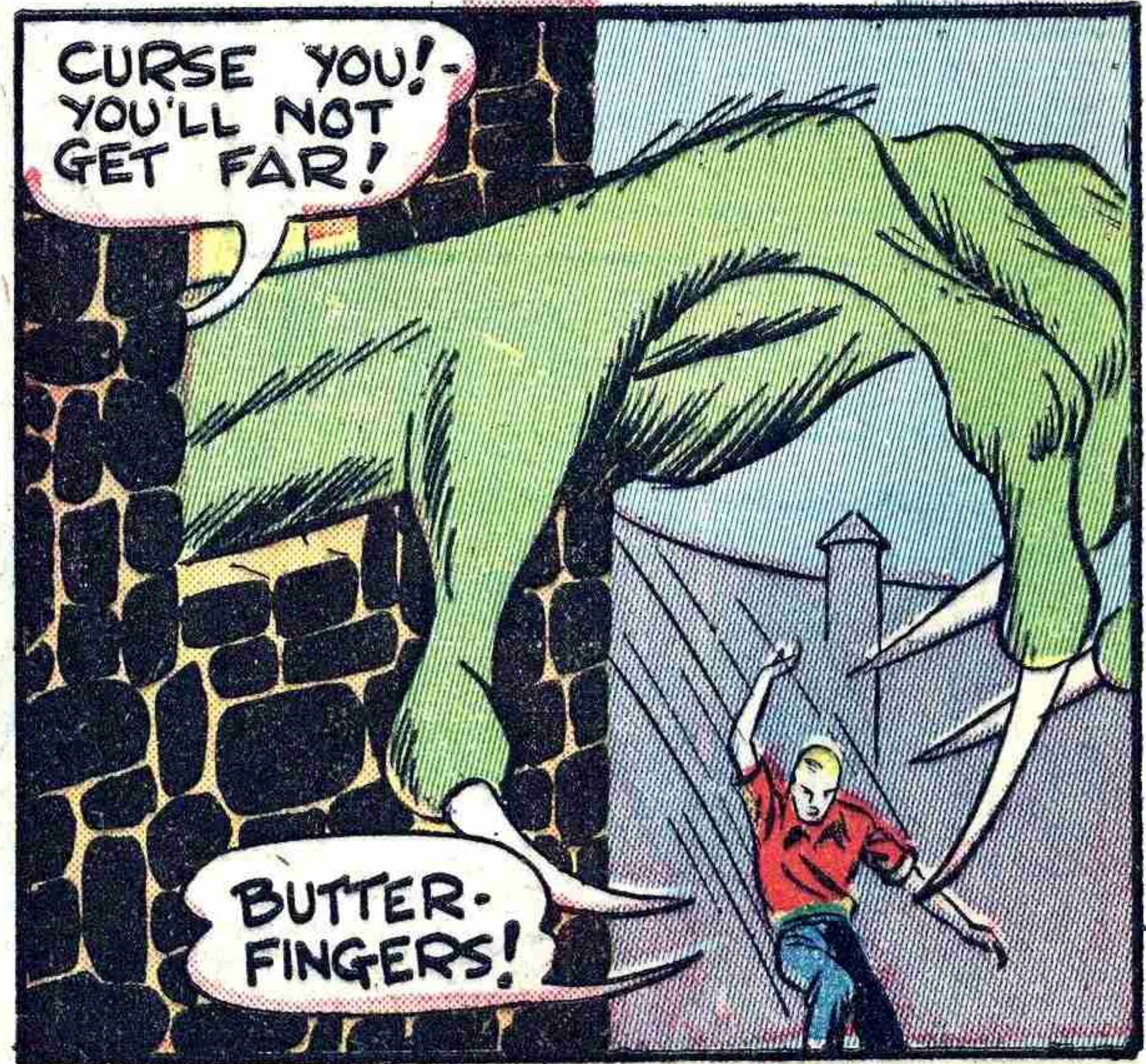
YOU UNDERESTIMATED ME, GREEN CLAW. I ESCAPED AND DID THIS THING.

ALL MY LABOR - A TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE - BROUGHT TO NOTHING!



YOU ARE THE AUTHOR OF MY ILL-LUCK, MAJOR TARRANT, I'LL TEAR YOU TO SHREDS!

YOU'VE GOTTA CATCH ME FIRST!



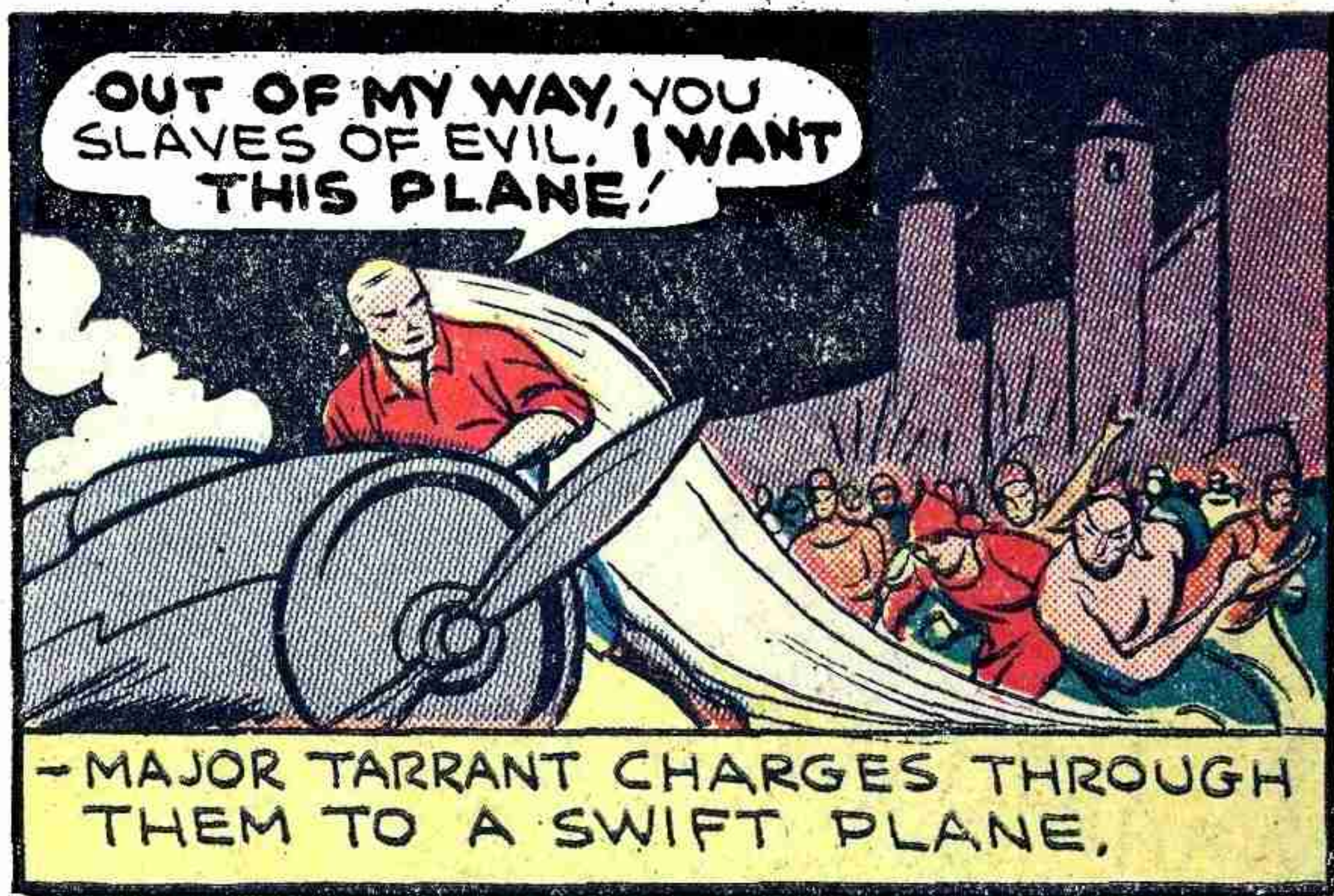
CURSE YOU! - YOU'LL NOT GET FAR!

BUTTER-FINGERS!



OUTSIDE, THE GREEN CLAW'S HENCHMEN PREPARE FOR THE FORAY AGAINST CIVILIZATION, WHEN —

PUT THE BOMBS ABOARD FIRST, THEN THE ROBOTS! WE WILL DEPART IMMEDIATELY!



OUT OF MY WAY, YOU SLAVES OF EVIL. I WANT THIS PLANE!

— MAJOR TARRANT CHARGES THROUGH THEM TO A SWIFT PLANE.

CLOSE ON TARRANT'S HEELS RACES THE GREEN CLAW — JUST A MOMENT TOO LATE.



STOP HIM! STOP THAT MAN, OR HE'LL BRING US ALL TO DESTRUCTION!

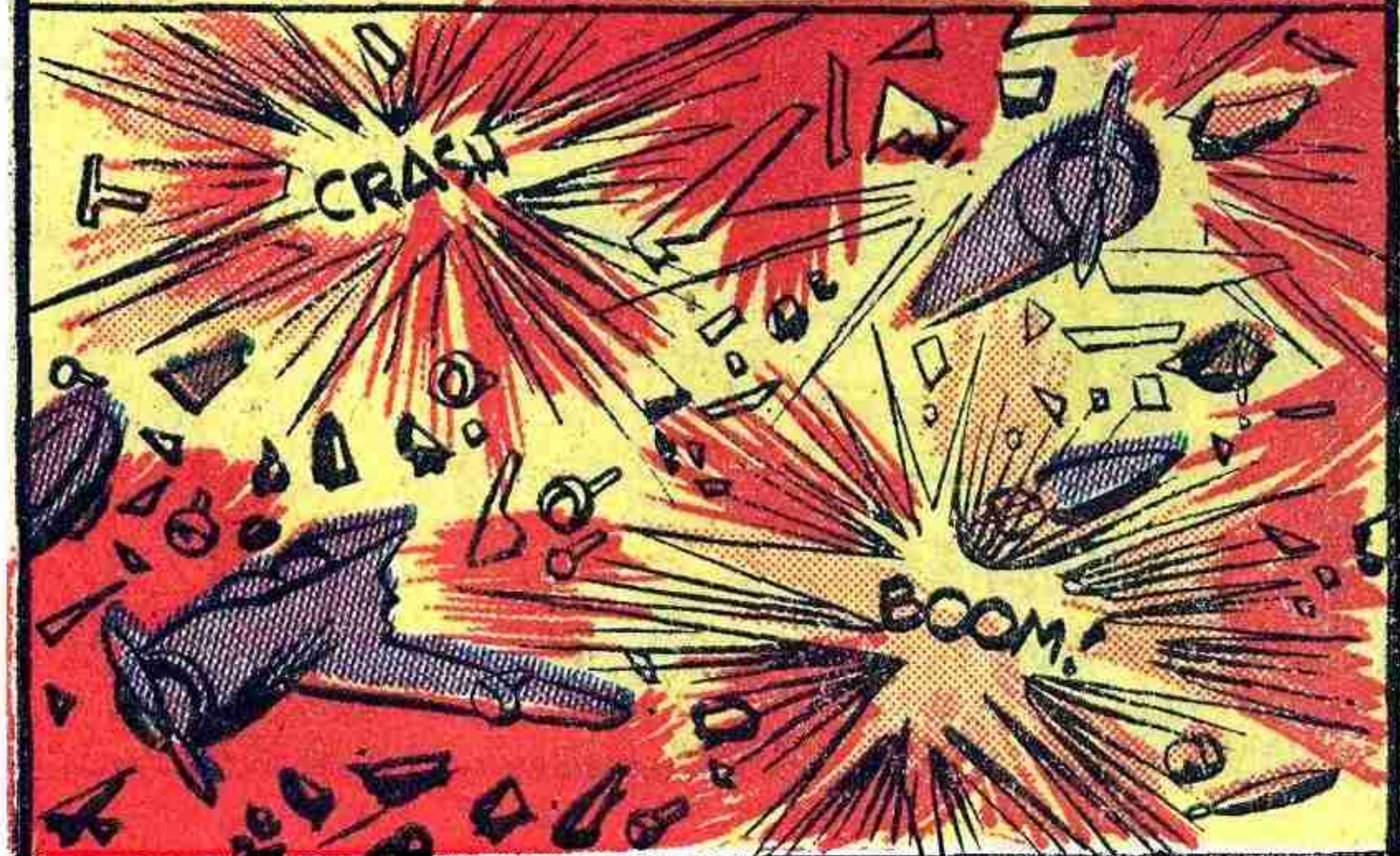


HE GETS AWAY — SEND PLANES AFTER HIM!



I'D BETTER DROP A BOMB INTO THAT HIVE OF WICKEDNESS!

IT FALLS AMONG THE BOMB-LADEN PLANES, SETTING OFF THEIR CHARGES AND DESTROYING THE FORTRESS.



HE HAS KILLED MY MEN, SMASHED MY CITY! I'LL MAKE HIM PAY FOR THIS!

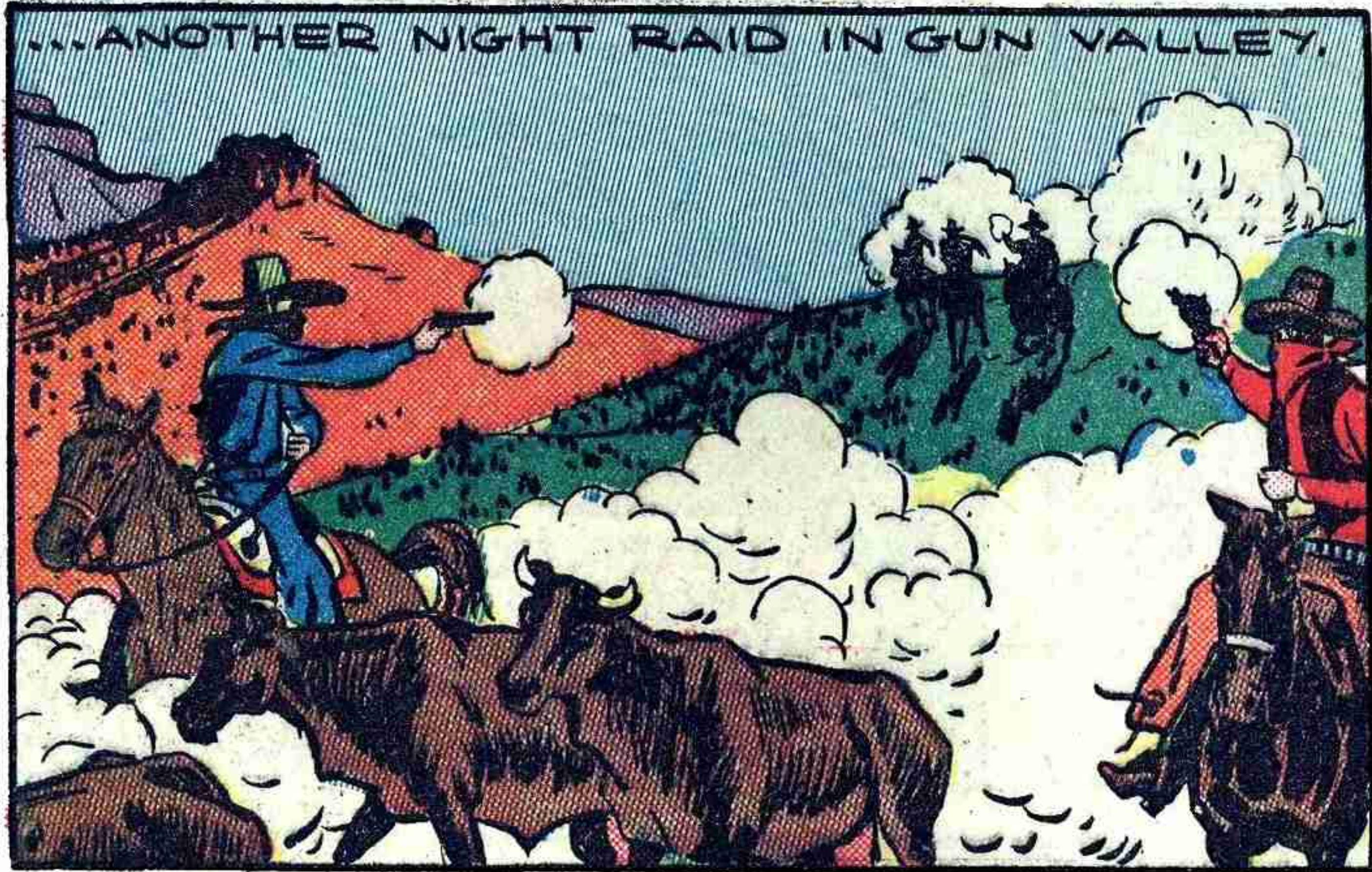
WATCH
FOR THE
CLAW
IN EVERY
ISSUE OF
DAREDEVIL
COMICS!!

BILL WAYNE



RANGER BILL WAYNE, THE TEXAS TERROR, RIDES THE DUSTY TRAIL OF CATTLE RUSTLERS, AND BOOMING SIX GUNS ECHO THROUGH THE VALLEY.

TEXAS TERROR



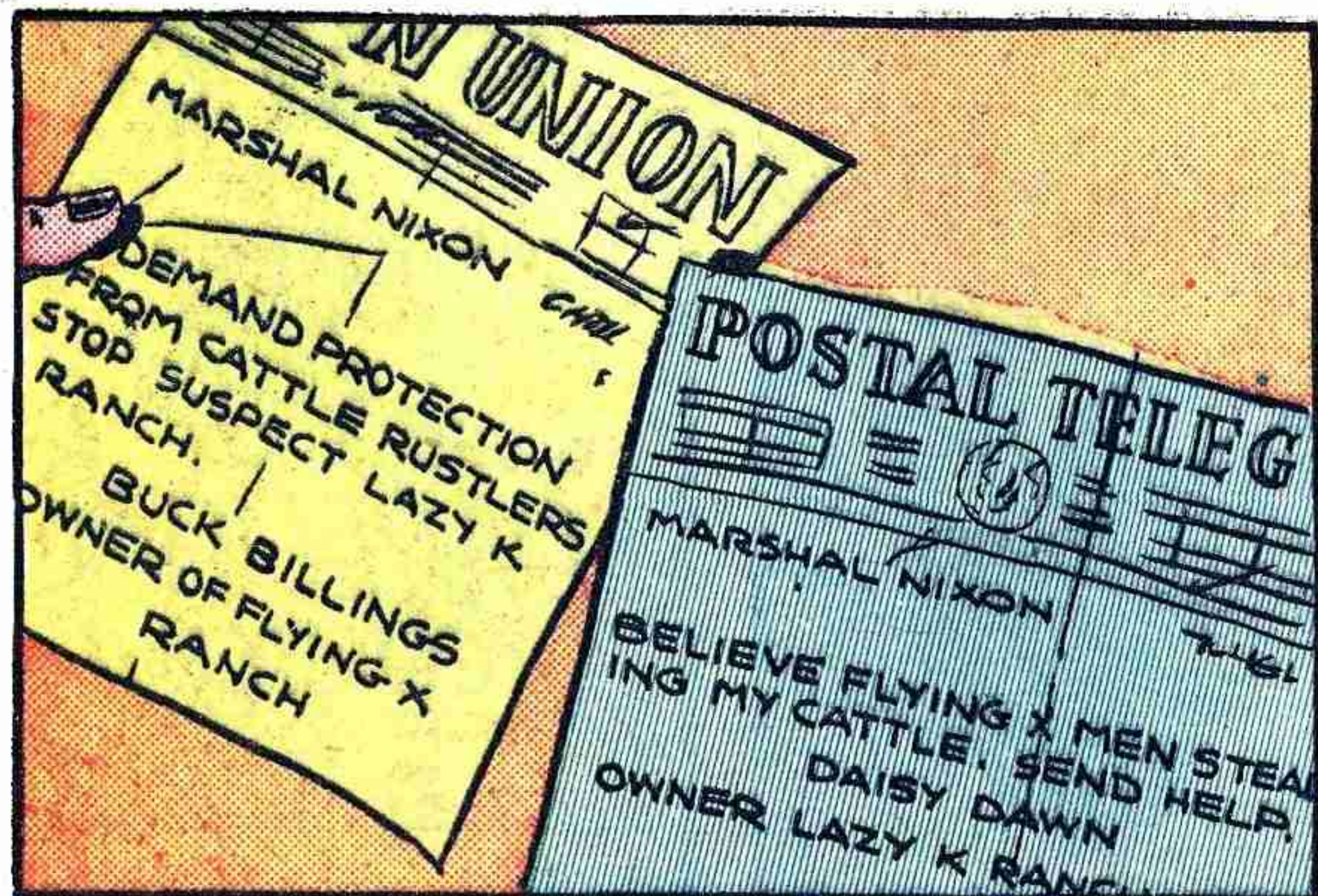
...ANOTHER NIGHT RAID IN GUN VALLEY.



TELEGRAMS—WHAT'S WRONG, CHIEF?

READ THEM, BILL—THEY'RE FROM GUN VALLEY RANCHERS. YOUR NEXT JOB!

RANGER BILL WAYNE, THE TEXAS TERROR, REPORTS TO HIS CHIEF.



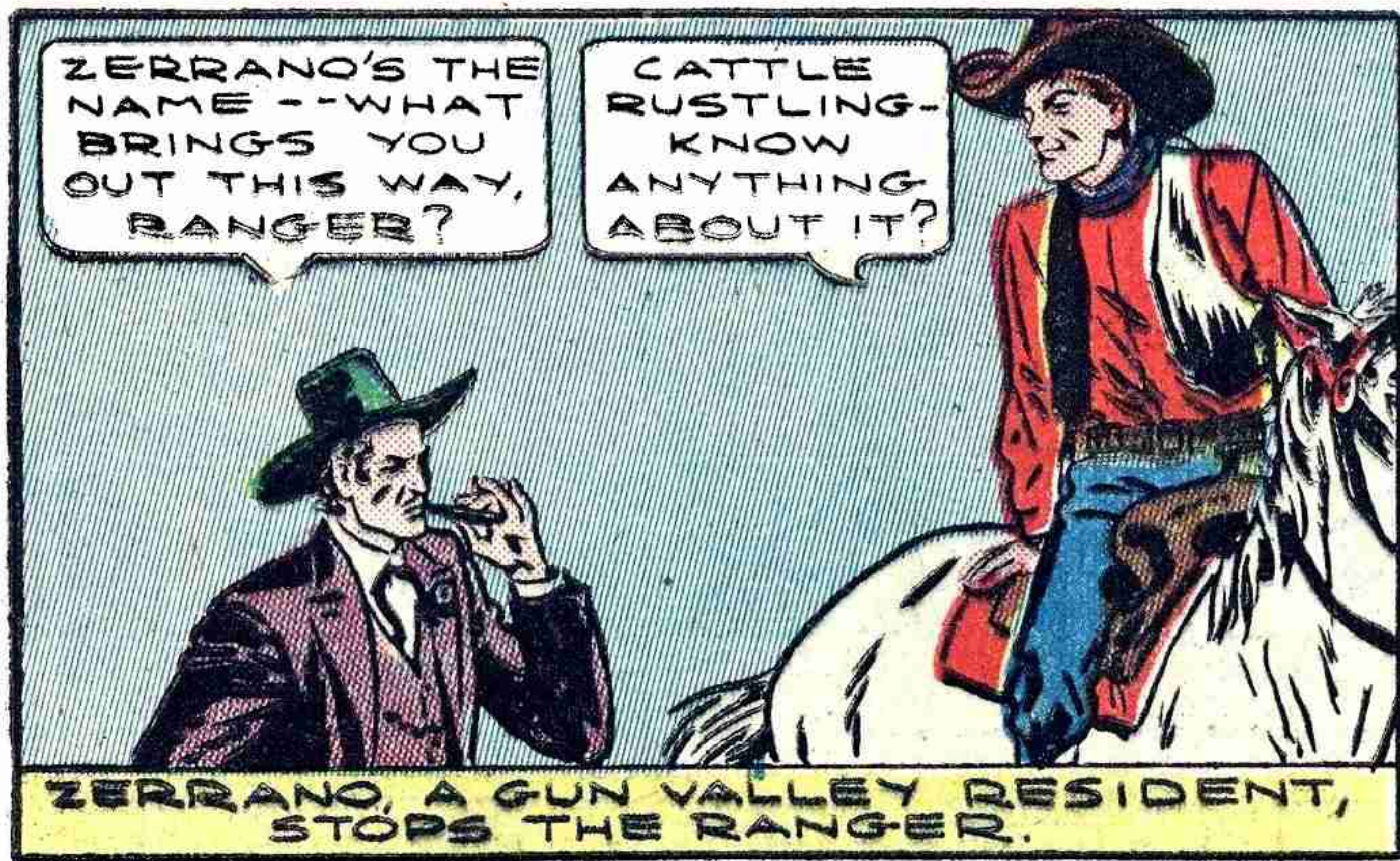
IN UNION
MARSHAL NIXON
DEMAND PROTECTION FROM CATTLE RUSTLERS STOP SUSPECT LAZY K RANCH.
BUCK BILLINGS
OWNER OF FLYING-X RANCH

POSTAL TELEGRAM
MARSHAL NIXON
BELIEVE FLYING X MEN STEALING MY CATTLE. SEND HELP.
DAISY DAWN
OWNER LAZY K RANCH



THE TEXAS TERROR: I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT HE'S IN GUN VALLEY FOR!

BILL WAYNE LOSES NO TIME IN GETTING TO GUN VALLEY AND HIS PRESENCE IS SOON NOTICED.



ZERRANO'S THE NAME --WHAT BRINGS YOU OUT THIS WAY, RANGER?

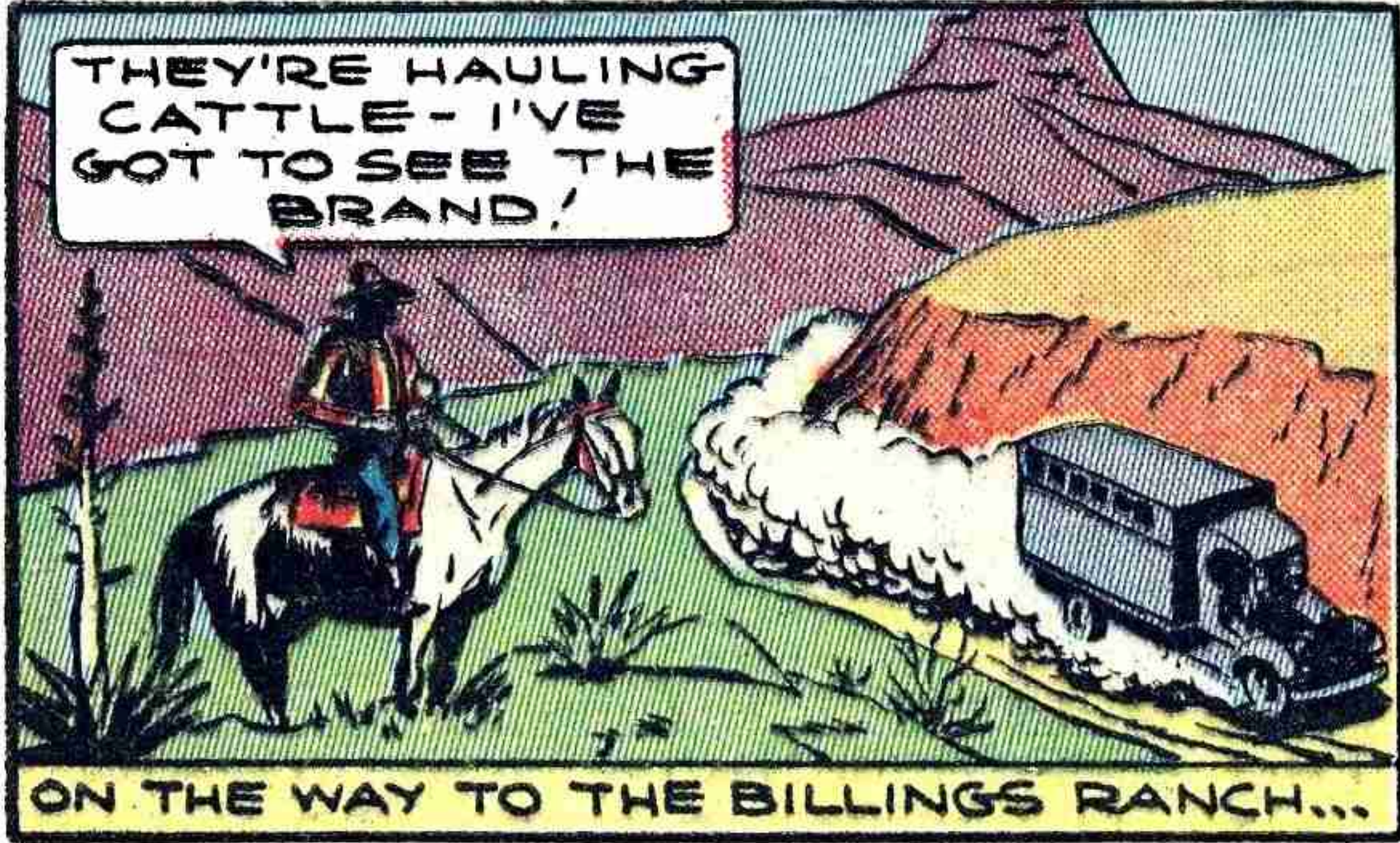
CATTLE RUSTLING--KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT?

ZERRANO, A GUN VALLEY RESIDENT, STOPS THE RANGER.



CATTLE'S OUT OF MY LINE - I DEAL IN REAL ESTATE!

THANKS STRANGER--GUESS I'LL RIDE OUT TO THE BILLINGS RANCH!



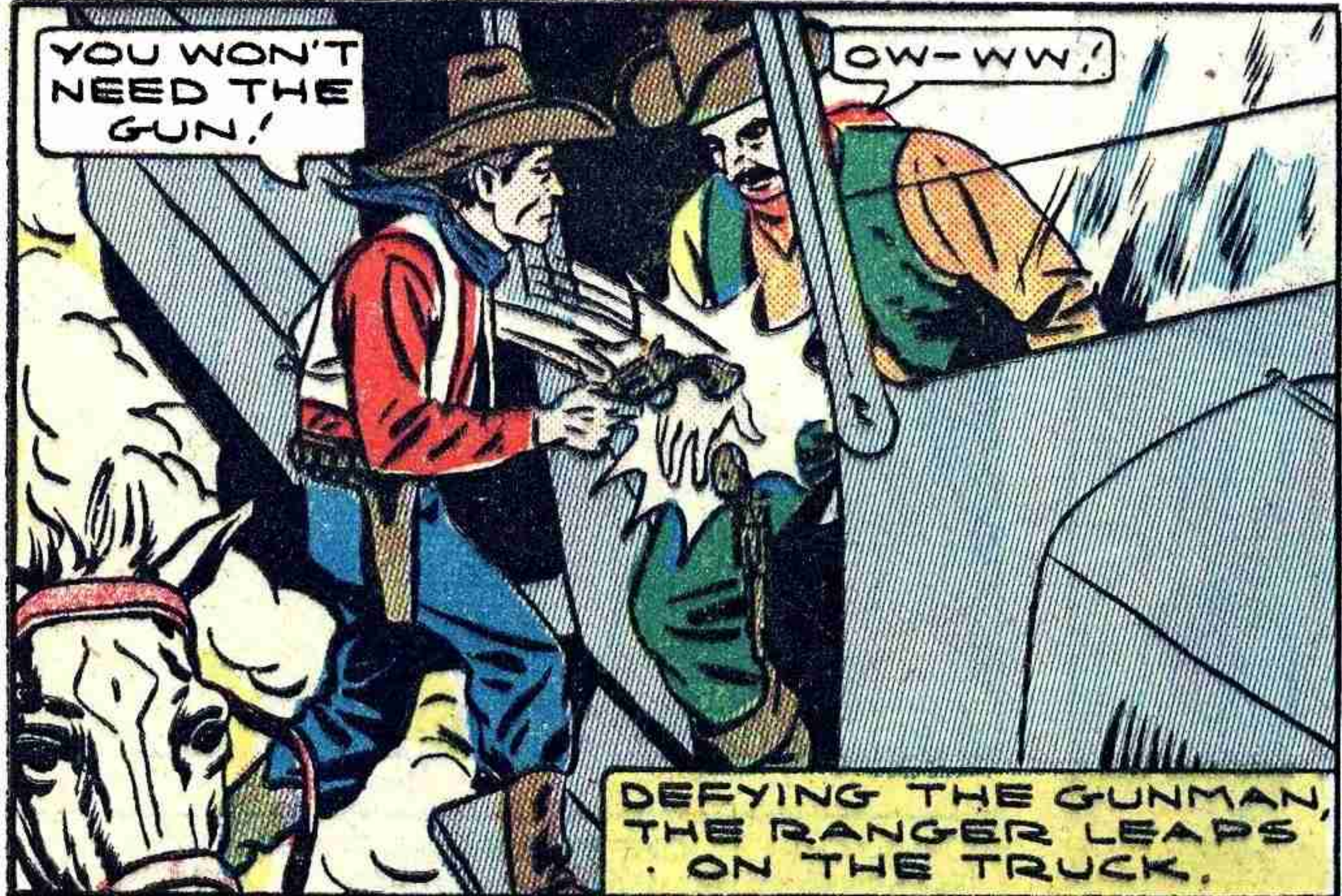
THEY'RE HAULING CATTLE - I'VE GOT TO SEE THE BRAND!

ON THE WAY TO THE BILLINGS RANCH...



STEP ON IT--SOMEBODY'S TRAILIN' US!

... THE TEXAS TERROR CHARGES AFTER THE CATTLE TRUCK.



YOU WON'T NEED THE GUN!

OW-WW!?

DEFYING THE GUNMAN, THE RANGER LEADS ON THE TRUCK.



PULL UP, AND LET'S SEE THE BRAND ON THEM STEERS!



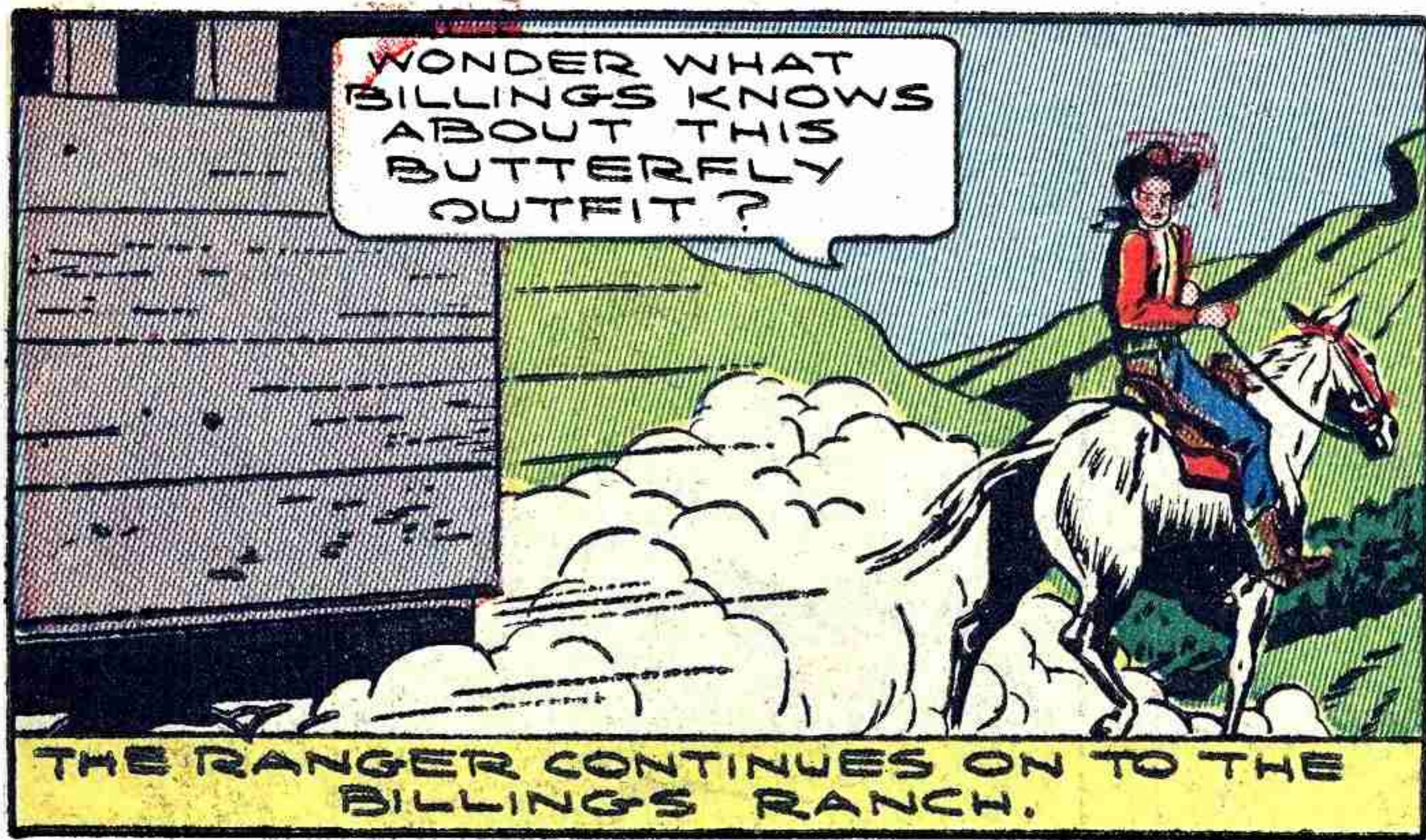
WE THOUGHT YOU WERE ONE OF THEM RUSTLERS--THIS HERD'S FROM THE BUTTERFLY OUTFIT!

I'LL TAKE A LOOK JUST THE SAME, BOYS!



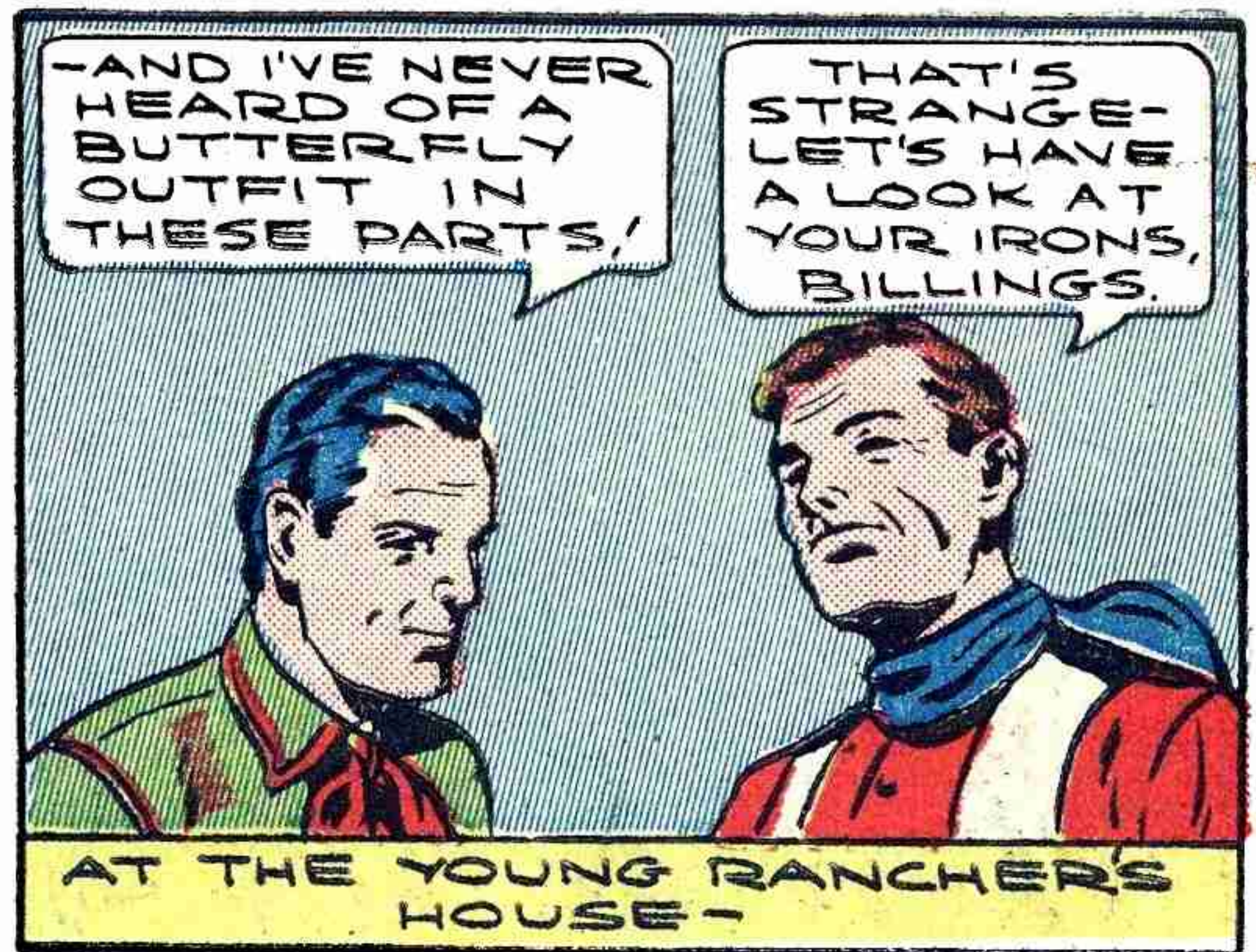
MMM-MM STRANGE LOOKING BRAND!

BILL STUDIES THE SHAPE OF THE BRAND.



WONDER WHAT BILLINGS KNOWS ABOUT HIS BUTTERFLY OUTFIT?

THE RANGER CONTINUES ON TO THE BILLINGS'S RANCH.



-AND I'VE NEVER HEARD OF A BUTTERFLY OUTFIT IN THESE PARTS!

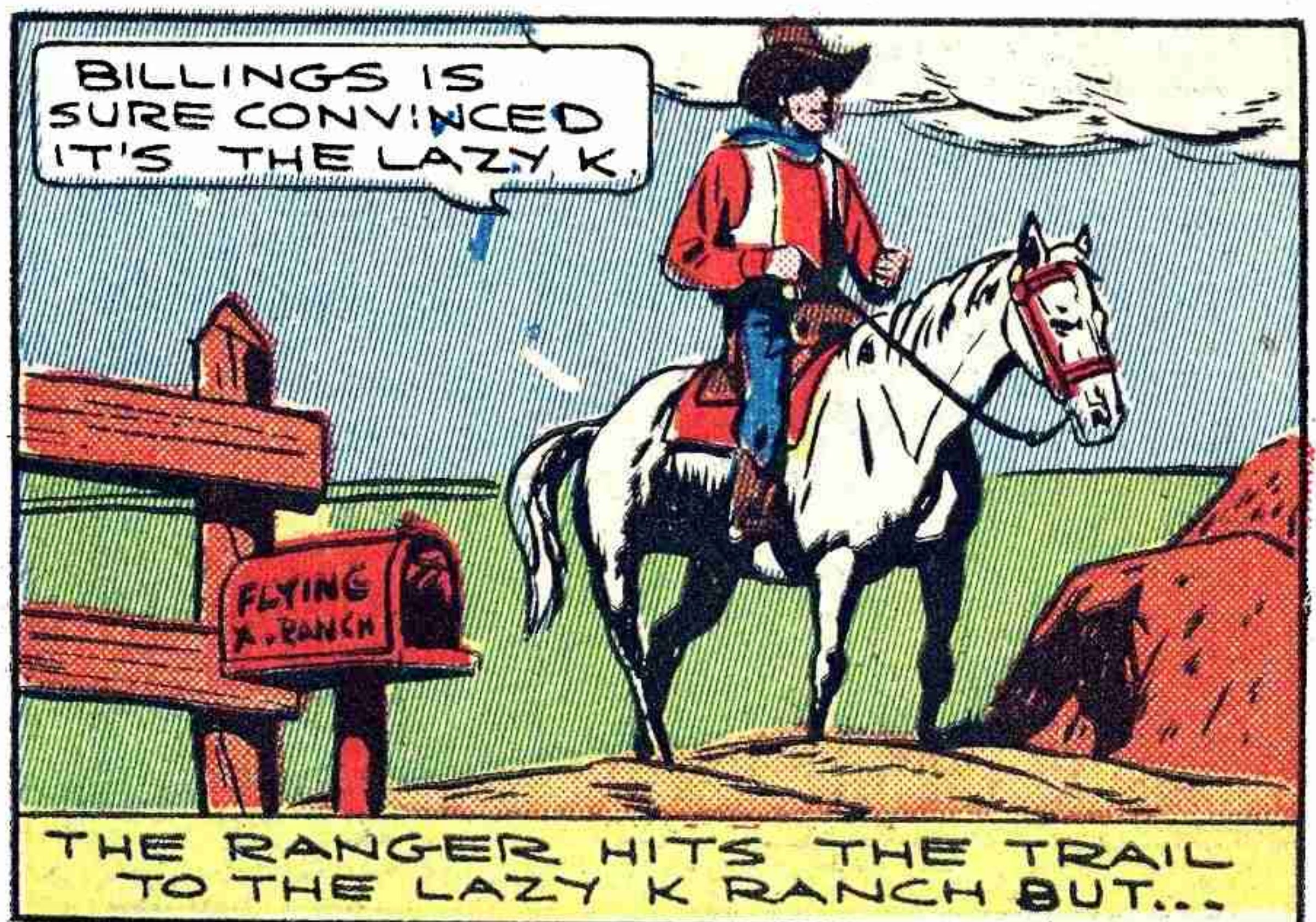
THAT'S STRANGE- LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT YOUR IRONS, BILLINGS.

AT THE YOUNG RANCHER'S HOUSE -



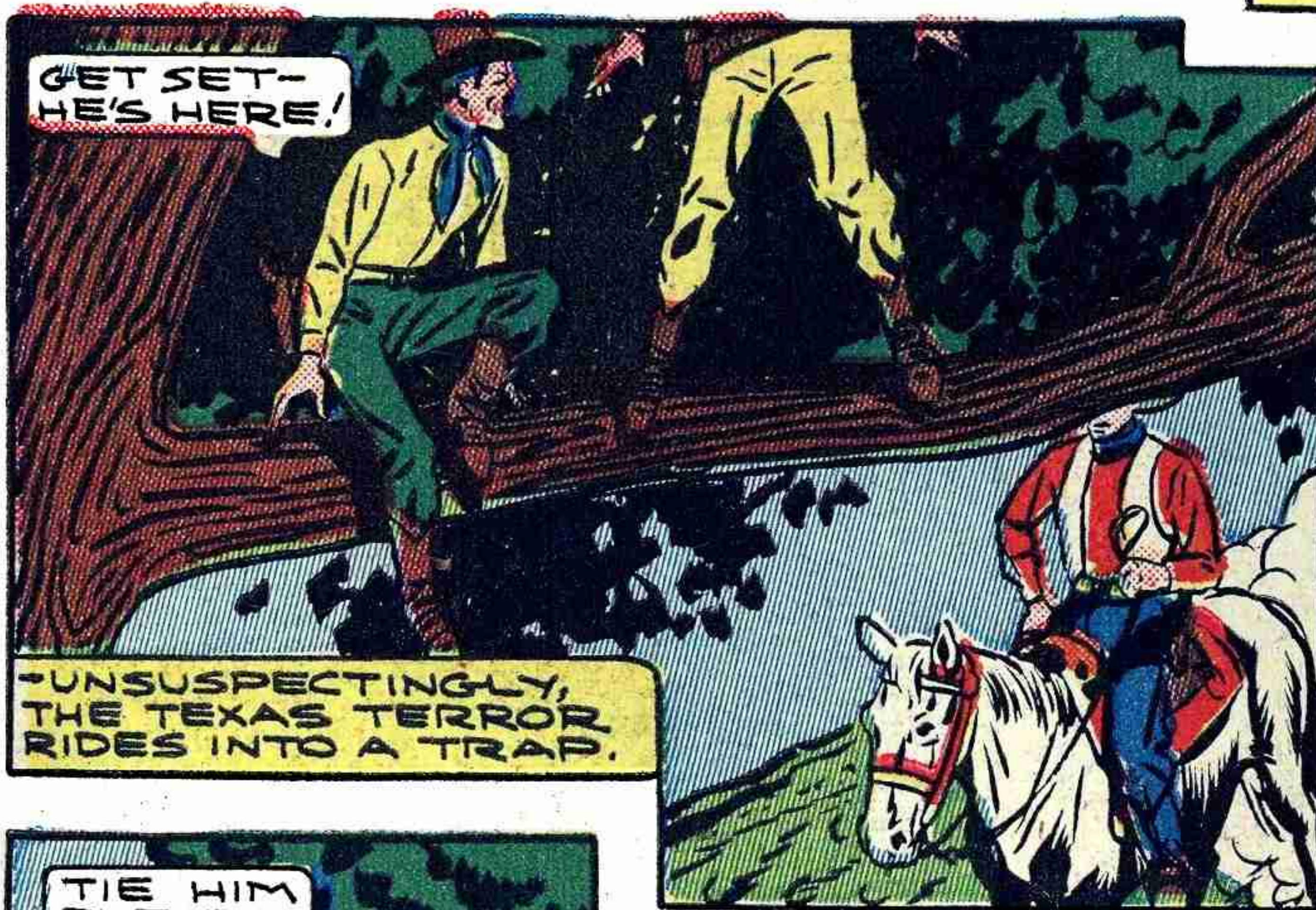
HERE'S THE FLYING X IRON- I'M SURE THE LAZY K'S BEHIND THE RUSTLING!

MAYBE SO- I'M GOING TO LOOK THAT OUTFIT OVER, TOO!



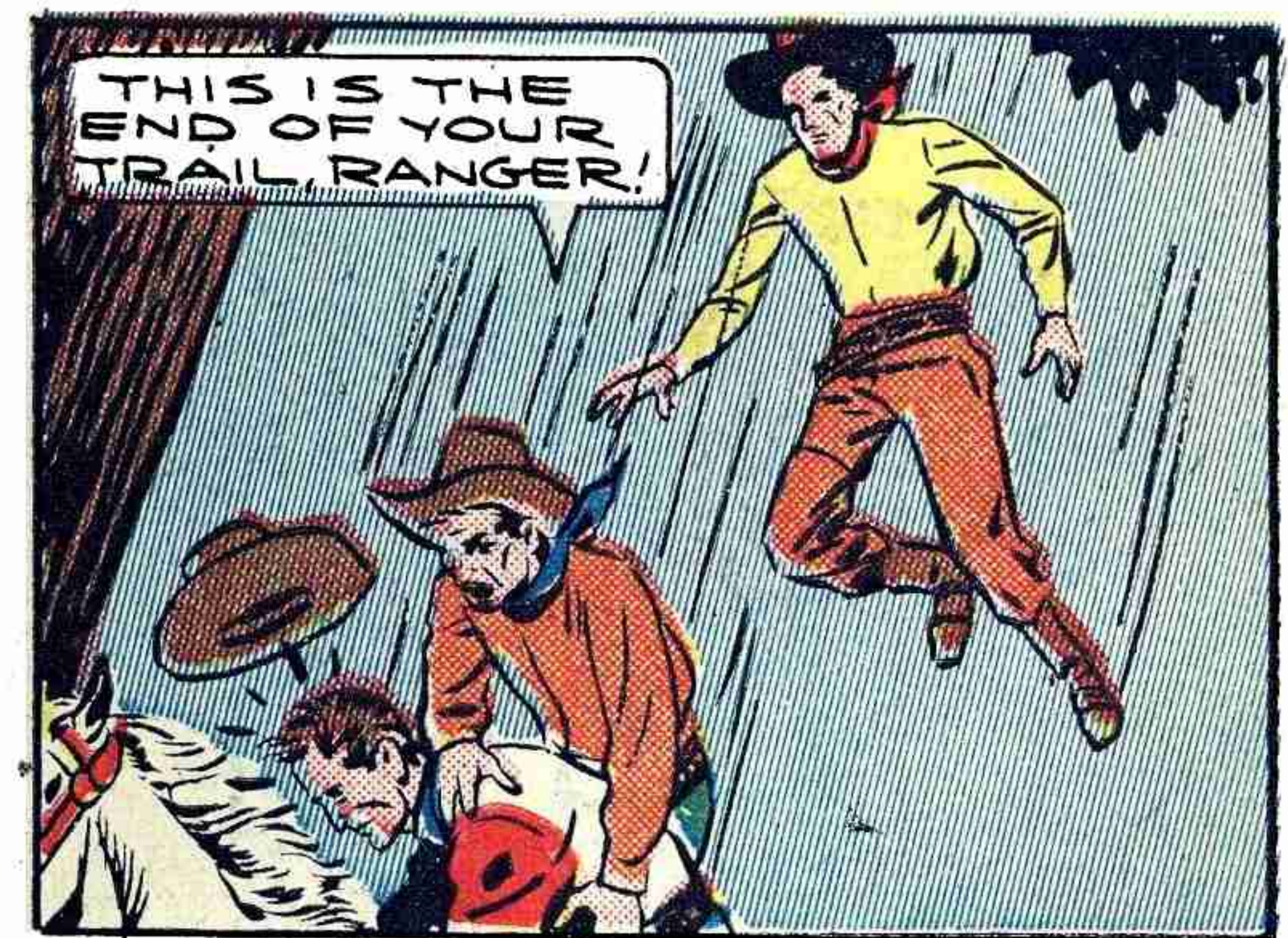
BILLINGS IS SURE CONVINCED IT'S THE LAZY K

THE RANGER HITS THE TRAIL TO THE LAZY K RANCH BUT...



GET SET- HE'S HERE!

UNSUSSPECTINGLY, THE TEXAS TERROR RIDES INTO A TRAP.



THIS IS THE END OF YOUR TRAIL, RANGER!

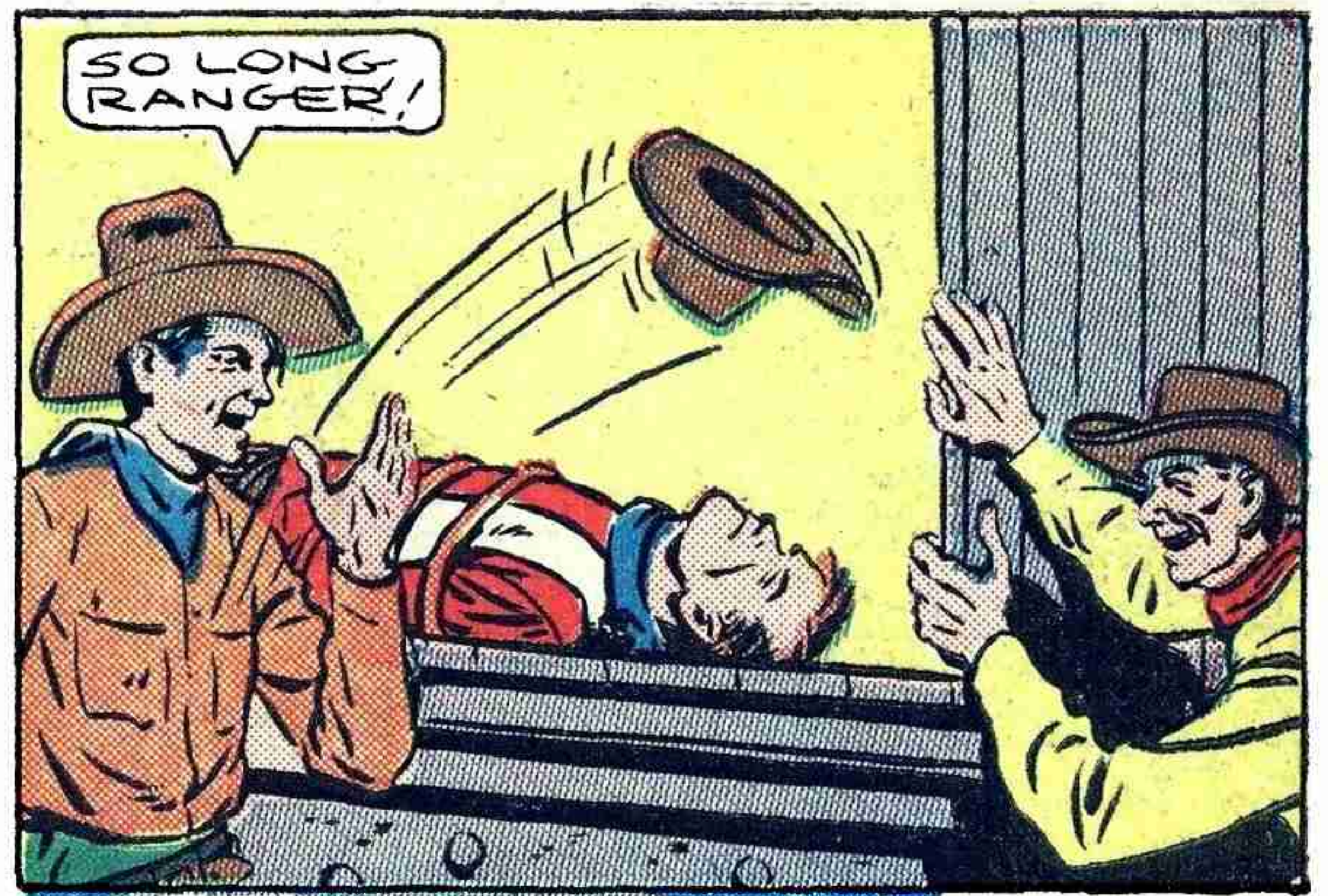
CAUGHT OFF GUARD, THE RANGER IS EASILY TAKEN!



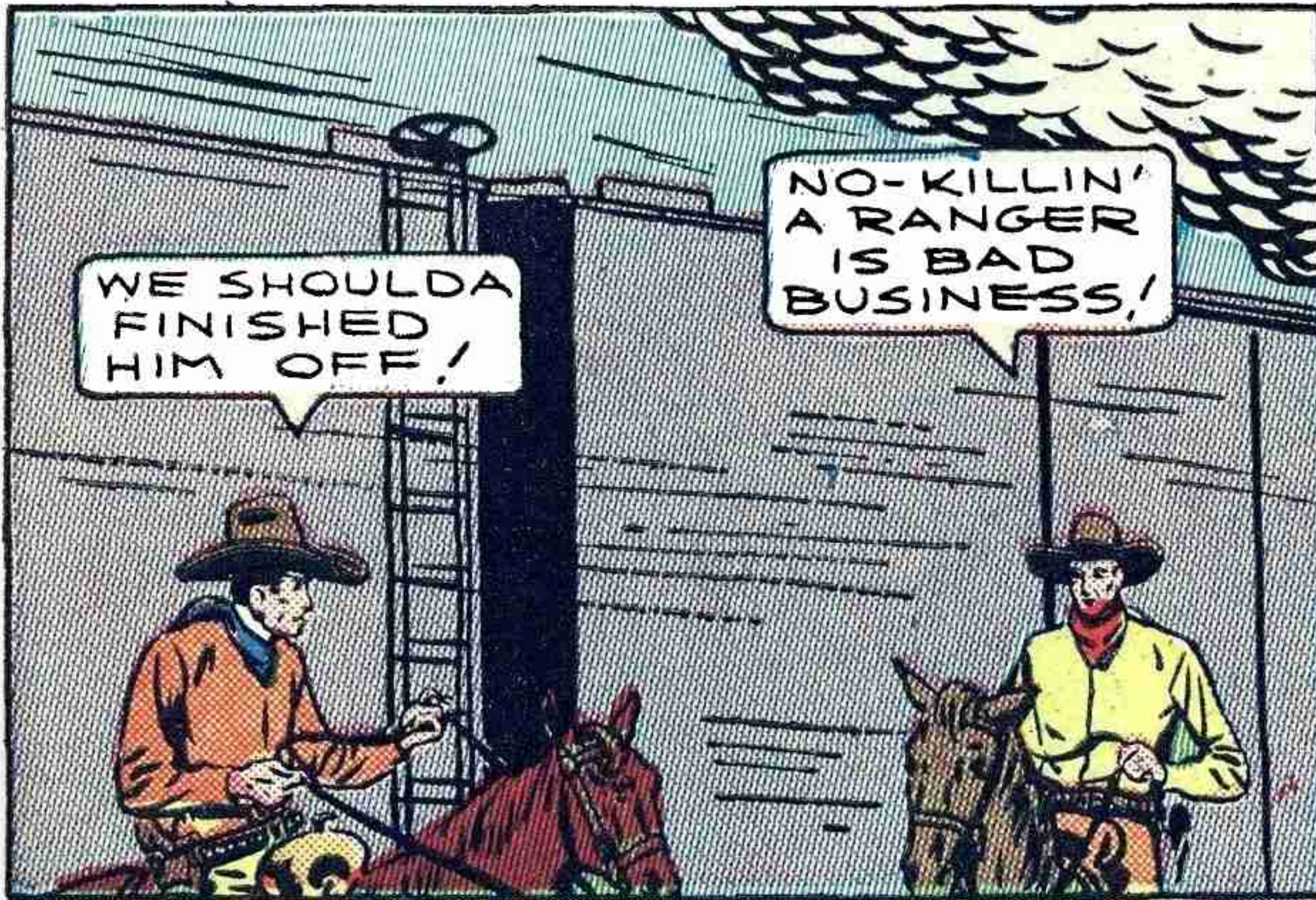
TIE HIM PLEZTY TIGHT!



TOSS HIM IN THE CAR - HE'LL HAVE A NICE LONG TRIP.

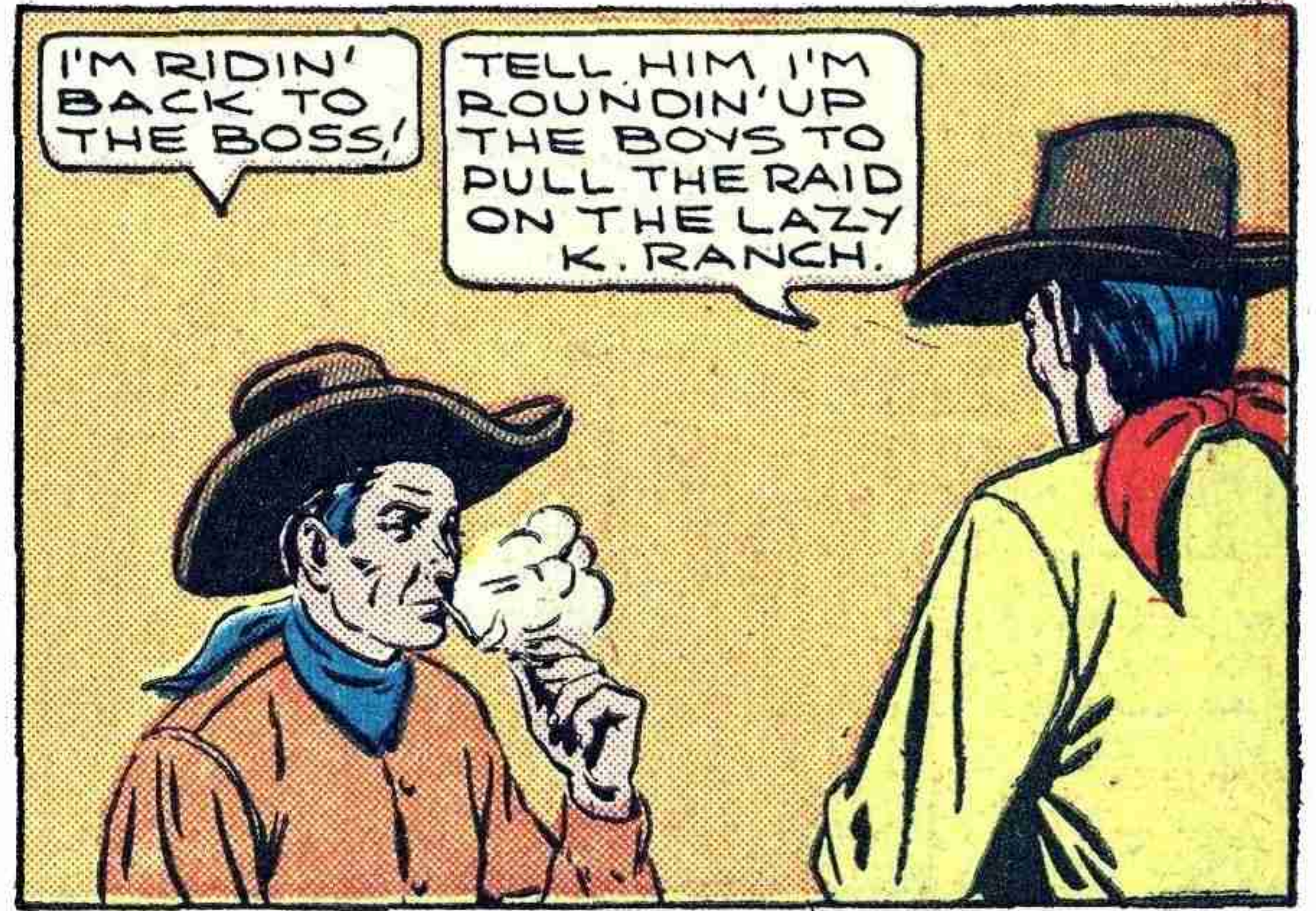


SO LONG RANGER!



WE SHOULD'VE FINISHED HIM OFF!

NO-KILLIN' A RANGER IS BAD BUSINESS!



I'M RIDIN' BACK TO THE BOSS!

TELL HIM I'M ROUNDIN' UP THE BOYS TO PULL THE RAID ON THE LAZY K. RANCH.



I'M IN A TRAIN... I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

MEANWHILE, THE RANGER REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS.



THE NAIL - I CAN CUT THE ROPE ON IT!

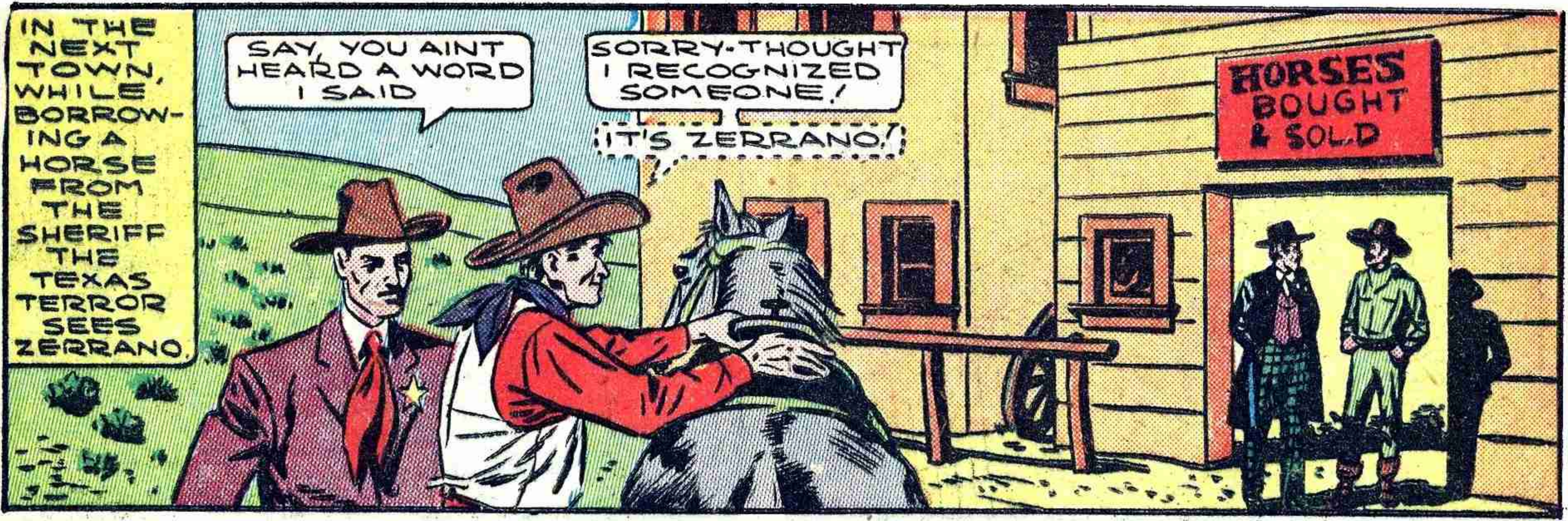
HIS KEEN EYES SPOT A NAIL IN THE WOODEN FLOOR AND WORKING HIS WAY TO IT...

ONCE FREED, THE RANGER LEAPS FROM THE SPEEDING TRAIN.



...THE RANGER FREES HIMSELF

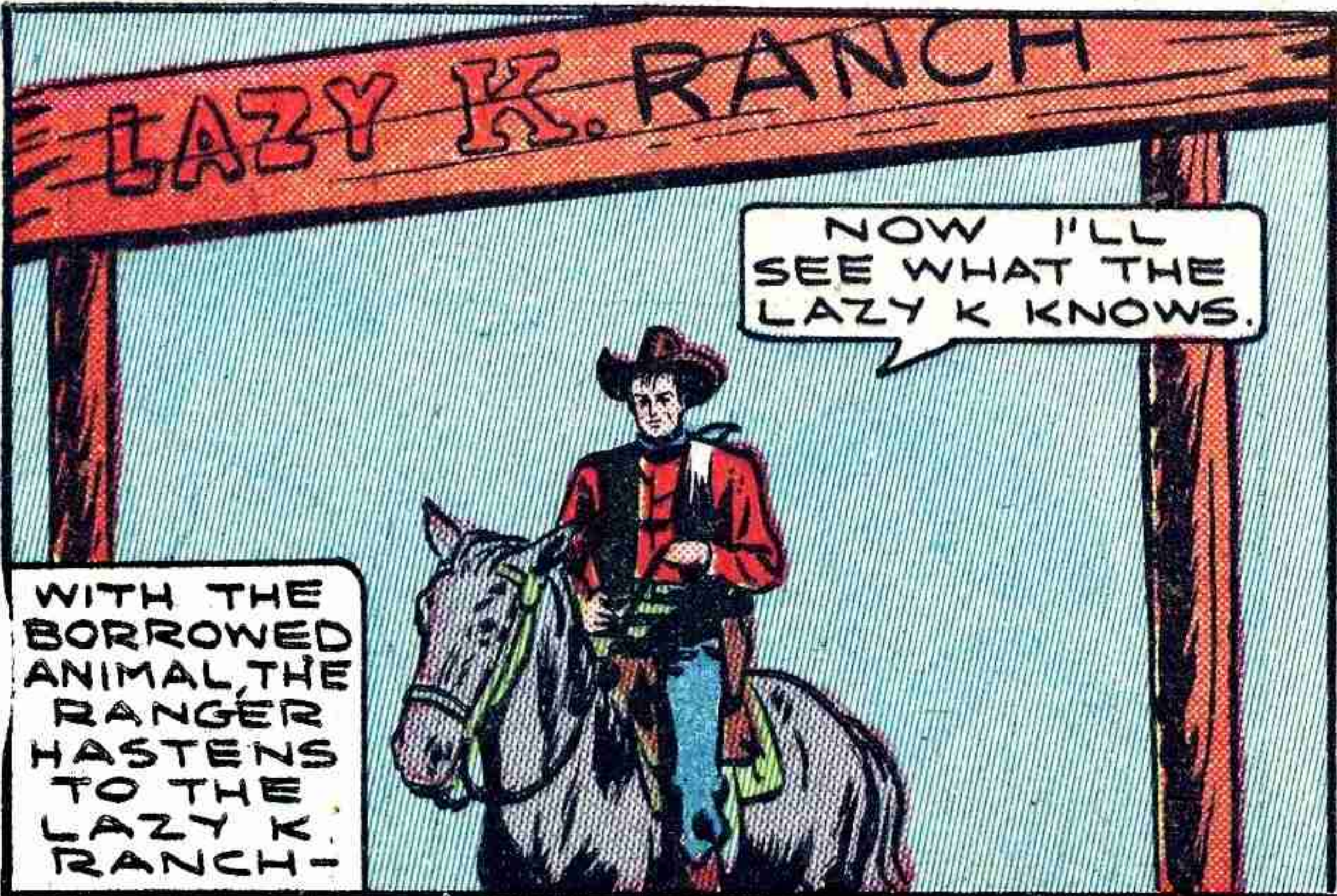




IN THE NEXT TOWN, WHILE BORROWING A HORSE FROM THE SHERIFF THE TEXAS TERROR SEES ZERRANO.

SAY, YOU AINT HEARD A WORD I SAID

SORRY. THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED SOMEONE!
IT'S ZERRANO!



NOW I'LL SEE WHAT THE LAZY K KNOWS.

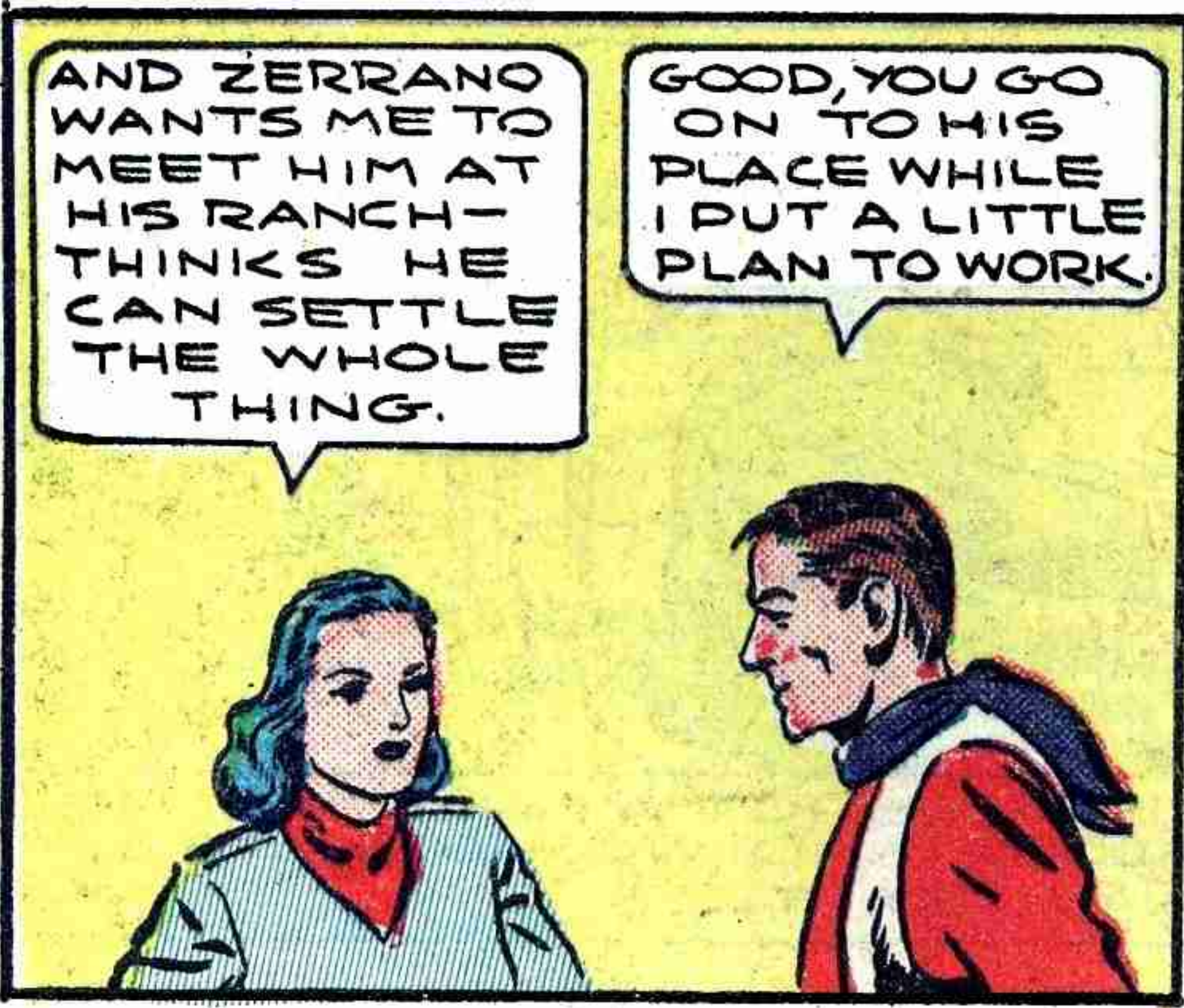
WITH THE BORROWED ANIMAL, THE RANGER HASTENS TO THE LAZY K RANCH.



... IT ALL STARTED WHEN BUCK BILLINGS FOUND SOME OF HIS CATTLE ON MY RANCH - AND I FOUND SOME OF MY STEERS IN HIS CORRALS.

THIS IS SURE A MIXED UP AFFAIR. THIS IRON DOESN'T HELP ANY.

BILL TALKS TO DAISY DAWN, LAZY K. OWNER.



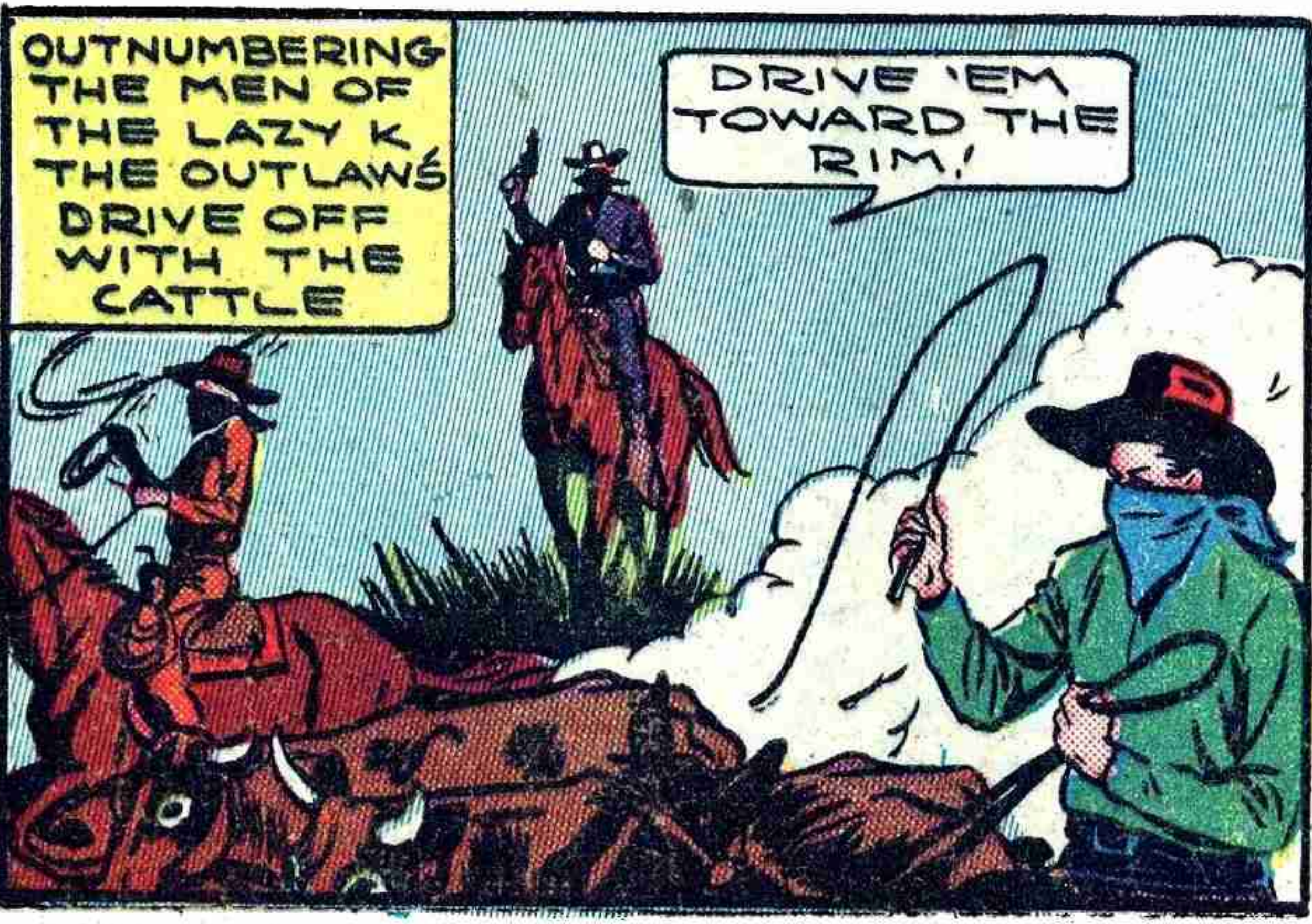
AND ZERRANO WANTS ME TO MEET HIM AT HIS RANCH - THINKS HE CAN SETTLE THE WHOLE THING.

GOOD, YOU GO ON TO HIS PLACE WHILE I PUT A LITTLE PLAN TO WORK.



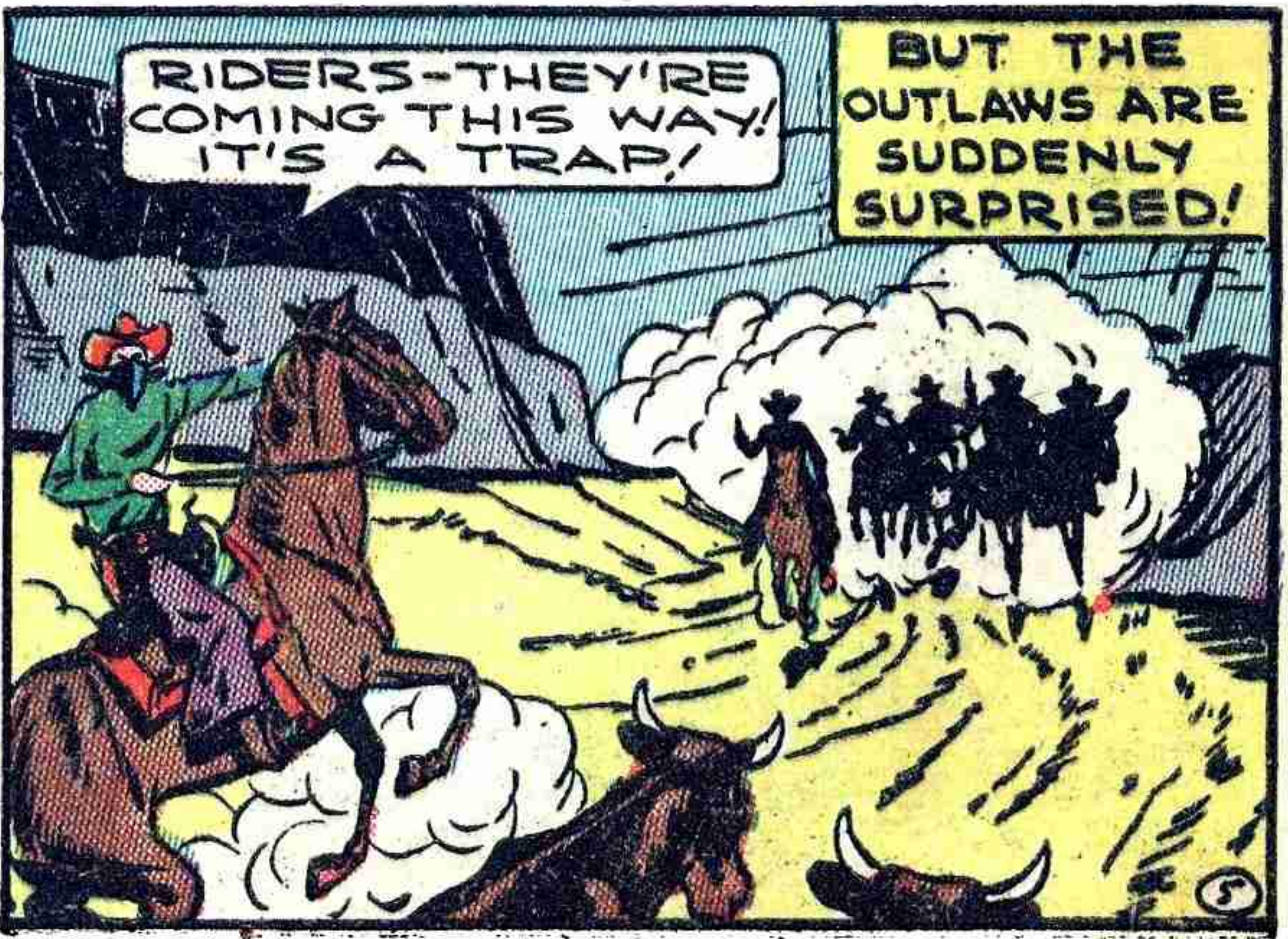
A SHORT TIME LATER, THE RUSTLERS RAID THE LAZY K RANCH.

THIS'LL BE EASY. THERE'S ONLY A FEW GUARDS.



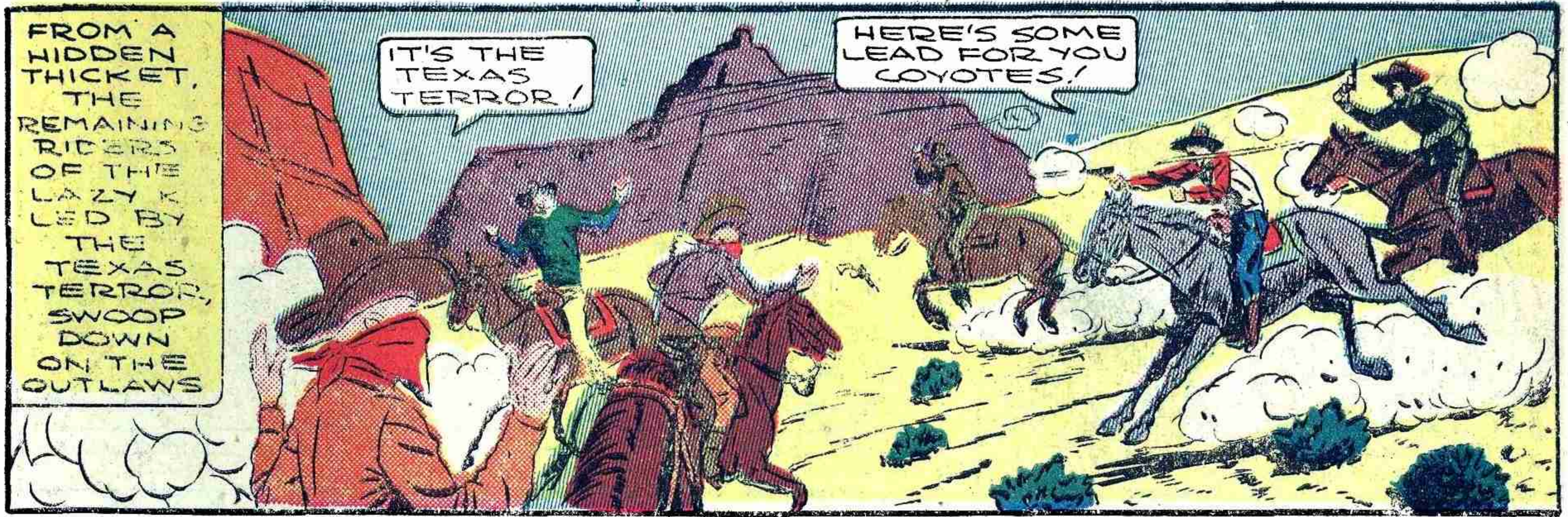
OUTNUMBERING THE MEN OF THE LAZY K THE OUTLAWS DRIVE OFF WITH THE CATTLE

DRIVE 'EM TOWARD THE RIM!



RIDERS - THEY'RE COMING THIS WAY! IT'S A TRAP!

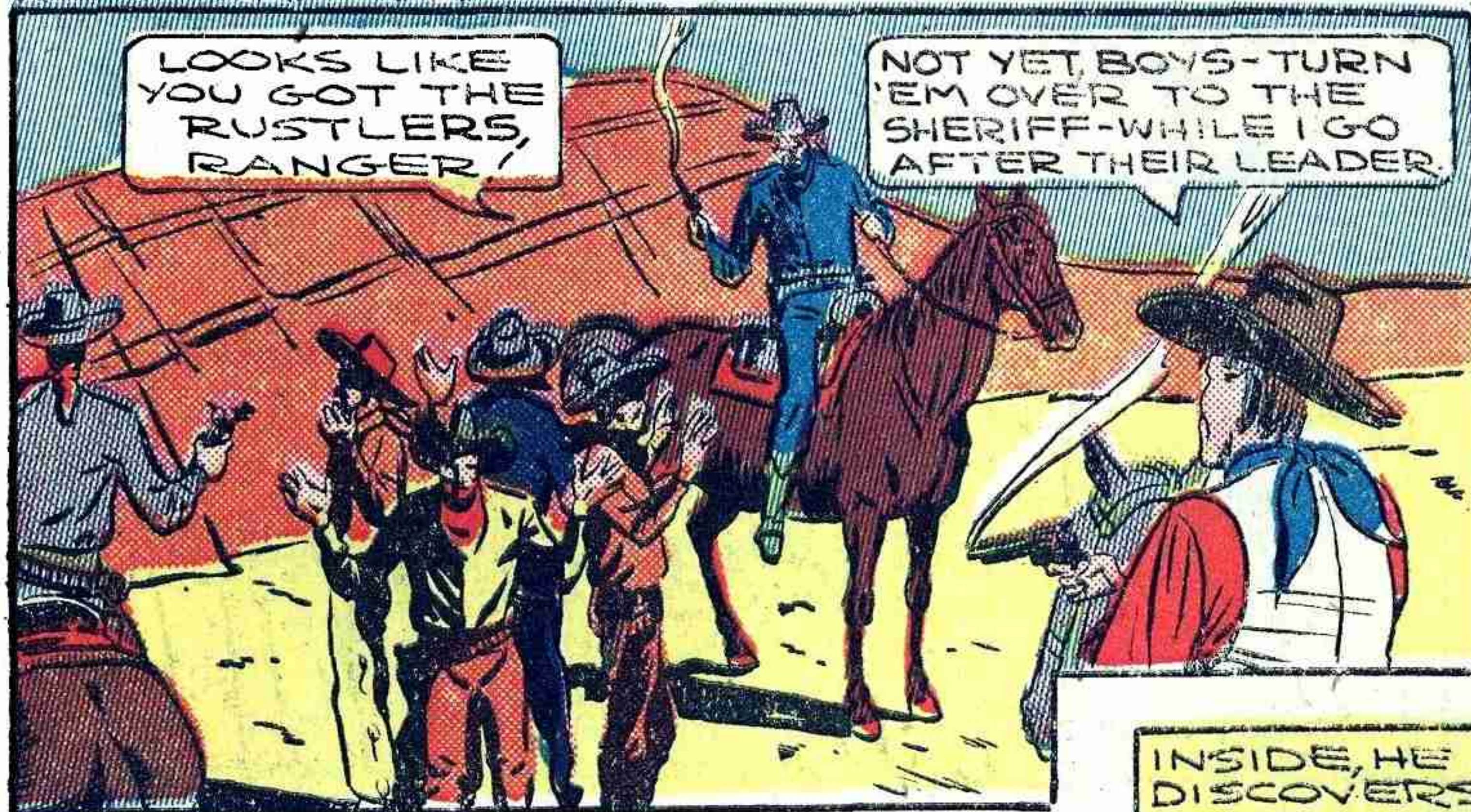
BUT THE OUTLAWS ARE SUDDENLY SURPRISED!



FROM A HIDDEN THICKET, THE REMAINING RIDERS OF THE LAZY K LED BY THE TEXAS TERROR, SWOOP DOWN ON THE OUTLAWS

IT'S THE TEXAS TERROR!

HERE'S SOME LEAD FOR YOU COYOTES!



LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT THE RUSTLERS, RANGER!

NOT YET BOYS-TURN 'EM OVER TO THE SHERIFF-WHILE I GO AFTER THEIR LEADER.



THE OUTLAWS CAPTURED THE RANGER LEAVES TO FIND THEIR LEADER.

NOW TO HAVE A LOOK AROUND ZERRANO'S RANCH.



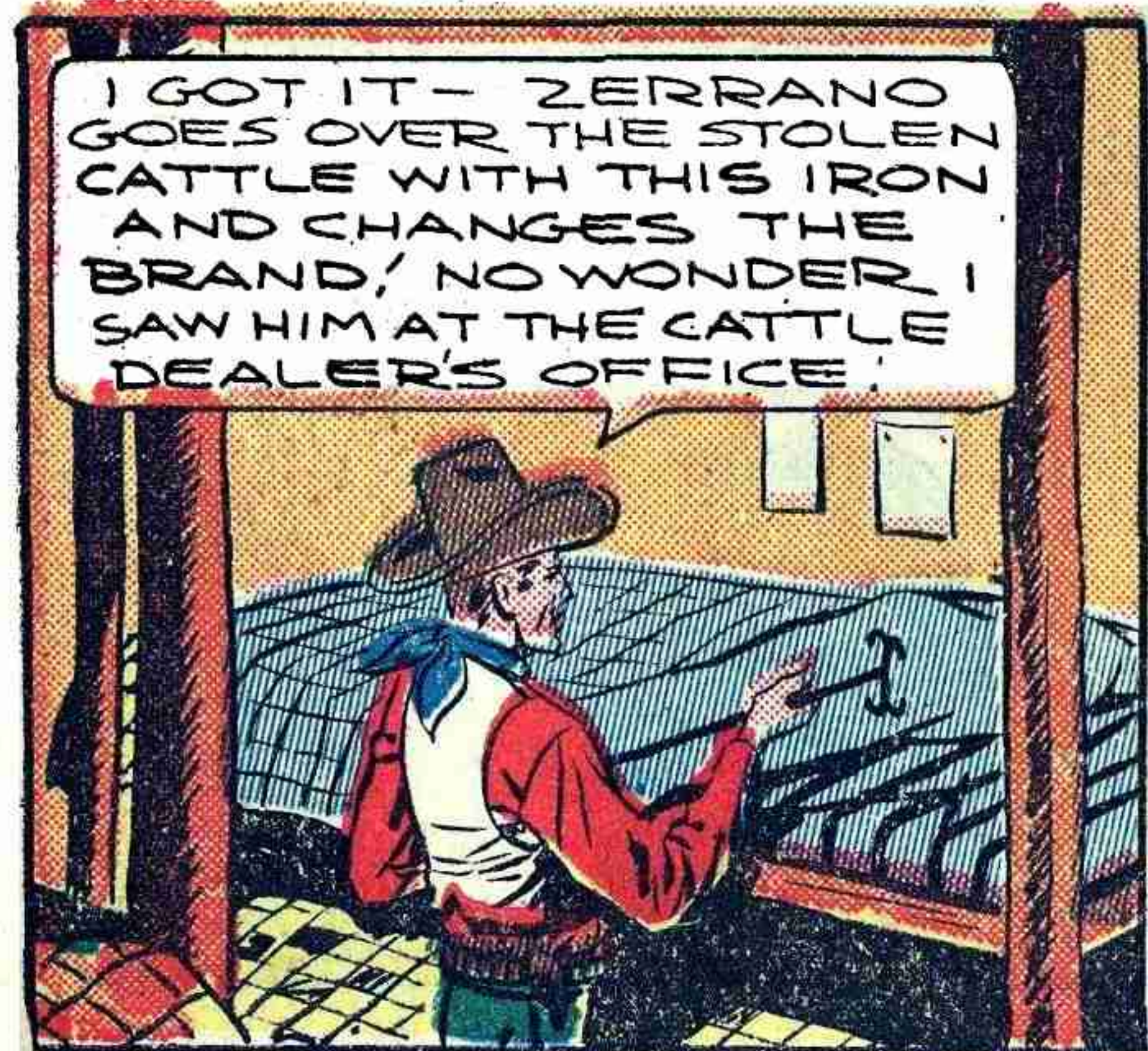
AT ZERRANO'S RANCH, THE RANGER SNEAKS UP TO THE BUNKHOUSE.

EMPTY-I'LL TAKE A LOOK INSIDE.



INSIDE, HE DISCOVERS A STRANGE LOOKING IRON.

A DOUBLE BRANDING-IRON-I THOUGHT ZERRANO HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH CATTLE!



I GOT IT-ZERRANO GOES OVER THE STOLEN CATTLE WITH THIS IRON AND CHANGES THE BRAND! NO WONDER I SAW HIM AT THE CATTLE DEALER'S OFFICE.



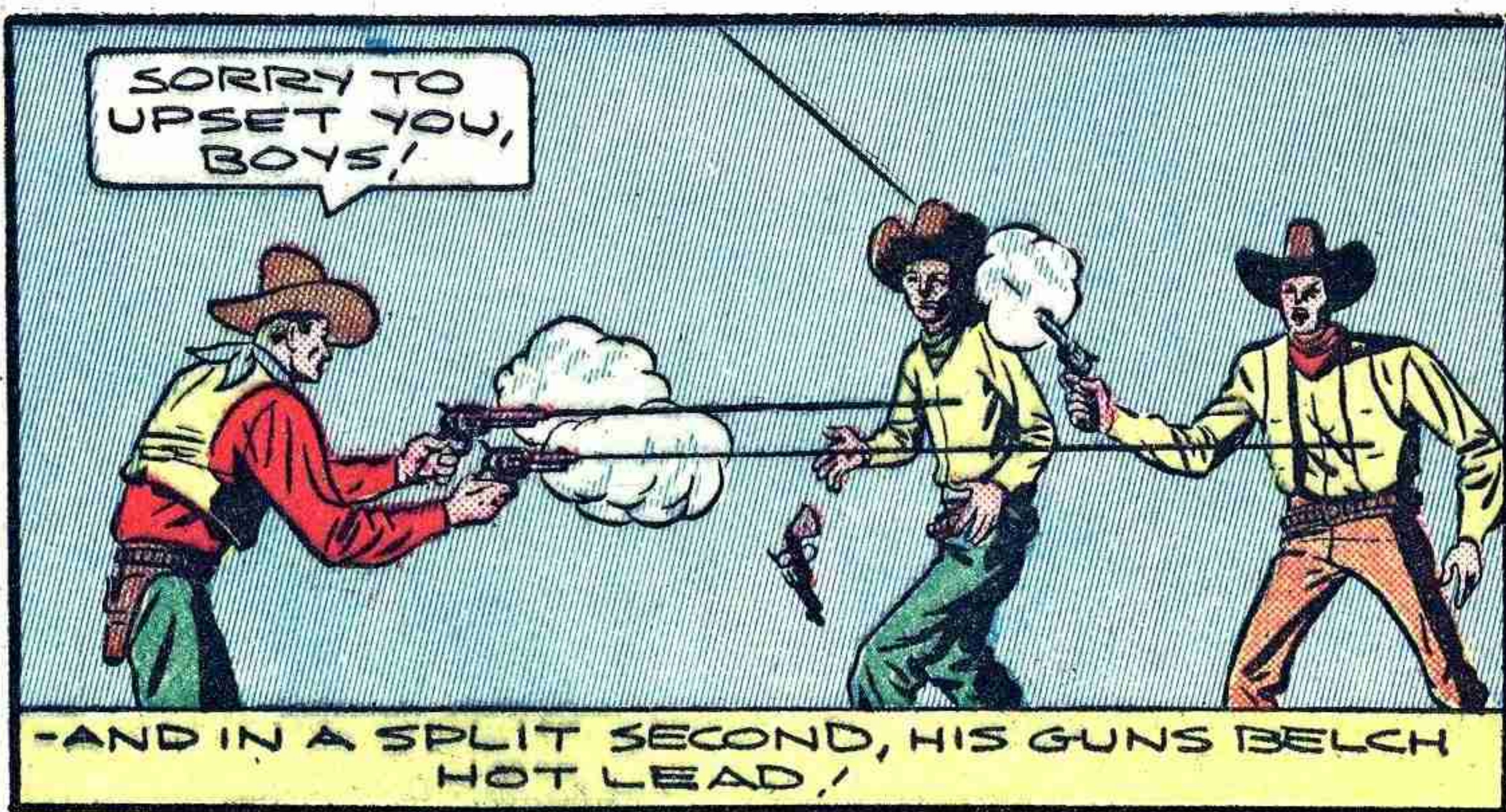
TWO OF ZERRANO'S MEN ENTER THE BUNKHOUSE.

LUCKY WE DIDN'T GO ALONG-THEY CAUGHT THE WHOLE GANG! SOMEBODY'S WISE TO ZERRANO-WE BETTER GET OUR STUFF AND LEAVE TOWN!



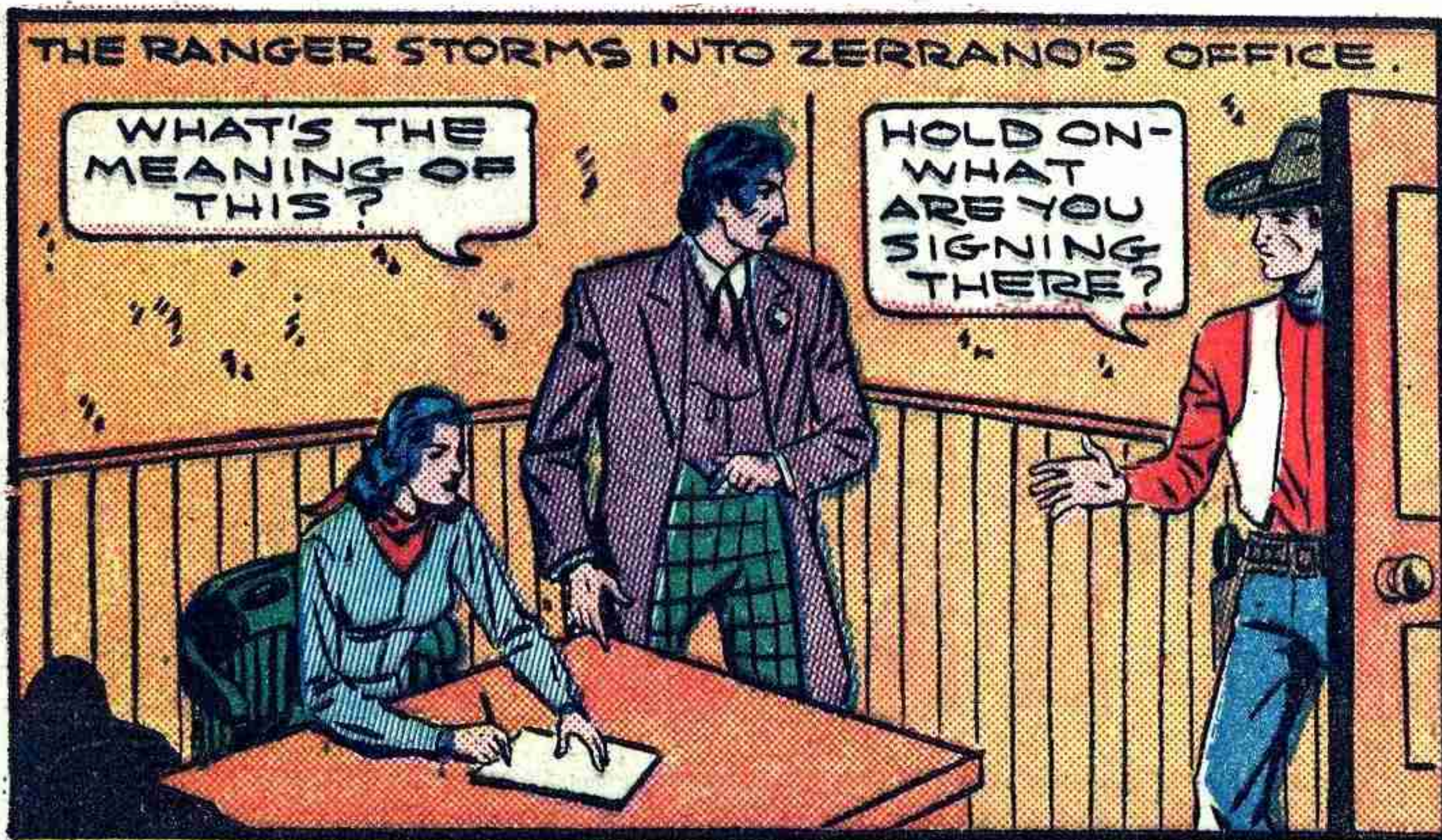
IT'S THE TEXAS TERROR!

ZERRANO'S MEN COME UPON THE RANGER.



SORRY TO UPSET YOU, BOYS!

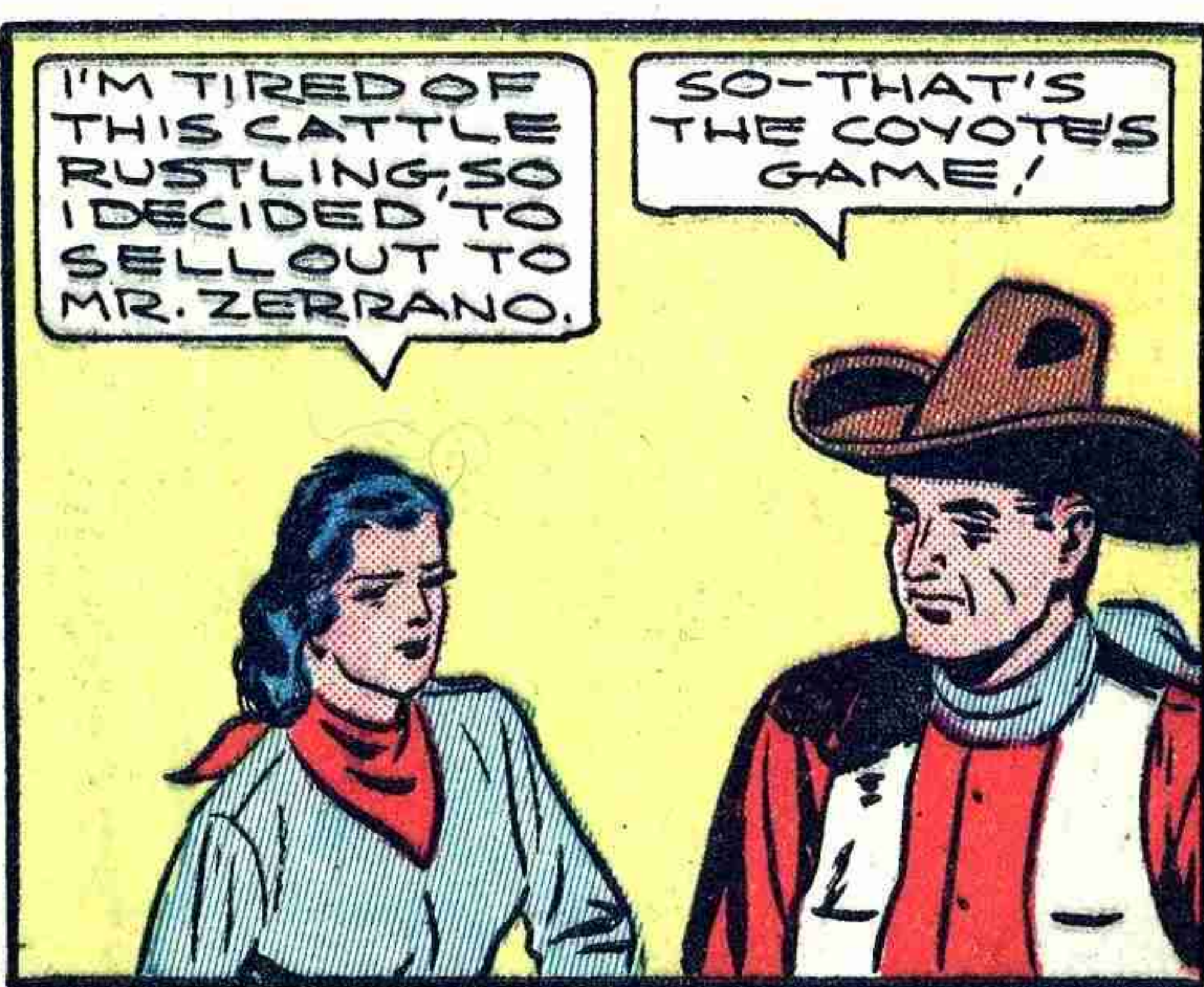
-AND IN A SPLIT SECOND, HIS GUNS BELCH HOT LEAD!



THE RANGER STORMS INTO ZERRANO'S OFFICE.

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

HOLD ON - WHAT ARE YOU SIGNING THERE?



I'M TIRED OF THIS CATTLE RUSTLING, SO I DECIDED TO SELL OUT TO MR. ZERRANO.

SO-THAT'S THE COYOTE'S GAME!



REALIZING HIMSELF TRAPPED, ZERRANO SHIELDS HIMSELF FROM THE RANGER'S GUNS

GO ON AND SHOOT!

THE DIRTY RAT!



ADIOS, RANGER!

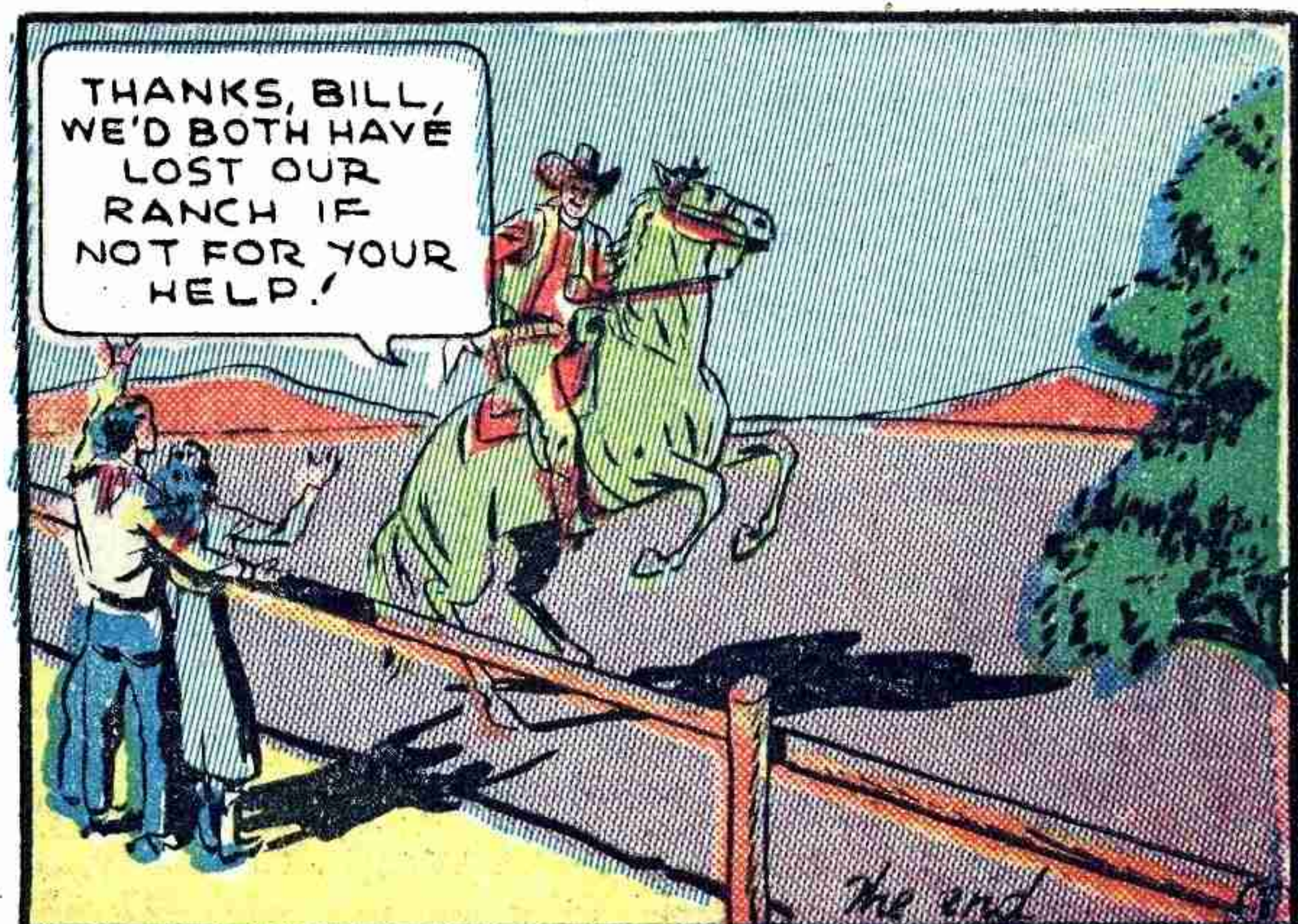
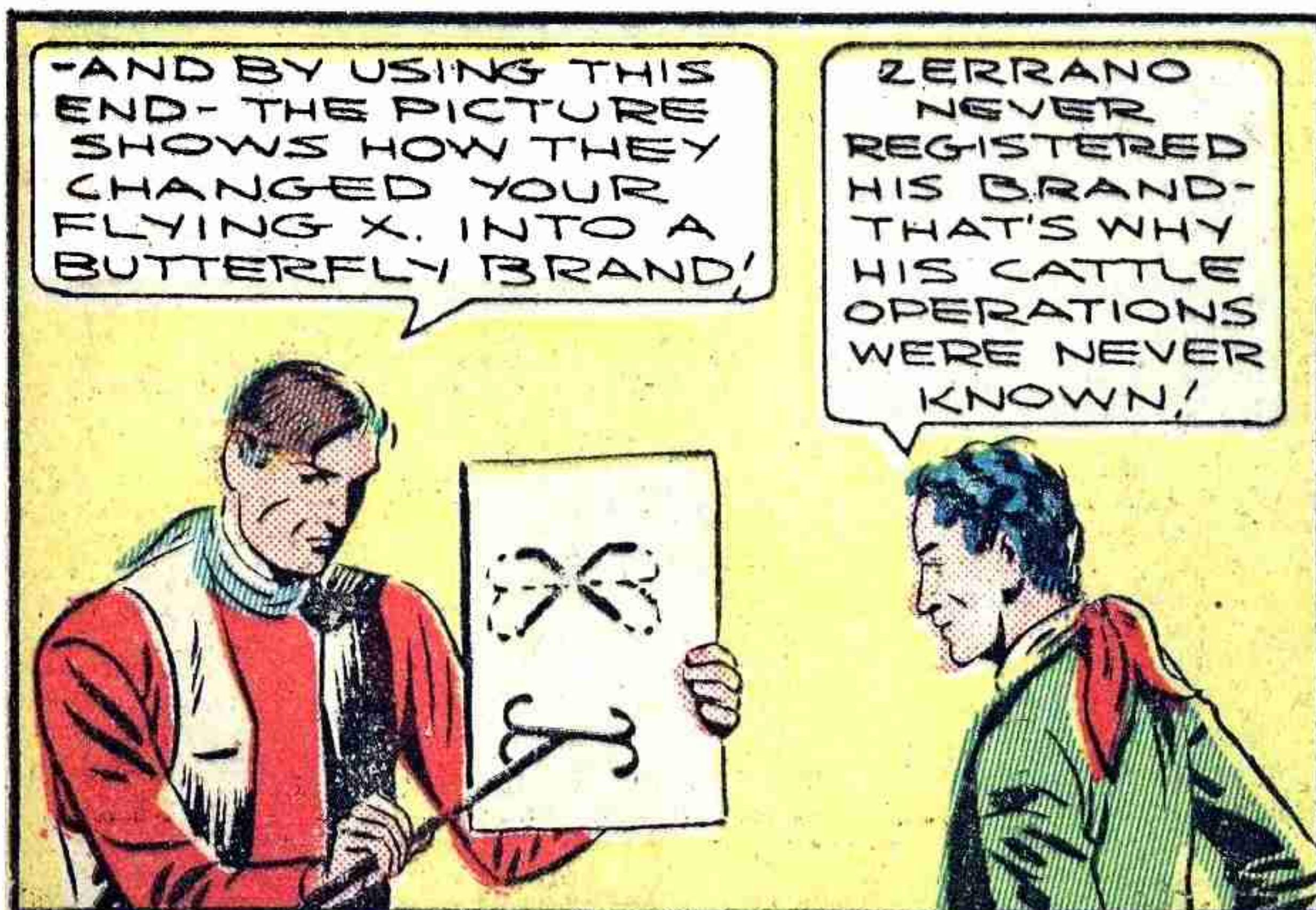
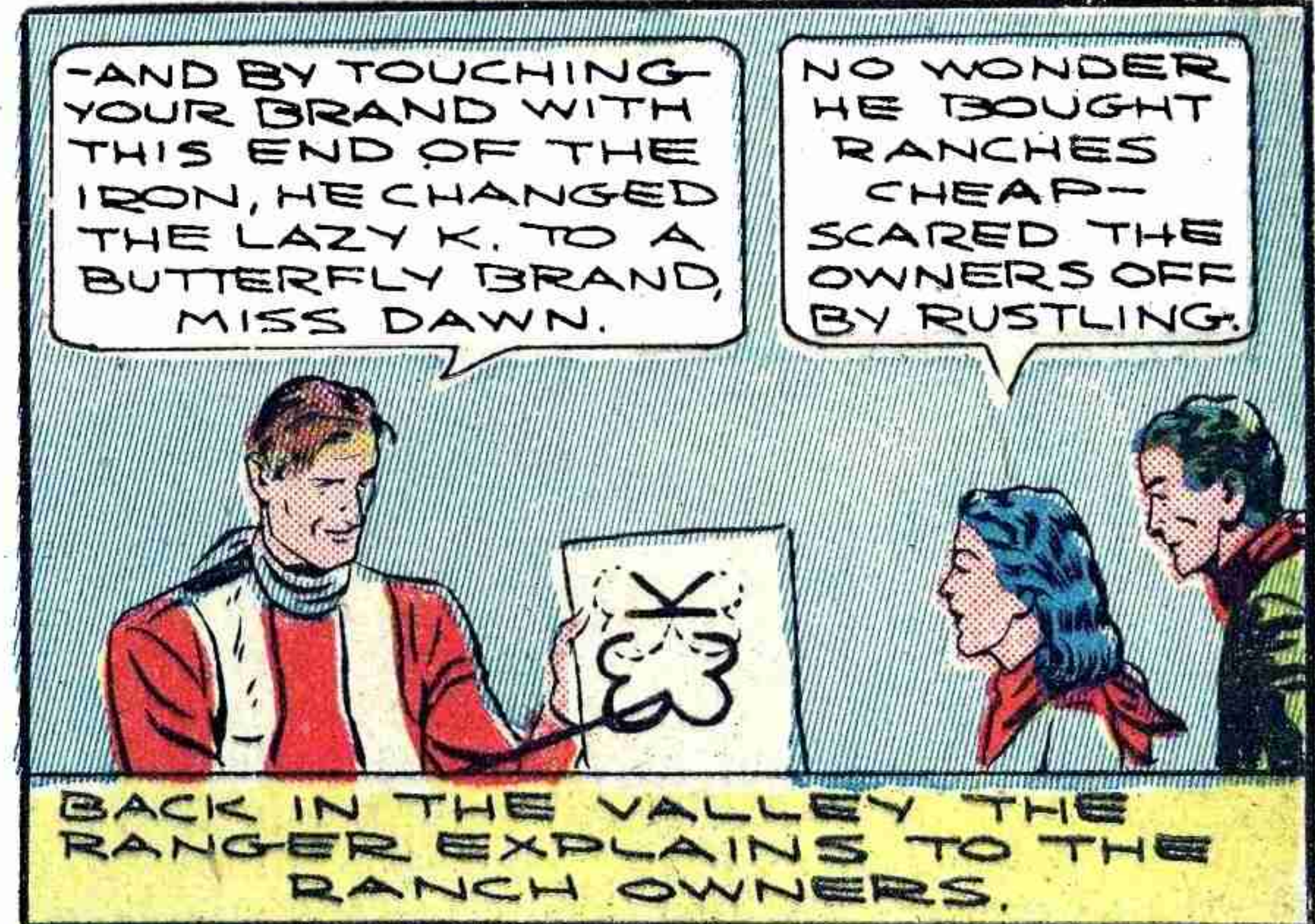
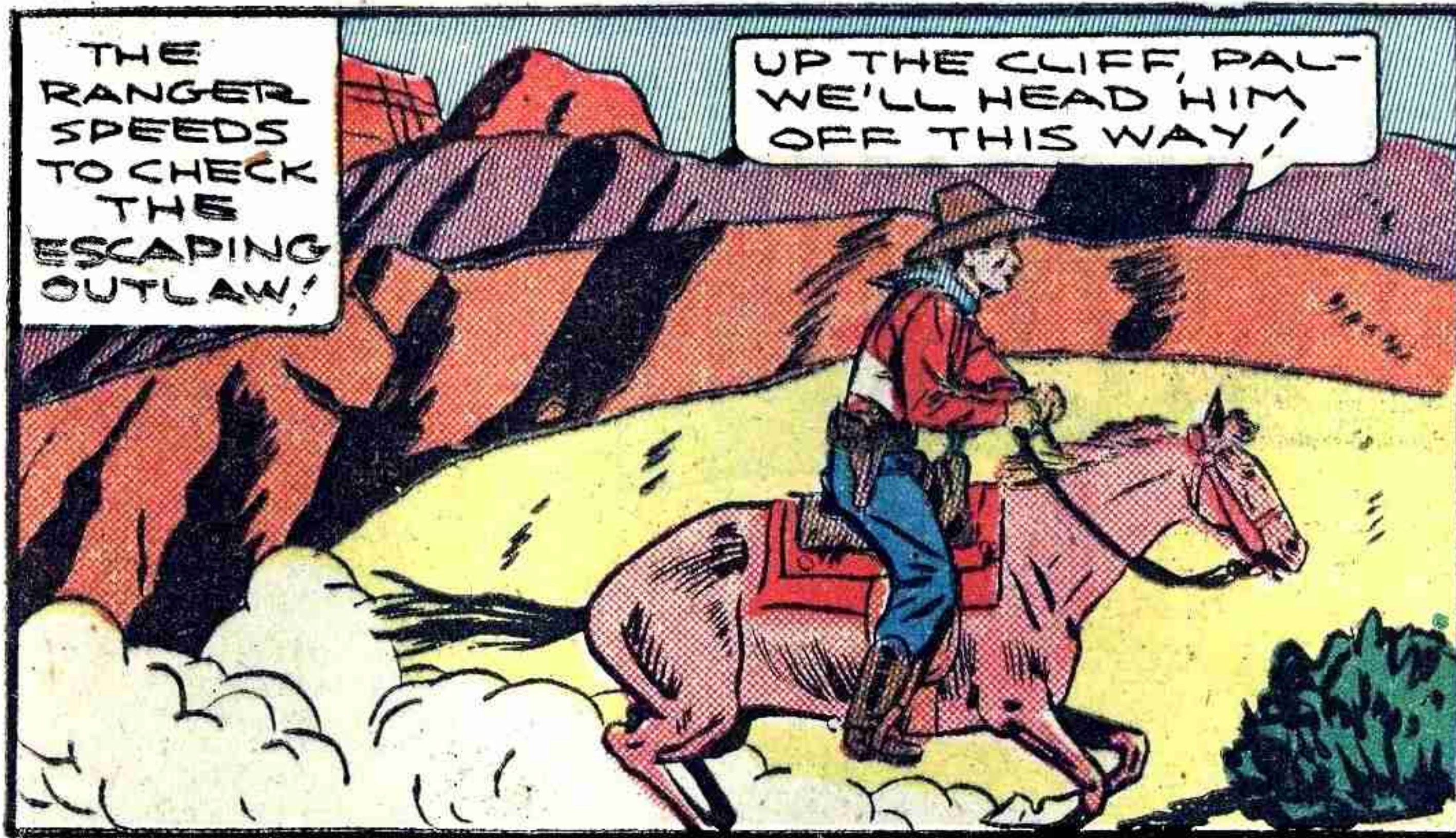
HE'S GETTING AWAY!

ZERRANO WORKS HIS WAY TO THE WINDOW AND LEAPS OUT.



HE'S HEADED FOR THE RANCH - THINKS HIS MEN ARE THERE!

HE GOT AWAY WITH MY MONEY.



Be a commanding GENERAL!

get in this fierce **AIR WAR!** **HERE'S HOW—**

HAVE YOUR OWN
PLANES · AIR FIELD · HANGAR · "GAS"
TRUCKS · GROUND SEARCHLIGHTS
"BLOCK BUSTERS"

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 - 3 LOCKHEED LIGHTNING Fighter, 17" wingspread, 2 motors. High altitude.
 - 4 DRAGON FIGHTER
12" wing, 2 motors.
 - 5 AIRACOBRA fighter
12" wingspread. Famous cannon plane.
 - 6 2 SEARCHLIGHTS.
 - 7 2 BOMB RACKS.
 - 8 2 "block busters" in each.
 - 8 2 small SEARCHLIGHTS.
 - 9 1 spacious HANGAR.
 - 10 10 Hi-octane GASOLINE TRUCK.
 - 11 1 Ground LIGHT.
 - 12 1 AIRFIELD with TUNNAGE, etc.



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| 1 Large Tank | 1 Aircraft Carrier |
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| 1 Small Fighting Tank | 1 Cruiser |
| 1 Anti-Tank Gun | 1 Destroyer |
| 1 Ambulance | 1 P.T. Boat |
| 1 Jeep | 1 Submarine |
| 2 Searchlights | 1 Life Raft |
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535 Fifth Avenue, New York, 17, N. Y.

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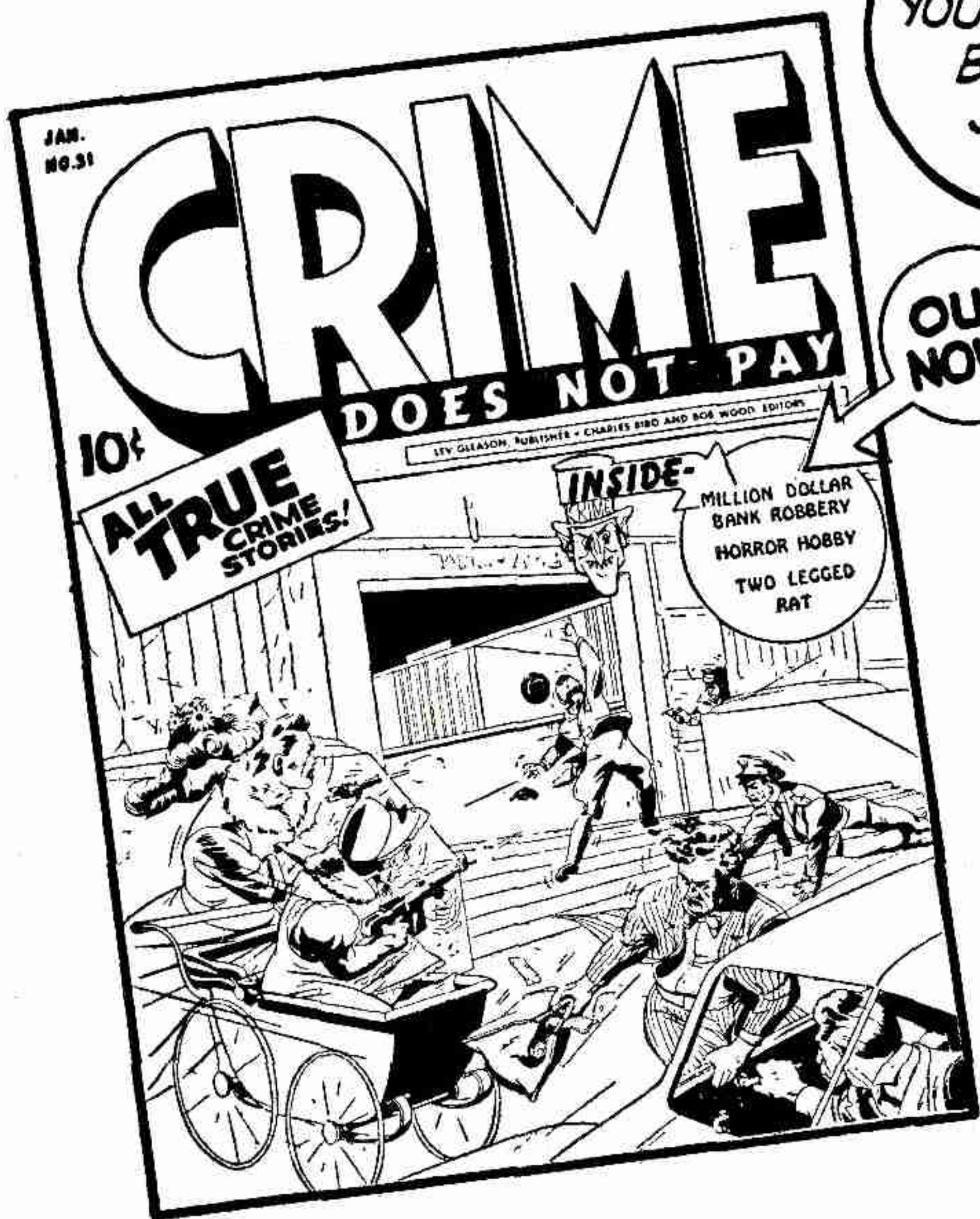
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 the greatest name in comics
featuring
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 GUYS!**

**BOY
 comics**
STARRING
**AMERICA'S NO.1 BOY,
 CRIMEBUSTER
 AND SQUEEKS!!**



HEH, HEH, SO IT'S
 THRILLS YOU WANT, EH,
 FOLKS? JUST WAIT TILL
 YOU READ ABOUT MY MOST
 BRUTAL PUPIL YET,
 JEAN CAVALLAC, IN
 THE JANUARY ISSUE!



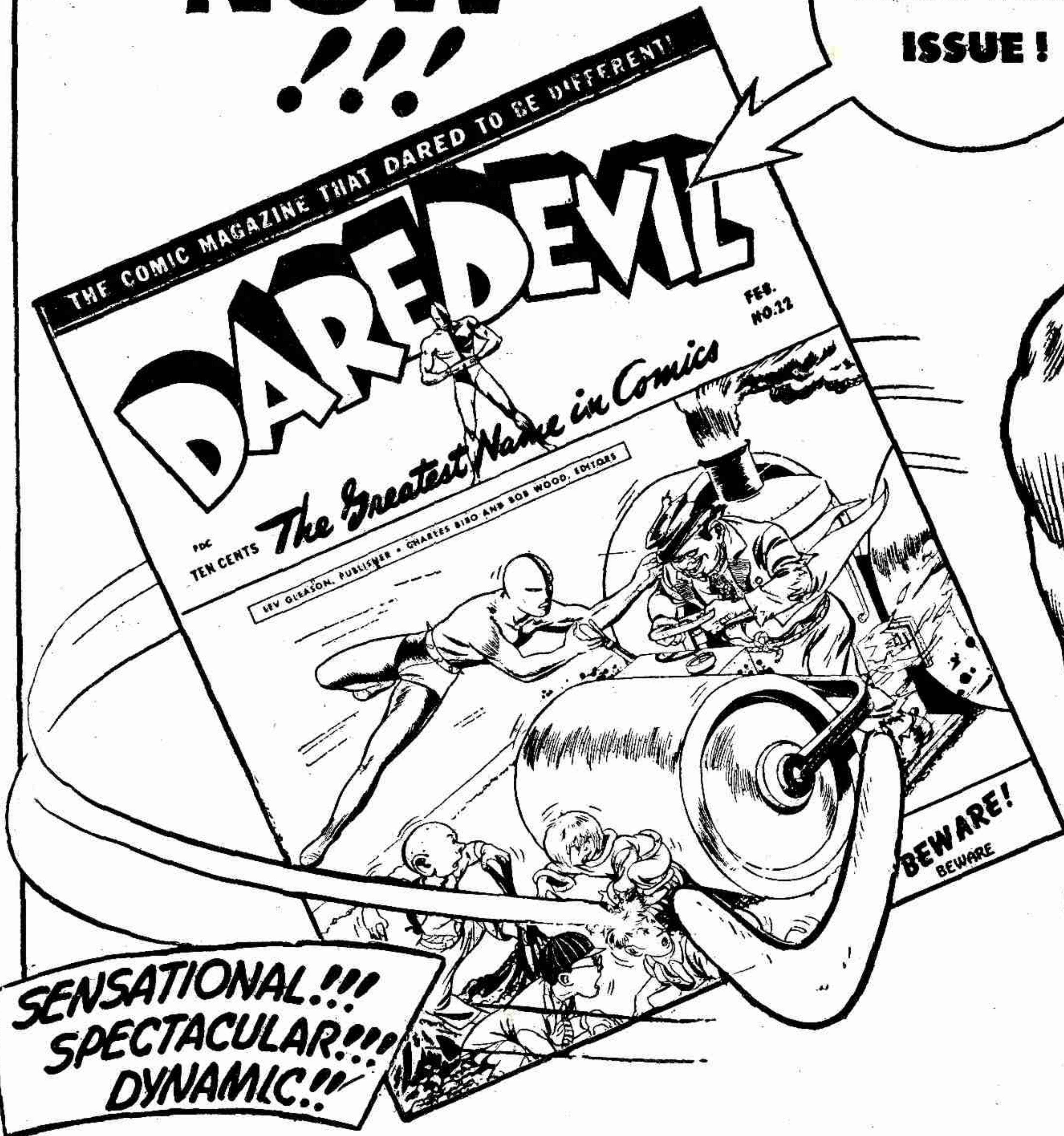
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 does not pay
ALL TRUE CRIME STORIES!!

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 DAREDEVIL,
 BOY, AND
 CRIME DOES NOT PAY
 GIVE YOU THE
 MOST FOR YOUR DIME!**

ON SALE NOW



DON'T MISS THIS ISSUE!



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SPECTACULAR!!!
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THE GREATEST NAME IN COMICS

STARRING:

DAREDEVIL
HIMSELF
AND THE "LITTLE WISE GUYS"



PEEWEE



CURLY



JOCK



SCARECROW



WATCH DE JOB I DOES ON DIS GUY!

"SNIFFER"
(KING OF SMELL)
AT HIS BEST!



ALSO FEATURING —
the "CLAW"
"PIRATE PRINCE"
"DICKIE" DEAN".....

and OTHERS!!

WIPE THAT SMEER OFF HIS FACE!



Dr. Seuss
BUY
WAR SAVINGS BONDS & STAMPS



RANGER

COMICS

#1 SCAN

FEATURING:

THE TERMITE

AND NAM